



AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT:

THE

PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THEIR FIRST CENTURY,

ILLUSTRATED BY ONE HUNDRED SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON

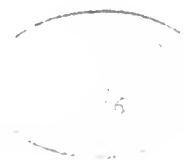
STEEL, EMBELLISHING SCENERY, HISTORY, BIO-

GRAPHY, STATESMANSHIP, LITERATURE,

SCIENCE AND ART.

By C. EDWARDS LESTER,

Author of "OUR FIRST HUNDRED YEARS," &c., &c.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY VIRTUE & YORSTON,

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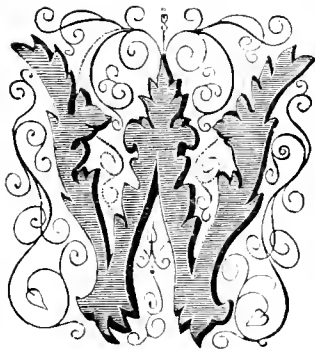
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PUBLISHERS' ADDRESS



WHEN the announcement was made that at the close of the first century of the existence of the Republic of the United States of North America, the occasion would be marked by a Festival, in which the whole world would be invited to participate, our Publishing House was not the last to feel the thrill of enthusiasm which waked all the nations. It could hardly help being so, since our long-established connection with Art publications has led us to trace the progress of all the World-Fairs from London to Vienna; and we did not wish to halt on this road, as it finally led us to the shining gates of what promises to be the most memorable of all these peaceful Olympiads of the strifes of Nations.

Our first step seemed to be the production of a National American work worthy to be laid on the Federal altar of the Republic. We thought that work should show the indices of the nation's progress; beginning with its early struggles on the land and the sea for the establishment of its political independence, which leads us through the Iliad of the Revolution, to the consolidation of the Republic by its founders, and to the development of the Arts and Sciences, which have made the country so rich, prosperous, and powerful.

In doing this, we fell into our old way of artistic illustration, invoking the aid of the best artists of America and Europe.

In the work here presented we have aimed, first of all, to consult truth and be historically correct; fidelity to facts being the first element of value in such illustrations as the pencil and the graver can bring to the illumination of history. We have rigidly

PUBLISHERS' ADDRESS.

pursued this plan. Nor, as will be evident to the careful observer, have we spared pains or expense in trying for success.

A proper regard to chronological order demanded that we should commence at the beginning, and adhere somewhat closely to the idea as we went through the century. To give such unity to the work as we desired, the author of the letterpress has been in close relations with the artists, and has made such selection of subjects as he deemed most appropriate to his theme.

Among the many distinguished writers of America, we chose C. Edwards Lester, Esq., the author of *Our First Hundred Years*, as pre-eminently qualified for the historical record, knowing that such a selection could not fail to be acceptable to his countrymen and to the world. While we are responsible for all else, he has been absolutely free in the choice of his subjects, and the artists who were to illustrate them. That choice resulted in the following ample and unique collection:

AND THUS THIS NATIONAL WORK, ILLUSTRATING "AMERICA'S
ADVANCEMENT," IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED
STATES, by their

Obedient Servants,

VIRTUE & YORSTON.

NEW YORK, *July 4*, 1876.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE Address of the Publishers explains the origin and appearance of this work. It is now submitted to the final judgment of its readers. Its object was to illustrate the most memorable events that happened during the first century of our National existence ; and it was the wish of the author and the publishers to trace the progress of the Nation from the struggles of the Revolution, which ended in the organization of the Republic, down through the century, with such achievements, events, and resources as would best show how, from small beginnings, we reached the present prosperity of our people, and our eminence among the Family of Nations.

Through the choice of the publishers—who had distinguished themselves during a long period by illustrating the scenery and history of so many countries, in a series of works embellished by the genius of so many brilliant pens and pencils—the task of preparing AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT happened to fall upon myself. Although I accepted it with pleasure, I was fully aware that its execution would necessarily be attended with difficulties and embarrassments which, if not insurmountable, were at least formidable enough to admonish me of the necessity of guarding against the temptations which lay in my path.

Limited as I was to four hundred pages, chiefly confined to the tracing of the rise of our Nation by one hundred shining steps which led to our present position, I encountered in the beginning the unyielding obstacle which forced every sketch into the brevity of a monumental inscription. I seemed to be circumscribed by the Procrustean limits which were to guide the efforts of the artists themselves. As therefore nothing could be made ample enough to satisfy the curiosity of any reader, I had from sheer necessity to throw myself upon the last resource—to try to make up in boldness, and often abruptness of outline, and intensity of coloring, what painters are often forced to do in the hard and frequently vain effort, of compressing a great deal in a very small space. I am therefore prepared to bear the penalty of undertaking a task which abler writers may have found sufficiently hazardous.

While I hope that no intelligent reader will complain that I have embraced subjects unworthy of this work, I expect no unanimity in the approval of my choice. There was a limit which I could not surpass, nor do I claim that I have always chosen well. But I trust that I have succeeded in bringing into relief those characters and events that have most significantly marked the stages of our progress.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

It seemed necessary to preserve the line of our Presidents unbroken ; for whatever their merits may have been, they serve like mile-stones along the old Roman roads to designate periods ; or as the Greeks did in their Olympiads. It seemed desirable also to notice some of the principal heroes who had borne our flag triumphantly on the land and the sea—to speak of orators, statesmen, and jurists, who had built up the structure of our Government—explorers and pioneers who had led the way to the conquest of civilization—of authors who had won fame in so many fields of literature—of scientists who had illuminated so many dark passages in the realms of knowledge—of inventors who had done so much, especially in the substitution of wood and metal for saving the labor of human muscles : and I have endeavored, in covering this broad field, to lay the tribute of honor and gratitude at the feet of the long line of those who have contributed in so many scenes to shed glory over their country, and command the admiration of mankind.

If therefore it should be alleged that it would have been better if the work had been more comprehensive, or that portraits, battle scenes, or public edifices should have been multiplied, or that a larger number of important facts should have been recorded, my only reply is, that from the wide sweep of a century, with its innumerable objects and events of interest, the best selection has been made of which the author, the artists, and the publishers have been capable.

A word for the artists. A more attractive work could with less pains have been produced ; but as the sole object of the publishers was to illustrate history with the utmost fidelity, they may fairly claim to have done their work conscientiously. In no one of these engravings has any departure from strict verity been entertained or allowed. The publishers well say in their Address, "Fidelity to facts being the first element in such illustrations as the pencil and the graver can bring to the illumination of history, we have rigidly pursued this plan. Nor, as will be evident to the careful observer, have we spared pains or expense in trying for success." Probably no other work embraces the efforts of a larger number of artists who have acquired reputation by painting or engraving, in America or Europe. It was the desire of all parties concerned to produce a work which would commend itself to the careful attention of the future, as a monumental record in literature and art, worthy of the occasion which gave it birth.

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

NEW YORK, *July 4, 1876.*

CONTENTS.

- | | | |
|---|----------------------|---|
| 1 NIAGARA FALLS. | <i>Frontispiece.</i> | 10 FIRST BLOOD OF THE REVOLUTION. |
| 2 GEORGE WASHINGTON. | | The Battle of Lexington. |
| Character of Washington. | | Paul Revere's Ride. |
| 3 CROSSING THE DELAWARE. | | South Carolina and Massachusetts. |
| Hail Columbia. | | 11 GENERAL HOWE EVACUATING BOSTON. |
| Character of Washington's Mother. | | Our Early Artists. |
| Mrs. Washington joins her Husband in New York. | | The Law of Scientific Discovery. |
| The Prayer of Agassiz. | | 12 ISRAEL PUTNAM. |
| Green Old Age in Men of Genius. | | Agriculture. |
| 4 THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON. | | The Common People. |
| Steam Navigation and Savings Banks. | | 13 NEW ENGLAND OFFICERS. |
| The Western Emigrant. | | The Republic of Our Fathers and Our Republic of To-day. |
| 5 HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH. | | 14 JOHN HANCOCK. |
| 6 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. | | Citizenship—Robert J. Walker. |
| Franklin Sketched by Greeley. | | 15 THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL. |
| Mirabeau's Eulogy. | | Struggles of American Life. |
| 7 THE CAPTURE OF LOUISBURG. | | 16 JOHN PAUL JONES. |
| The Doom of Acadia. | | Struggles of American Life—Concluded. |
| Washington's Mother. | | 17 NAVAL COMMANDERS. |
| 8 FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR. | | Commodore Truxton. |
| The American Indians. | | Liberty—Its Law of Progress. |
| Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. | | National Expenditures. |
| How to Rebuild the College of William and Mary. | | 18 JOHN ADAMS. |
| 9 DANIEL BOONE. | | The Knell of Nations. |
| The Falls of Niagara. | | 19 PATRICK HENRY. |
| Fine Arts in Our Infancy. | | Development—Commemorative Art. |
| The Pioneer. | | 20 FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS. |
| Benjamin West. | | What America Owes to France. |
| | | Lafayette's Visit to America. |
| | | Yorktown. |

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>21 THOMAS JEFFERSON.
Washington Sketched by Jefferson.
What Constitutes a Historical Portrait?</p> <p>22 JAMES MADISON.
The Old Oaken Bucket.
Merchants and Literary Men.</p> <p>23 JAMES MONROE.
Benjamin West.</p> <p>24 SOUTH CAROLINA OFFICERS.
Benjamin West—Continued.</p> <p>25 PENNSYLVANIA OFFICERS.
Benjamin West—Continued.</p> <p>26 OLD STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.
Benjamin West—Concluded.
Divorce of Church and State.</p> <p>27 JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
William Ellery Channing.</p> <p>28 ANDREW JACKSON.
The Settler.
The Black Letter and Telegraph.</p> <p>29 DEATH OF PAKENHAM.
American Leather.</p> <p>30 MARTIN VAN BUREN.
Odd-Fellowship.</p> <p>31 WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.
Ultimate Financial Securities.</p> <p>32 JACKSON AND WEATHERFORD.
Anthracite Coal.</p> <p>33 JOHN TYLER.
John James Audubon.</p> <p>34 GENERALS OF SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.
Landscape Gardens for the Dead.
Cypress Hills Cemetery.</p> <p>35 ROBERT FULTON.
Berkeley's Prophecy.
Sarah M. Grimke.</p> | <p>36 STEPHEN DECATUR.
Our Naval and Commercial Marine.</p> <p>37 GENERAL STARK AT BENNINGTON.
Our Naval and Commercial Marine—Concluded.</p> <p>38 COMMODORE PERRY ON LAKE ERIE.
Appointments to Public Office.
The Masonic Fraternity in the War.</p> <p>39 WASHINGTON IRVING.
Intra-Mural Interments.</p> <p>40 VIEW NEAR ANTHONY'S NOSE.
Intra-Mural Interments—Continued.</p> <p>41 DEWITT CLINTON.
Intra-Mural Interments—Concluded.
Ancient and Modern Expresses.</p> <p>42 JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.
Foreign Criticism.
New England.</p> <p>43 LAKE GEORGE.
Protection for Libraries.
A Psalm of Life.
Washington an Abolitionist.</p> <p>44 EMINENT CITIZENS.
California—" '49 and '74.'
The Centennial Meditation of Columbia.</p> <p>45 MEMBERS OF FEDERAL CONVENTION.
Cotton Culture.
Cotton Statistics.</p> <p>46 GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.
West Point.
History of Tariff Protection.</p> <p>47 GENERAL SCOTT ENTERING MEXICO.
The Harp.
American and British Shipping.</p> <p>48 GENERAL TAYLOR AT BUENA VISTA.
Causes of Depression in Business.
The Speculator and the Worker.</p> <p>49 LEWIS CASS.
The Problem of the Freedmen.</p> |
|---|--|

CONTENTS.

- 50 STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.
The Problem of the Freedmen—Concluded.
- 51 NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.
Charles Loring Elliott.
- 52 JAMES K. POLK.
Charles Loring Elliott—Continued.
- 53 FRANKLIN PIERCE.
Charles Loring Elliott—Continued.
- 54 GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.
Charles Loring Elliott—Continued.
- 55 MILLARD FILLMORE.
Charles Loring Elliott—Concluded.
The Responsibility of American Citizens.
- 56 DANIEL WEBSTER.
Noah Webster
- 57 UNITED STATES BANK, PHILADELPHIA.
Webster's Words, July 4, 1851.
Mount Shasta in Winter.
- 58 HENRY CLAY.
California's Influence.
- 59 JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.
The Consolations of Literature.
Our Heroes.
- 60 SILAS WRIGHT.
Growth of Religion in a Free State.
History of the Washington Treaty.
Washington's Wife Alone at Mount Vernon.
- 61 EDWARD EVERETT.
Heating and Ventilation.
The Future of America.
- 62 THOMAS H. BENTON.
Benefactions of Education.
County Nomenclature.
Our Foreign Commerce.
- 63 CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.
The Death of Alex. Hamilton.
The American Flag.
- 64 SAM HOUSTON.
Texas and Pacific Railway.
- 65 COLONEL MAY'S CHARGE.
Lessons that Europe can Teach Us.
- 66 JOHN C. FREMONT.
From the Peace of 1783.
Safety on Railways.
- 67 JAMES BUCHANAN.
Pilgrimage to the Birthplace of Columbus.
- 68 ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Lincoln's Position in the Republic.
- 69 ANDREW JOHNSON.
Lincoln's Position in the Republic—Continued.
- 70 ULYSSES S. GRANT.
Lincoln's Position in the Republic—Continued.
- 71 ELISHA KENT KANE.
Lincoln's Position in the Republic—Concluded.
The Wonders of Astronomy.
- 72 PASSAIC FALLS.
The Savings Banks of America.
- 73 CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.
Life-Preserving Apparatus.
There is no Death.
Death Welcome.
- 74 CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.
Character of Lafayette.
Apparatus of Education.
- 75 GEORGE PEABODY.
Ezra Cornell.
The Progress of Humanity.
The Duty of American Citizens.
- 76 PETER COOPER.
Mile-Stones in the American's Journey.

CONTENTS.

- 77 ELIAS HOWE.
Fire and Burglar Proof Safes.
The Future of American Art.
- 78 DAVID LEAVITT.
Loss of the Union Irreparable.
- 79 SAMUEL COLT.
The American Rifle.
- 80 ALVAN STEWART.
American Graphite.
The Sword of Bunker Hill.
- 81 J. MARION SIMS, M. D.
The Press.
- 82 ANESTHESIA AND ITS DISCOVERER.
- 83 FREDERIC PRENTICE—PETROLEUM.
- 84 COLONEL JOHN L. LAY.
Submarine Warfare—Torpedoes.
Columbia Welcoming the Nations.
- 85 FREEMASONRY AND ITS TEMPLES.
- 86 LUCIUS B. BOOMER.
- 87 JOHN ANDERSON.
Does Thought Die?
- 88 LORING PICKERING.
Marco Bozzaris.
Chronology of Our Civil War.
- 89 DAVID D. COLTON.
The Literary Monument of the Century.
- 90 CHARLES KOHLER.
Industrial Condition and Progress of the Pacific
Slope in 1875.
- 91 ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.
The First Predicted Eclipse.
- 92 THE AMERICAN PIANO.
The Utility Adjustable Table.
Knowledge Growing.
- 93 ELIAS PARKMAN NEEDHAM.
The Silk-worm and the Beaver.
- 94 EDWARD BLISS FOOTE, M. D.
Motives to Intellectual Action in America.
- 95 DANIEL D. DEVLIN—CLOTHING.
Female Costume in America.
The Great Corliss Engine.
- 96 B. T. BABBITT.
Printing and Printers.
The Bunker Hill Monument.
- 97 LEWIS TAPPAN.
- 98 BENJAMIN STUART WALCOTT.
The Fur Seal in his Home.
- 99 GEORGE H. FELT, LIEUT. O. S. A. &
U. S. A.
- 100 AUSTIN GOODYEAR DAY.

Bullock and His Press.
Prospects of Learning.

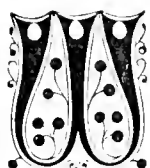
Charles Sumner.

Reform in Life Assurance.

The Short Route to Asia.
Centennial Hymn.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

Born, February 22d, 1732; Died, December 14th, 1799.



E can pay no tribute to this sublime character more worthy of the true founder of the Republic, than to quote the words of Daniel Webster :

“WASHINGTON stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the New World. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief. I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the State, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies, and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and consolation. To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our forms of government are capable of producing exaltation of soul and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples, to all these I reply by pointing to WASHINGTON.”

In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism; the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.—*Farewell Address.*

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.—There is the same difficulty in portraying the character of Washington, that we find in describing the grandest works of nature. Here the painter has a clear advantage over the writer. Even the words of the Greek orator give a very poor idea of the effect of his oration. "The wonder-working part of all oratory must needs perish in the delivery." As the pen never can make the reader feel as he does when he hears one of the symphonies of Beethoven; or the confused noises of a mob start the blood of the war-horse like the blast of the bugle, or the thunder of artillery; as the inspired lines of the poet are but a poor substitute for the forest storm, or the nameless charms of a beautiful landscape bathed in the golden purple of evening, or sleeping in the sacred hush of moon-lit heavens; as symmetrical wholes, perfect harmony in thought, feeling, music, or art, are never described by pen or pencil; and the whole realm through which nature is pouring her eternal anthems, meets no fitting response except in the soul of man, through whose enraptured form alone, inspiration can find any expression—so, too, do the difficulties of fully delineating a grand, harmonious character increase, until a complete portrayal of a man like Washington rises into an impossibility.

We can, indeed, say that in all feats of agility and strength; liteness and grace of form; in the ripened beauty, but half-revealed power of the young Apollo; in early training, by long exposure in climbing mountains, and swimming winter rivers through creaking ice-cakes; working long days under the dissolving heat of a melting sun, and bound by the frozen chains of arctic cold, he grew into a strength and power of endurance, rarely seen even among the men of his time, who had been spoiled by none of the enervating caresses of tender mothers, but whom nature claimed as her own hardy sons of the wilderness, whom she cradles in storms and fondles in tempests, as she does the eagle and the lion, whom she brings up to do her heavy work. Nor is she an unkind mother. The wild flowers are blooming, the wild birds are singing, and morning, with her rose-tints, is blushing over the very chasm where her own Niagara is leaping to its hell of waters. Go with that travelling sunshine, till its first beams strike the Sierra Nevada, and from its highest and sheerest cliff, the bird of Washington, with the eaglet on her back, launches from the dizzy height, and at mid-heaven, casts off her young, where it too must learn to fly.

Nor does it help the delineation much to speak of the grace with which Washington moved in the presence of women of culture and beauty; nor of the majesty with which he could not help moving among the great men of his period; for nature's noblemen carry their heraldry emblazoned on them; her kings are crowned from their birth. The majesty of a great soul cannot be painted—it can only be felt; and with all his gentleness and modesty of character, no man ever left his presence without a feeling somewhat akin to that with which we gaze on the old oak, with its biography of a thousand years written in the fibres of its gnarled trunk; or the ocean in all the repose it ever gets in its eternal heavings; or the inspiring presence of the blooded race-horse walking leisurely out to the course.

But a few lines, however faint, may be traced here. The common idea of Washington is as wide of the truth, as it is offensive in its vulgarity. He has been represented by the feeble literature of pious cant, as so impossibly and intolerably good, that he was removed beyond

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

all human infirmity, or the possibility of imitation. The imitation part might be admitted, with some limitation. Nor can the essential goodness and moral purity of his character scarcely be overdrawn. But he was entirely human; and it were better to substitute the words gentleness and tenderness; for his great heart was as sensitive to the softest touch, as the old organ of Haarlem Cathedral under the hand of a master; or Newton, when he saw the ashes of his precious manuscripts, patted his favorite dog hard, and kindly, as the great tears rolled down, and his frame shook with suffering—"Never mind, my poor fellow; you did not know what you were doing."

To his dying day Major-General Lee never forgot the terrible curse his Commander-in-Chief hurled on him, when he rode up and found him retreating from the field of Monmouth. In that awful moment there was no language fit for the occasion, that was not borrowed from the nomenclature of the Almighty. He who can remain unmoved in the midst of such scenes, is less than a man, or more than a god.

Through every fibre of that Herculean frame—standing upwards of six feet, developed into matchless and symmetrical beauty—every passion, thought, and feeling that belongs to earth or heaven went thrilling. Not a nerve but waked to every zephyr breath; not a muscle of that grand form but was as elastic,—not a tendon that was not hard as steel. He was of all men, perhaps, gifted with the finest nervous sensibility, and the mightiest power of will; for over the broad expanse of his nature—where the capabilities of terrific action lay reposing—they woke to the summons of that all-controlling will, directed by supreme judgment, and arrayed themselves for action, as the divisions of an army answer the signals to come into line of battle. It was in achieving such masterly self-control, that he displayed a sublimer victory than "he who taketh a city." If there had been nothing to master, where would have been the triumph?

There is nothing startling in the solemn expanse of a great prairie, when the eye can rest only on the distant line where earth and heaven meet. Uniformity, calmness, expanse, symmetry, harmony—all these aspects of nature in repose—inspire us with sublimity only in contrast with the thought of them all in action. There is no silence so awful as that which just precedes the breaking of the storm. Even the beasts cower in the presence of that majestic hush.

These cherry-tree stories about George Washington have been told long enough. Such trivialities, be they the work of fancy or not, never help the character of such men. But the earnest believer in the God of Christianity, finds a deep significance in the fact, that, in the darkest hours of the Revolutionary struggle, the half-suppressed murmur of prayer was sometimes heard from the tent of the Commander-in-Chief. There were moments during that great drama of life and death, when every earnest heart in the nation was engaged in the same business. There are times when the soul of man can find help nowhere but in going to his omnipotent and loving Father. This is what true men understand by being "made in the image of God;" this is what every true Christian understands by prayer. Woe be to the man who is ignorant of all this! So far is he unworthy of being trusted with the fortunes of a great people, the poor wretch's soul is not safe in his own keeping. The torch-bearers of

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

human hope—the salvators of humanity—the great men who in all the ages have led the human race on to light and victory, have been reverent men.

It was by the greatest heroes of Greece, that Jupiter's heaven was oftenest besieged by supplication. The Hebrew lawgiver—the greatest man of antiquity—talked familiarly with God. Socrates, the intellectual dictator of the ages, believed in heavenly inspiration, and the Divine guidance of his guardian angel. The old Idumean Prince—who, in the sublime allegory of Job, was but a type of what every great soul must pass through before it can be redeemed—was the most reverent and illuminated interpreter of the Almighty, of whom history has left any record. Worship of God, and prayer, and sacrifice, was the inspiration of the Roman legions. Dependence upon Supreme Power speaks from every altar ever erected by human hands. Constantine was invincible after he saw the Cross flaming on the sky. It was for the recovery of the tomb of the Saviour, and in the name of the Christian's God, that the armies of Saladin went down before the chivalry of Europe. Prayer was as much the order of the day as drill, in the army of Cromwell. Everywhere we find that the men who pray best are the hardest fighters. The battle-cry of "The Sword of the Lord and Gideon" sent terror through the Assyrian host. It has been common to sneer at the Puritans, says Macaulay; but no man ever did it who had occasion to meet them in the halls of debate, or cross swords with them in battle. Yes, thank God, Washington was a praying man.

We have no knowledge of any great military or political leader, general or statesman—or both blended in one, as Washington had to be—who had such difficulties to overcome. All through the Revolution, he was cramped for means, munitions, and men. He scarcely had ten thousand troops under his command on a single field of battle. He never had a regiment perfectly equipped, well-provisioned, or promptly paid. He was too great to be fully understood by the men under his command, or even by the Continental Congress itself. He had to exhaust every resource to meet the exigencies of every day. He could not pave a highway to victory over the corpses of a constantly recruited army. He could not risk *all* upon any one movement. His history is illuminated only by occasional flashes of brilliant victory. Half his title to military glory, like Xenophon's, lies in conducting masterly retreats. Destiny itself compelled him to be a Fabius, while nature had endowed him with the elements of the boldest and most heroic generalship. Great as was his humanity, necessity forced him to hold on to every life with the grasp of a drowning man; every grain of powder, and ounce of lead, or scrap of subsistence, he hoarded with the greed of a miser. There were petty jealousies and small ambitions; there was all the malignity of envy, and the ill-suppressed discontent of selfish and mean natures; there were even conspiracies in his camp; there was dissatisfaction in Congress; there was groundless apprehension of dictatorial power. He lived in a world of trial and trouble; and knew such anguish as only great souls know.

But he was equal to every trial. His faith bore him up when all other supports gave way. Nor is it irreverent if we apply to him, while he was passing through that fearful ordeal, the words which the beholder used when looking into the fiery furnace: "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

THE American army had been saved by the masterly retreat from Long Island. Washington had conducted the flight through New Jersey with his decimated and half frozen followers, and with five thousand men only, had passed the Delaware with a perfectly equipped and overwhelming army at his heels. In the camp of our enemies there was exultation, and gloom had spread over the almost disheartened Colonies. Unless some blow could be struck at once, the cause was lost. Believing that the insurrection was quelled, Lord Cornwallis had sent his baggage on board the packet for England. To all appearance, nothing but the intervention of Heaven could save the handful of patriots encamped, almost unsheltered, on the western bank of the Delaware. But it was the moment when the genius of Washington, in his illuminated discernment, saw the cross of deliverance flaming in the heavens. Among his generals, he chose Greene, Sullivan and Sterling; and of field-officers, Stark, Webb, Hand, Knox, Glover, William Washington, James Monroe, and Alexander Hamilton—the whole body numbering twenty-four hundred men. “Ready, every devil of them,” as Hamilton afterwards said to his then friend Aaron Burr, “Ready to storm hell’s battlements in the dark.”

On the night of the 25th of December, these crusaders of freedom began their march, every man carrying forty cartridges and three days’ rations. The eighteen field-pieces, by a brisk movement, struck the river before dark. The current was sullen and black with crouching ice-cakes. “Who leads the embarkation?” asked the Commander-in-Chief. “Marblehead,” was the low determined answer from some sailor-soldiers of Massachusetts. The daring Wilkinson came up unexpected. “How did you trace us?” “Easily, by the blood tracks of the boys over the snow.” A faithful spy of Washington had got across the river, and he whispered in his Chief’s ear: “Rall believes no reports of our approach; he is in his usual revels.” “All hands over now, gentlemen—orderly, quick, silent, sure.”

The ice was gathering thick; the wind from the northeast was charged with sleet, and edged with frost. They were on the deep, angry river. They landed in the blackness of night; the last cannon had been dragged up the Jersey shore, and in a bewildering tempest of snow, sleet, hail, and howling wind, all wildly mingled in a driving storm, began the hard march of nine miles down to Trenton, Sullivan leading one division on the bank, and Washington the other by a parallel road. A messenger from Sullivan to the Commander said, “Our ammunition is wet.”

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

"To your General and say, We will use only bayonets to-night—we must take the town." The Hessian Commander, roused from his night's debauch, but sobered by the cutting air and the terror of his men, attempted to rally his forces; but with admirable order the Americans pressed in from all sides. A musket-ball sent the Hessian General reeling from his saddle. Washington's horse was shot. The victory was won. The battle had lasted thirty-five minutes—but the whole Hessian army had surrendered, men, arms and colors. The rest of the night was consumed in recrossing the river, and before the gray dawning lit up the still stormy heavens, the last transport had landed the last patriot soldier, with the spoils and prisoners-of-war, on the Pennsylvania side. The ice craunched,—the river flood rolled on,—no matter now how dark. Even the bodies of the only two patriots killed in the battle, were brought over with those of the only two who had frozen to death. The turning point of Independence had been passed.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

By JUDGE HOPKINSON.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost;
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let its altar reach the skies.
 Firm—united, let us be,
 Rallying round our Liberty,
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
 While offering peace sincere and just,
 In heaven we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice will prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail.
 Firm—united, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON's great name
 Ring through the world with loud applause;
 Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
 With equal skill, and godlike power,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
 The happier times of honest peace.
 Firm—united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
 The rock on which the storm will beat;
 The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you,
 When Hope was sinking in dismay,
 And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.
 Firm—united, etc.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

MRS. MARY WASHINGTON is represented as a woman of strong, plain sense, strict integrity, and an inflexible spirit of command. We have mentioned the exemplary manner in which she, a lone widow, had trained her little flock in their childhood. The deference for her then instilled into their minds, continued throughout life, and was manifested by Washington when at the height of his power and reputation. Eminently practical, she had thwarted his military aspirings when he was about to seek honor in the British navy. During his early and disastrous campaigns on the frontier, she would often shake her head and exclaim, "Ah, George had better have stayed at home, and cultivated his farm!" Even his ultimate success and renown had never dazzled, however much they may have gratified her. When others congratulated her, and were enthusiastic in his praise, she listened in silence, and would temperately reply that he had been a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man.—*Irving's Life of Washington*.

MRS. WASHINGTON JOINS HER HUSBAND AT NEW YORK.—On the 19th of May, 1789, Mrs. Washington, accompanied by her grandchildren, Eleanor Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, set out from Mount Vernon in her travelling-carriage, with a small escort of horse, to join her husband at the seat of government, as she had been accustomed to join him at headquarters, in the intervals of his revolutionary campaigns.

Throughout the journey she was greeted with public testimonials of respect and affection. As she approached Philadelphia, the President of Pennsylvania and other of the State functionaries, with a number of the principal inhabitants of both sexes, came forth to meet her, and she was attended into the city by a numerous cavalcade, and welcomed with the ringing of bells and firing of cannon.

Similar honors were paid her in her progress through New Jersey. At Elizabethtown, she alighted at the residence of Governor Livingston, whither Washington came from New York to meet her. They proceeded thence by water, in the same splendid barge in which the General had been conveyed for his inauguration. It was manned, as on that occasion, by thirteen master pilots arrayed in white, and had several persons of note on board. There was a salute of thirteen guns as the barge passed the battery at New York. The landing took place at Peck Slip, not far from the Presidential residence, amid the enthusiastic cheers of an immense multitude.

On the following day, Washington gave a demi-official dinner.

On the evening of the following day (Friday, May 29th) Mrs. Washington had a general reception, which was attended by all that was distinguished in official and fashionable society. Henceforward there were similar receptions every Friday evening, from eight to ten o'clock, to which the families of all persons of respectability, native or foreign, had access without special invitation, and at which the President was always present. These assemblages were as free from ostentation and restraint as the ordinary receptions of polite society; yet the reader will soon find they were subject to invidious misrepresentation; and cavilled at as "court-like levees" and "queenly drawing-rooms."

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Not long after Washington's return from his eastern tour, Colonel John Trumbull, his aide-de-camp in former days, now an historical painter of eminence, arrived from Europe, where he had been successfully prosecuting his art and preparing for his grand pictures, illustrative of our Revolutionary History. At Mr. Jefferson's house in Paris he had been enabled to sketch from the life, the portraits of several of the French officers who had been present at the capture of Cornwallis, and were now among the popular agitators of France. He had renewed his military acquaintance with Lafayette; witnessed the outbreak of the revolution; the storming of the Bastille; and attended the marquis on one occasion, when the latter succeeded in calming the riotous excesses of a mob, principally workmen, in the Faubourg St. Antoine.—*Irving's Life of Washington.*

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.—Professor Agassiz, at the opening of the Anderson School of Natural History, after a few modest words felicitously suited to put all their minds into fellowship, said tenderly and with touching frankness, "I think we have need of help. I do not feel that I can call on any one here to ask a blessing for us. I know I would not have anybody pray for us at this moment. I ask you for a moment to pray for yourselves." Upon this, the great scientist—in an age in which so many other great scientists have concluded that praying is quite an unscientific and very useless proceeding—bowed his head reverently; his pupils and friends did the same; and there, in a silence that was very beautiful, each spirit was free to crave of the Great Spirit the blessing that was needed. For our own part, it seems to us that this scene of Agassiz and his pupils, with heads bowed in silent prayer for the blessing of the God of Nature to be given to that school then opened for the study of Nature, is a spectacle for some great artist to spread out worthily upon canvas, and to be kept alive in the memory of mankind. What are coronations, royal pageants, the parade of armies, to a scene like this? It heralds the coming of the new heavens and the new earth—the real golden age when Nature and Man shall be reconciled, and the conquests of truth shall supersede the conquests of brute force.

GREEN OLD AGE IN MEN OF GENIUS.—Tell us not that old age obscures the intellectual powers. Petrarch, who died at seventy, was found sitting in his library leaning over an open book as if he were reading, but in reality dead. Some of Metastasio's best things were written at eighty-four; Goldini died at eighty-seven, and wrote until after he was eighty; Wordsworth lived to eighty, with unfailing poetic power; Goethe, down to the day of his death, at eighty-three, labored on with almost youthful zeal and with an unabated devotion to literature; Isocrates wrote his "Panathenaicus" in his ninety-fourth year, and lived until ninety-nine; Titian's pencil dropped from his hand when he was stricken by the plague, at nearly one hundred years of age; Michael Angelo went on splendidly until ninety; Leonardo da Vinci, one of the fullest and greatest artists of any age, died at his easel, with undiminished faculties, at seventy-five; Tintoretto worked until eighty, Perugino until seventy-eight, Rubens until seventy, Teniers until eighty-four, and Claude until eighty-two.



THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON,

THE Hessian army had been captured at Trenton, and Washington with the spoils of victory, had crossed the Delaware the second time on that arctic night. Cornwallis, suddenly recalled by the astounding news, and at the head of a corps of seven thousand of the best troops of the British army, marched on Trenton, "To wipe out the late mortifying disgrace, rescue the victors, and by a single overwhelming blow, annihilate the rebels." To all human foresight, that fate could be averted only by a cowardly flight which would be only another name for destruction. But the hopes of Independence were on the eastern shore of the Delaware, and Washington stood undismayed at the head of its champions. Through the clouds that drifted over their heads, the eye of faith could discern the overshadowing form of Eternal Justice which swayed the fortunes of the struggling Colonies; and while on the sightless couriers of that December air, the wild storms of winter were drifting, the ear of prophetic patriotism could hear the many voices of Liberty.

Again was the Delaware crossed, and both armies were encamped at nightfall on opposite sides of the narrow Assanpink which flows through the town of Trenton. Their capture or destruction, the next morning, was regarded as certain by Cornwallis, and no movement of the American army was suspected, for their camp-fires were kept blazing during the night. When the British commander was told at daylight, that nothing was left of the American camp—within musket-shot of his own—but the smouldering ashes of its watch-fires, and whither the rebels had fled no one could tell; nothing could exceed his mortification or solve the mystery, till the booming of cannon came on the still winter air from the direction of Princeton. "Is that thunder?" "No, it's Washington's cannon playing on our rear-guard." "What will become of our stores at Brunswick?" "To arms!" and his whole army was quickly formed into marching columns.

A rapid march, by a circuitous route of eighteen miles, had brought the Americans to the eastern skirts of Princeton at sunrise, and the contending parties being equal in numbers and field-pieces, the ground was fiercely contested. Hazlitt, Fleming, Neal and the gallant Mercer had fallen, and the retreat of the Americans had begun under the merciless charge of British bayonets, of which our men were unprovided. The whole conflict was a whirlwind. Washington dashed into the scene, and, under his immediate command, arrested the flight of Mercer's division, and bringing them into line held the united forces ready for a general engagement. The

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

moment had come to win or lose the day, and Washington resorted to the desperate but only means that ever availed with his raw levies against the unwavering obstinacy of British regulars. He led the charge to within thirty yards of the enemy, when volleys from both sides renewed the fight with deadly fierceness. As the clouds of smoke were quickly dissolved in the frosty air, the eyes of the Americans eagerly sought the spot where they had last seen their general, his majestic form was still firmly seated on his well-known battle-horse; and waving his sword, a wild cheer rang over the field. The spectacle for a moment excited the same amazement in both armies. The American colors were still flying, and his waving sword flashed back in the morning's sunblaze—answering the signal the ranks of fresh volunteers were nerved with the steadiness of accustomed campaign valor. The final charge came—the shattered British regiments broke and fled, unable to resist the terrible onset of such men. After Washington came up, the conflict lasted only twenty minutes; but the English fell like tall grain before the reaper. Two hundred lay dead or bleeding on the field, and before noon a still larger number were brought in prisoners, fourteen of whom were British officers. The young army was inspired with a still higher feeling of soldierly confidence, and the whole nation with fresh enthusiasm. New Jersey was redeemed—the Colonies were saved.

STEAM NAVIGATION AND SAVINGS BANKS.

THE future will see a deeper significance than we do to-day in the following facts: Steam has brought the Nations close together, the Telegraph has made them *touch*; and Savings Banks have had much to do in making millions of friends and kindred meet on these far-off Western shores, thus swelling the tide that now often brings a thousand new citizens a day to new homes.

But a hundred years ago, a few scattered colonies skirted the Atlantic seaboard, which was so far away from Europe that it cost a great deal of time, trouble, expense, and courage to cross the sea. The emigrant seeking a home here gave up a season to it—even a year, and often one of the best years of his life. A cloud of uncertainty overhung the cheerless expedition. The very old and the very young had to stay behind. Nor could even the wealthy make the voyage without some daring and sacrifice. But the conquest of the ocean has been achieved at last by the fleetest and most magnificent steamships on the globe, for there are no such ocean steamers sailing between any other countries as ply between Europe and America. There are nowhere such ceaseless activities—such wide and constantly multiplying social relations, as between the British Islands and the United States.

It is impossible to get at all the exact facts in the case, but beyond all question a very large share of the many millions of dollars paid for emigrant passages has been saved up in small deposits in the Savings Banks of Europe and America for this purpose. Here the agency of these Institutions has been great and beneficent beyond all human calculation. Slowly, but surely, the savings of the industrial classes have been noiselessly accumulating, till they have brought millions of men, women, and children to these shores. Nor let it be ever forgotten, that Emigration means all there is in America, except Free Institutions. Until this Land began to be

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

peopled by the Caucasian Race, it was to the rest of mankind as though it had never been; but from the hour of the discovery by Columbus, must be dated the era of the Civilization of the Future. And but for that event, it may be doubted if the human race would not have long halted in its progress and achievements. Whatever has since happened of much importance to mankind, borrowed its first or later impulses from the discovery of the New World. The footsteps of "the world-seeking Genoese" are still reverberating over the globe. His voice has been steadily sounding, till it has reached the ear of all Nations. From the hour the weary *Mayflower* swung to her moorings, our history is summed up in the two words—Immigration, and Liberty.

Every immigrant among the millions who have helped to found and build up this nation represented *the fruit of labor saved*—saved by somebody, and garnered by some frugal hand, till it paid the passage of the new comer.

During the last fifty, and more especially the last twenty-five years, the Savings Banks of Europe and America have been the chief guardians of this immense sum. But for them, immigration would have had a far narrower record. By receiving any sum, however small, and allowing it to accumulate at compound interest, the Savings Banks came into direct relations with the working classes. No money institutions had done this work before. In the spirit of a new age, they accepted any person as a capitalist who made a deposit. They became the bankers of the workers. Under these new auspices, labor put forth its strength with a fresh inspiration, and motives for economy, thrift, and toil were multiplied on every side. And now, with all these incentives, immigration of a better class, especially from Germany, more intelligent and independent, is steadily increasing in spite of the recent depression of business. It will not be long before we shall count immigrants by the million every year. It has been proved that the numbers, as well as the social grade of immigrants, have risen in proportion to augmented facilities for transportation. The European laborer of to-day crosses the ocean with more substantial comfort, than the ordinary cabin-passenger did forty years ago, while the rapidity of the voyage makes a most important saving in time.

If we take Commissioner Wells' estimate of \$1,000 as the average value of each immigrant, the United States are from this source alone, gaining over one hundred million dollars a year. But this estimate is shamefully low. Negro slaves were worth more than that only a few years ago. But these new people are free men, women, and children, all starting out on a new and better life, with a future inspired by higher ambition and brighter hopes.

Now since most of this passage-money passes through the Savings Banks of America and Europe, would it not be a great saving for all parties to have some person in each of these Institutions to act as *an agent of Emigration*, receiving a proper commission from the Steam Line with which their depositors are to be interested? We can see no possible objection to such an arrangement, and the advantages that would grow out of it are obvious, as for instance: 1st. All commissions and cost of exchange, and risks of transmission of money would be saved; 2d. Perfectly reliable information could at once be had by the depositor in any Savings Bank in America or Europe; 3d. All impositions by emigrant-runners and other swindlers, as well as other risks and irregularities, could be avoided; 4th. Such a system would promote emigration.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

An axe rang sharply 'mid those forest shades
Which from creation toward the skies had tower'd
In unshorn beauty. There, with rigorous arm,
Wrought a bold emigrant, and by his side
His little son with question and response
Beguiled the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees. Hark ! when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou
The mighty river on whose breast we sail'd,
So many days, on toward the setting sun?
Our own Connecticut, compared to that
Was but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, where I launch'd
My tiny boat, with my young playmates round,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me,
Than all these bold, broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother nurtured in the garden bound
Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach
Hung in its ripening gold, were fairer, sure,
Than this dark forest, shutting out the day."

"What, ho ! My little girl," and with light step
A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,
And, setting down the basket that contain'd
His noon's repast, look'd upward to his face
With sweet, confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see,
That bright-wing parouquet, and hear the song
Of yon gay red-bird, echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear,
In far New England, such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning, and his chirping voice
Still made me joyful, as I went to tend
My snowdrops. I was always laughing then,
In that first home—I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

Slow night drew on,
And around the rude hut of the emigrant
The wrathful spirit of the rising storm
Spake bitter things. His weary children slept,
And he, with head declined, sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois
Dashing against their shores.

Starting, he spake—
"Wife ! did I see thee brush away a tear?
'Twas even so. Thy heart weary with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets, and sofas, and admiring guests,
Beit thee better than these rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone, hermit home."

"No, no. All was so still around, methought
Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal,
Which 'mid the church, where erst we paid our vows,
So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion."

And the gentle smile
Lighting her brow, the fond caress that sooth'd
Her waking infant, reassured his soul
That wheresoe'er our best affections move,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.
Content and placid, to his rest he sank ;
But dreams, those wild magicians, that do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought
Their will with him.

Up rose the thronging mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire,
All glittering bright, in fancy's frost-work ray.
The steed his boyhood nurtured proudly neigh'd :
The favorite dog came frisking round his feet,
With shrill and joyous bark ; familiar doors
Flew open ; greeting hands with his were link'd
In friendship's grasp ; he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and, till morning, roved
'Mid the loved scenery of his native land.

—*Lydia Sigourney.*

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

EXULTATION, and gratitude to the God of Nations, broke forth from every heart wherever the news of Cornwallis's surrender flew. Everywhere the entire population rushed to the temples of God, to offer up their thanksgivings for the deliverance of his people. The cause of Independence was now regarded as won. The exhausted patriot soldiers, flushed with victory, had to stand to their arms only a short time longer, for the foe had been humbled. The right of man to self-government had been triumphantly asserted, and the battles of the American Revolution had all been fought.

DISBANDING OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY.—Two events portending serious evils now occurred. The American army was, of course, to be disbanded. This had been found one of the most hazardous and difficult steps for a nation to take at any period. Officers long accustomed to command, and soldiers who generally become corrupt and vicious in the licentiousness of war, and the idleness of the camp, have a disinclination to return to the arts of peace and the pursuits of industry.

The arrears of the army had not yet been paid by Congress, and discontent from this cause was on the point of breaking out into sedition. The army was lying at Newburg, when it was discovered that a plot was on foot to march to the national Capital, and demand justice from Congress, with arms in their hands. This plot would have been executed had not Washington discovered it in time, and offered such monitions to its leaders as no other man could give. He pledged himself to write to Congress on their behalf, if they would abandon their design, and he fulfilled his promise. Congress acted with promptness and efficiency. Half-pay had been pledged, but it was commuted to full pay for five years. Everything was wisely and well done, and the American army was peacefully disbanded.

THE CROWN OFFERED TO WASHINGTON.—About the same time, a general of the army and some of his associates in the campaigns of the Revolution, after long and frequent confidential conferences, addressed a letter to Washington, to persuade him to encourage the establishment of a monarchy, of which he was to be the head. There was no treason or treachery in this. Men's ideas at that time were by no means so democratic as they are now. Accustomed, as the colonists had been, to wild and rude forms of liberty, no considerable por-

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

tion of the American people were fully prepared for the immediate adoption of such forms of government, or the enactment of such statutes as have since become inevitable wherever new American States have sprung into existence.

It should never be forgotten by Americans that when the colonists first took up arms against the throne, they did not contemplate the sovereignty and independence of these States. They limited their purposes solely to resistance to aggression on their civil rights as British subjects. It was only after much American blood had been spilt by the soldiers of George III., that the country was prepared for severing all connection between the colonies and the crown; and now that the Revolution was over, and men began to turn their thoughts to the form of government which should be adopted, there were very few Americans whose ideas were matured enough to adopt a system of government like the one under which the Union was at last founded. Monarchical notions and prejudices still prevailed; and it may be somewhat doubtful whether a monarchical form might not have been adopted in substance, had Washington thrown his influence in that direction. History was full of precedents to justify him in such a course; for, from Cæsar to Cromwell, the leaders of nations, who had achieved great glory or independence, had almost invariably grasped at monarchical power, under the pretext of preserving what had been won, or of gratifying the feelings of their countrymen.

I therefore always think we should attach more importance than some have, to the fact that from the moment this suggestion was made to Washington, he not only refused his concurrence, but immediately replied that "he viewed such ideas with abhorrence, and he must reprehend them with severity."

We can therefore truthfully say that from that moment the thought was no longer entertained by a human being; and although Europeans regarded this refusal of a throne as a most wonderful display of modesty and patriotism, yet no man who comprehends the character of Washington supposes it ever could have been possible for him, under any circumstances, to entertain the idea of accepting, much less usurping regal power.

Nobly born, and nobly bred—more like a Baron of an earlier age, than the scion of an obscure house—his experience of the injustice and arrogance of a royal master towards the British Colonies in America, had obliterated forever from his great soul any leanings towards Monarchy. He was, by conviction, the sincerest republican statesman that had ever lived.

WASHINGTON PARTS WITH HIS OFFICERS.—The time now came for Washington to perform a final act, which completed the sublime unity of his character, and the perfection of his fame. On the 4th of December, 1783, he parted from his officers at New York amidst scenes of tenderness and grief which have seldom been witnessed, where subalterns have bid adieu to their military chieftain. In his *Life of Washington*, Irving thus speaks: "In the course of a few days, Washington prepared to depart for Annapolis, where Congress was assembling, with the intention of asking leave to resign his command. A barge was in

WASHINGTON RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION.

waiting about noon on the 4th of December, at Whitehall ferry, to convey him across the Hudson to Paulus Hook. The principal officers of the army assembled at Frances' Tavern, in the neighborhood of the ferry, to take a final leave of him. On entering the room, and finding himself surrounded by his old companions in arms, who had shared with him so many scenes of hardship, difficulty, and danger, his agitated feelings overcame his usual self-command. Filling a glass of wine, and turning upon them his benignant but saddened countenance, 'With a heart full of love and gratitude,' said he, 'I now take leave of you, most devotedly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.' Having drunk this farewell benediction, he added, with emotion, 'I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but I will be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.' General Knox, who was the nearest, was the first to advance. Washington, affected even to tears, grasped him by his hand, and gave him a brother's embrace. In the same affectionate manner he took leave severally of the rest. Not a word was spoken. The deep feeling and manly tenderness of these veterans in the parting moment, could not find utterance in words. Silent and solemn they followed their loved commander as he left the room, passed through a corps of light infantry, and proceeded on foot to Whitehall ferry. Having entered the barge he turned to them, took off his hat and waved a final adieu. They replied in the same manner, and having watched the barge until the intervening point of the Battery shut it from sight, returned still solemn and silent to the place where they had assembled."

WASHINGTON RESIGNS HIS COMMISSION, December 23, 1783.—Having made known his intention to resign his commission as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, Washington proceeded to Annapolis, where Congress was then in session. A day was set apart with every sign of respect for the solemn business to be transacted. The chamber was crowded with illustrious men from foreign countries, veterans of the Revolution, and distinguished citizens, who had flocked together from every quarter, to witness the simple but imposing ceremony. After the preliminary proceedings were over, the President announced to General Washington that Congress was prepared to receive from him any communication he deemed proper to make. The great man rose, and with that modesty which so eminently distinguished him, uttered the following words :

"MR. PRESIDENT:—The great events on which my resignation depended having at length taken place, I now have the honor of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country.

"Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence ; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

so arduous a task ; which however was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven.

“The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations ; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest.

“While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings not to acknowledge in this place, the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular, those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favorable notice and patronage of Congress.

“I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them, to His holy keeping.

“Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action ; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.”

He laid his commission upon the table, and handed his sword to the President. The deepest emotion shook every bosom, and when the chieftain sat down, he was hailed as the CINCINNATUS OF THE NEW WORLD. He shortly after retired to his home on the banks of the Potomac, with an ampler and more enduring fame, than had ever followed a political deliverer to his retirement.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Born in Boston, Jan. 17, 1706. Died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790.

NO MAN has lived in America who has stamped his image so deep, or so clear, on the institutions and character of its people as Benjamin Franklin: few men have put forth a broader or more beneficent influence upon mankind; and few men are more sure of lasting fame. So great is my veneration for him, I cannot mention his name without invoking such words as would seem to me unsuited to any other American. On the occasion of one of the meetings of the Scientific Congress of Italy, when certain honors were to be paid to Franklin, I contributed the following MONOGRAPH, which seemed none too eulogistic for the enthusiasm of the countrymen of Galvani, Volta, Vico, and Rienzi:

I.

FRANKLIN'S VOICE TO AMERICA.

1. "I was born poor, but I lived in comfort, and died rich.
2. "With few to help me, I found in hard work a friend indeed.
3. "When I was poor, I lived poor, and saved what pennies I could.
4. "When I got to be fore-handed, I could help others less fortunate.
5. "I managed to stand up straight when I had to stand alone.
6. "With nobody to teach me, I became my own schoolmaster.
7. "I had suffered, and I did not like to see any friend suffer.
8. "I loved virtue and thrift, and hated vice, laziness, and waste.
9. "I gained many friends, but only by trying to do right.
10. "So many did me good that I tried to do good to all.
11. "I early learned how to work, and endeavored to teach others.
12. "I had very many faults, and I tried hard to correct them.
13. "I served my country through life with what little ability I could."

II.

AMERICA'S RESPONSE TO FRANKLIN.

1. "We are born rich, enjoy little, and too often die poor.
2. "With too much help, we work only when we are obliged to.
3. "When we are poor we live rich; when rich, we lay up nothing.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

4. "When wealth comes to us, we let others take care of themselves.
5. "We are more fond of leaning on others than of standing alone.
6. "Brought up among teachers, how much *true* wisdom do we gain?
7. "We suffer too little to know how to feel sympathy for our fellows.
8. "We are almost strangers to the stern virtues of our fathers.
9. "Self-interest and not integrity determines our friendships.
10. "Sublime lesson! its practice won you the heart of the world.
11. "We venerate you as the great Worker of your age.
12. "Your faults are forgotten; your virtues will live forever.
13. "We will show our gratitude to you by fidelity to our country."

III.

THE WORLD'S CHORUS TO FRANKLIN.

"We come from all lands, but you are our Father. You were the First Teacher of America, and we are going to school to you to-day. You have taught the Nations how to plant the Tree of Liberty in the Soil of Despotism; how children may become Men; how Men may be Free, and work and love and help one another, and grow into rich and powerful communities; and how, at last, the whole Earth may come together in a Universal Republic, and sit at peace under God's broad Tree of Freedom, with none to molest or make them afraid.

"You are the Presiding Genius of every Printing-Office, of every Savings Bank, and every Workshop. You are invoked in every Academy of Science, and in every Hall of Legislation. Your Spirit breathes through every story-book and hovers along every Telegraph Wire. You were the Prophet of Freedom and the Instructor of Mankind. All nations rise up and call you blessed."

FRANKLIN SKETCHED BY GREELEY.

IT is the greatest reputations alone which increase with passing years. It is only the sterling and efficient characters that have influenced the course of civilization who require distance for their full appreciation. What Landor said of Shakespeare is applicable to them; the concurring verdict of successive generations stands as the agreement of individuals. We are too young a nation to count many of these sure immortalities. But one of the most unquestionable is certainly the philosopher and statesman whom his fellow-craftsmen agree to honor to-day.

No figure of our great revolutionary epoch has gained more in dignity and importance since those days. The cloud of calumny and detraction which pursued him so vindictively in life has entirely passed away in the light of authentic history. All there was of doubtful or questionable in the record of his acts, has been cleared off by the pens of investigators like Parton and Loménie, Bancroft and Bigelow. At each addition which is made to the history of the process by which we became a nation, the part he bore in the great work becomes more clearly revealed and gains in significance. Every advance which is made in material science bears witness to the wisdom and sagacity of that self-taught savant whose robust common sense grappled successfully with the most intricate problems of nature. His contributions to the science of government are even to-day well worthy the best consideration of statesmen. The whole world is enjoying to-day the practical results of his scientific insight and labor, and even the crowning glory of the telegraph was withheld from his ardent research and given to Morse only because the world was not ready for it a generation ago. When we see the marvelously accurate approaches which he made to that miracle of science, we can fancy the hand of Providence laid upon the eager eyes which were about to surprise the secret of the next century.

So many-sided was this wholesome genius that there seem to be many Franklins in the world's memory. There is a scholar whose work is co-extensive with civilization. There is a statesman whose hand is seen in the firm foundations of the great Republic. There is a diplomatist who achieved the most important results ever accomplished since heralds went on embassies. There is a homely philosopher and moralist whose simple and chatty counsels are the daily gospel of thousands of firesides. Yet it is not a character of contrasts or surprises. In its rounded symmetry we see the natural development of a great intellect, guided and controlled by great goodness. He was a skillful and industrious workman; and so gained means and leisure to devote himself to science and politics. It was a favorite saying of his father in the old candle-shop at Boston, "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings." No man ever lived more diligent in business, and no man ever stood with more of the dignity of upright manhood before kings.

He has passed into a type of democracy here and abroad. At home his name indicates thrift, intelligence, integrity, and love of country, the qualities which save Republics. Abroad he is our best known if not our greatest name. His serene and noble countenance

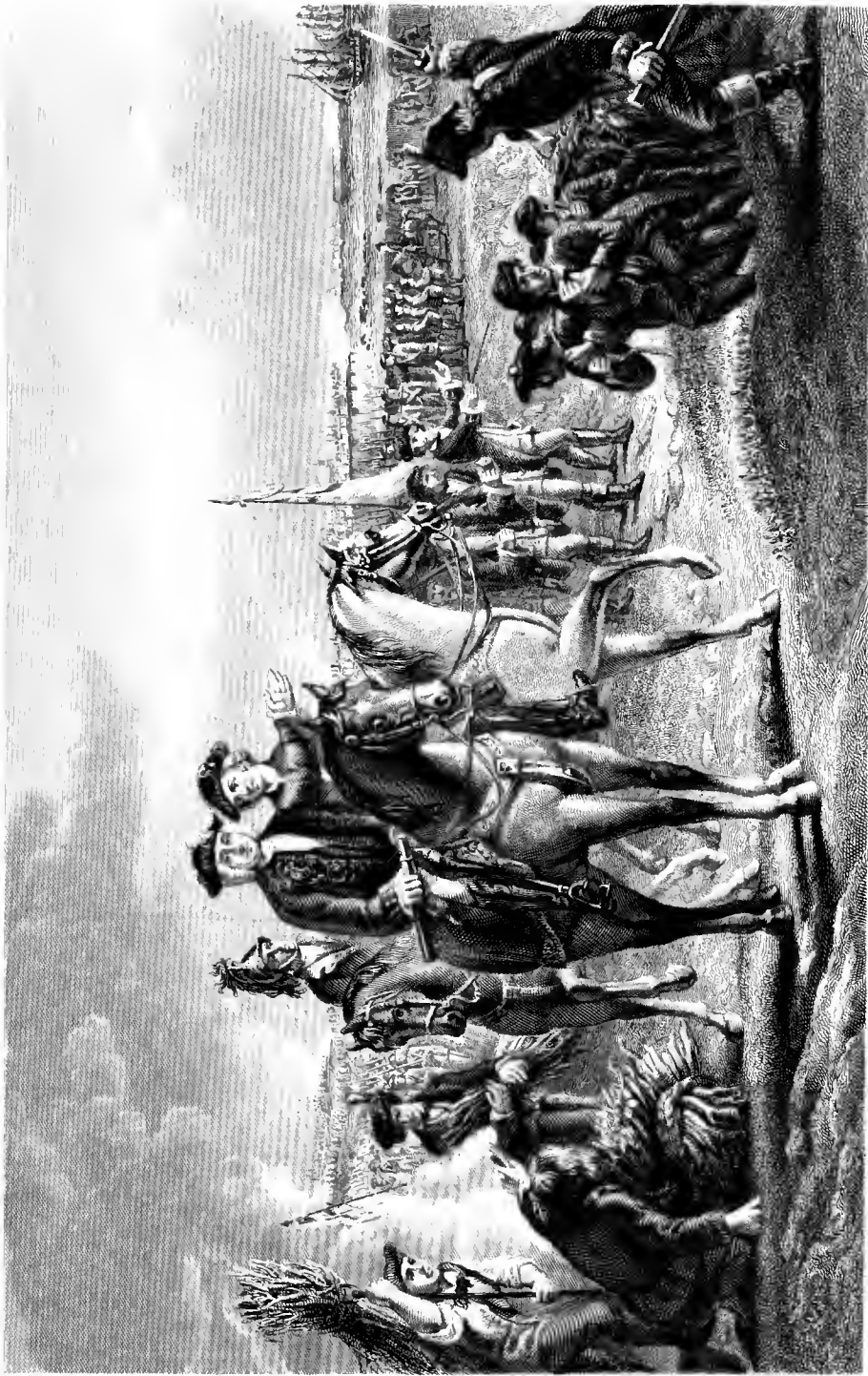
AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

is as familiar in Europe as that of any monarch. After sustaining in England the cause of the Colonies against the aggressions of George III, he went to France to enlist the assistance of a dying despotism in favor of the new-born democracy. Arriving in a time of moral and political chaos, when the old system was passing away and no man knew it, he became at once the point of attraction for all the wavering and stormy currents of thought and inquiry. He was a light shining in darkness, and though the darkness comprehended not, it became filled with a strange restlessness and excitement. The moths of the court flew to the new light. They petted and flattered him; they made democracy fashionable at Versailles. When Joseph II of Austria came down to Paris to visit his sister, Marie Antoinette, he shook his head over this ominous popularity of the Republican philosopher, and said: "Madame, the trade we live by is that of Royalists." But as long as Franklin stayed, this unconscious homage of the past to the future continued, and when he went home he received an almost royal farewell. They have never forgotten him. To this hour the most popular memory of a foreigner in France is that of Franklin. Again in our day we see a despotism flattering Democracy in his name. One of the new boulevards of the Trocadero, opened for the Exposition of 1867, is called the Avenue Franklin.

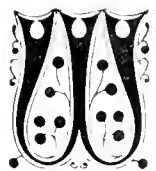
To-day he receives a fitting and impressive recognition at the hands of the craft to which he belonged, and on which he conferred unquestioned honor. However the rest of the world may have distinguished and glorified him, this tribute has still its own full and novel significance. Philadelphia has his grave, and Boston has set up his statue in commemoration of his nativity; but it is especially becoming that here, in the first city of the continent, his image should stand, surrounded on all sides by the great printing-houses of the nation.

MIRABEAU'S EULOGY.—

"Franklin is dead! The genius that freed America, and poured a flood of light over Europe, has returned to the bosom of the Divinity. The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race. Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in their funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning. Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity. The Congress has ordained throughout the United States, a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and at this moment America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution. Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act; to bear a part in this homage, rendered, in the face of the world, both to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who has most contributed to extend their sway over the whole earth? Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty. I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly, during three days, shall wear mourning for Benjamin Franklin." The proposal was carried by acclamation.



THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.



WHAT is now a ruined town in the province of Nova Scotia, inhabited only by a few fishermen, was, in the middle of the last century, one of the strongest fortifications ever built in America. In the time of Louis XIV, the fortress was constructed on a gigantic scale, requiring thirty years for its completion. It was a constant menace to New England; and her fisheries, which constituted so large a portion of its wealth, were continually threatened by privateers who found refuge in the harbor of Louisburg.

While France and England were at war, Gov. Shirley, in 1745, suggested a plan for taking the fortress—which was adopted by the Legislature of that Colony in secret session. William Pepperell was appointed commander of the expedition in which all New England was to unite; Connecticut contributing 516 men, New Hampshire 304, and Massachusetts 3,250. The fleet sailed in one hundred New England vessels, supported by a British squadron under Commodore Warren. The place was defended by a garrison of 1,600 men; but on the forty-ninth day of the siege, the French commandant was forced to capitulate.

The news of the capture was received with rejoicing throughout New England, and the rest of the Colonies; and celebrated with bonfires and illuminations through all England—the success of the French on the Continent having somewhat dimmed the lustre of British arms.

As a decisive military and somewhat prophetic event, its influence was felt in New England thirty years later. Col. Gridley, who planned Pepperell's batteries, laid out the American intrenchments at Bunker Hill; and the same old drums which beat the triumphal entrance of the New Englanders into Louisburg on the 17th of June 1745, beat at Bunker Hill on the anniversary of the same day thirty years later. Louisburg was restored to France three years after its capture by the terms of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; but it was again recaptured in 1757 during the Seven Years War, when the town was reduced to a heap of ashes—the garrison of nearly six thousand men being carried prisoners to England, and the inhabitants transported to France in English ships. On that same ground may still be seen the perished emblems of French power in North America—for Destiny, which had accorded so much glory to France, had robbed her of enduring territorial grandeur in this Hemisphere.

THE DOOM OF ACADIA.

THE capture of Louisburg was, ten years later, to end in the destruction of the French Colony of Acadia. Bancroft gives the following account of the tragedy :

“To hunt them into the net was impracticable ; artifice was therefore resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, ‘both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts on the appointed 5th of September. They obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church and its avenues were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, placed himself in their centre, and spoke :—‘ You are convened together to manifest to you his Majesty’s final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live-stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through his Majesty’s goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry your money and household goods as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in,—and he then declared them the king’s prisoners. Their wives and families shared their lot : their sons, 527 in number, their daughters, 576 ; in the whole, women and babes and old men and children all included, 1923 souls. The blow was sudden ; they had left home but for the morning, and they never were to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for the first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

“The 10th of September was the day for the embarkation of a part of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep, and the young men, 161 in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rock on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners ; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth ? They had not one weapon ; the bayonet drove them to obey ; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping and praying and singing hymns. The seniors went next ; the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive. The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind, were kept together near the sea, without proper food, or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away, and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers, before the last of them were removed. ‘The embarkation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly,’ wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets ; ‘the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them.’ Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. ‘Our soldiers hate them,’ wrote an officer on this occasion, ‘and if they can

THE DOOM OF ACADIA.

but find a pretence to kill them, they will.' Did a prisoner seek to escape? He was shot down by the sentinel. Yet some fled to Quebec; more than 3,000 had withdrawn to Miramichi, and the region south of the Ristigouche; Some found rest on the banks of the St. John's and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But 7,000 of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia;—one thousand and twenty to South Carolina alone. They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poorhouse as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling them as laborers. Households too were separated; the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

"The wanderers sighed for their native country; but, to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis to the isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were but ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses, and more than as many barns, were consumed. The live-stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, were seized as spoils and disposed of by the English officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but a faithful watch-dog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows.

"Relentless misfortune pursued the exiles wherever they fled. Those sent to Georgia, drawn by a love for the spot where they were born as strong as that of the captive Jews who wept by the side of the rivers of Babylon for their own temple and land, escaped to sea in boats, and went coasting from harbor to harbor; but when they reached New England, just as they would have set sail for their native fields, they were stopped by orders from Nova Scotia. Those who dwelt on the St. John's were torn once more from their new homes. When Canada surrendered, hatred with its worst venom pursued the fifteen hundred who remained south of the Ristigouche. Once those who dwelt in Pennsylvania presented a humble petition to the Earl of Loudoun, then the British Commander-in-chief in America; and the cold-hearted peer, offended that the prayer was made in French, seized their five principal men, who in their own land had been persons of dignity and substance, and shipped them to England, with the request that they might be kept from ever again becoming troublesome, by being consigned to service as common sailors on board ships-of-war. No doubt existed of the king's approbation. The Lords of Trade, more merciless than the savages and than the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out; and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that 'the zealous endeavors of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success.' I know not if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter, and so perennial, as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia. 'We have been true,' said they of themselves, 'to our religion, and true to ourselves; yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance.' The hand of the English official seemed under a spell with regard to them; and was never uplifted but to curse them."—*Ibid.* II, pp. 202–206.

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

HER meeting with Washington, after the victory which decided the fortune of America, illustrates her character too strikingly to be omitted. After an absence of nearly seven years, it was, at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suit, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. The lady was alone—her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced; and it was further told, that the victor-chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing names of his childhood. Inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares, and many trials, had made on his manly countenance—spoke much of old times and old friends; but of his glory, *not one word!*

Meanwhile, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry. The town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited. She observed, that although her dancing days were *pretty well over*, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend. The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their Chief. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character; but forming their judgment from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother that glare and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the Old World. How were they surprised when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden times. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions which were profusely paid her without evincing the slightest elevation; and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, and observing that it was time for old people to be at home, retired, leaning as before on the arm of her son.

To this picture may be added another. The Marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother, and to ask her blessing. Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed: "There, sir, is my grandmother." Lafayette beheld—working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered with a plain straw hat—the mother of his hero, his friend, and a country's preserver! The lady saluted him kindly, observing: "Ah, Marquis! you see an old woman; but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress." Mrs. Washington died at the age of eighty-five.—*Ellis's Women of the Revolution.*



SIR WM PEPPERELL



GEN. AMHERST



GEN. BRANTFORD



GEN. BURGOGNE



GEN. A. C.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL.—Born in Maine, June 27, 1696. Died there, July 6, 1759. Regularly elected one of his Majesty's Council for thirty-two years, and serving as Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of Massachusetts, in 1730, he was in May, 1745, appointed by the Governors of New England Commander at the siege of Louisburg, and was rewarded by a baronetcy. Returning to England, he reached in the British army the grade of Lieutenant-General.

GEN. EDWARD BRADDOCK.—Born in Scotland, 1715. Died near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, July 13, 1755. Having served as a brave officer in Spain, Portugal and Germany, he was sent to conduct the war against the French in America. His bravery and his restlessness made it an unfortunate appointment for Great Britain and the Thirteen Colonies. Ignorant of Indian warfare, and disregarding the suggestions of Colonel Washington—afterwards the hero of the Revolution—he fell, July 9, 1775.

GEN. JAMES ABERCROMBIE.—Born in Scotland, 1706. Died, April 28, 1781. While the Thirteen Colonies were working loyally with Great Britain in the French War, this brave, but incompetent soldier was the British commander-in-chief in 1756, and again two years later. His expedition to Ticonderoga was splendid in its outset and mournful in its defeat. His failure in attempting the capture of Ticonderoga, with the loss of the brave Howe, ended his career.

GEN. JEFFERY AMHERST.—Born in Kent, England, January 29, 1717. Died, August 3, 1797. As major-general he was sent to America in 1758, and in conjunction with Wolfe and Prideaux, he made the entire conquest of the French strongholds in Canada and became commander-in-chief of the British forces in America. Serving from 1763 as governor of Virginia, he returned to his native land, where he was created Baron Amherst of Montreal.

LORD HOWE.—This bravest of the brothers Howe, sent to defend the Empire, fell at the age of thirty-four, in the expedition against Ticonderoga. Massachusetts sent \$1,250 to England for a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. His ashes rest under the chancel of St. Peter's Church, on State Street, Albany, New York.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

COL. THOMAS L. M'KENNEY, in his valuable *Memoirs* on the Indians, pleads for the incorporation of the Indian tribes as citizens into our family of States, and closes an affecting appeal to the American people "to follow the retiring remnants of this ill-fated race, and with the voice of entreaty, of tenderness and love, beseech them to accept of our aid and our counsels, and of the hopes and happiness of the Christian state. The Indians, as a race, may disappear—not a red man of them all may exist. But there will remain, and forever, memorials to rebuke us. These are in the nomenclature which they have indelibly impressed on the scenery of our country. Our mountains have become their enduring monuments; and their epitaph is already inscribed in the lucid language of nature on our majestic rivers. How terrible will these be to us, and our posterity, if, over the whole, *the spectre* of the wrongs we have inflicted upon the race, shall be seen, whenever our mountains or our rivers are looked upon, or their names are mentioned, without the accompanying consolations arising from the reflection that we had, so far as we had the power, atoned for the past; which reflection, like the sunbeam on the mist, would, and which alone *can*, dissolve the spectre, or transform it into a vision of delight and transport. But this can never be, if our best efforts are not made to save and bless the remnants of this Indian race.

"How beautiful, as well as affecting, is that conception of one of the sweetest writers of the age, in which she traces the memorials of this long-buffed and afflicted race!"

Ye say that all have pass'd away;
The noble race—and brave;
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave——
That mid the forests where they roam'd,
There rings no hunter's shout:
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

Ye say their cone-like cabins
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd, as wither'd leaves
Before the autumn gale—
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your ever-rolling rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Washington had always been earnest in his desire to civilize the savages, but had little faith in the expedient which had been pursued, of sending their young men to our colleges; the true means, he thought, was to introduce the arts and habits of husbandry among them. In concluding his speech to the Seneca Chiefs he observed, "When you return to your country, tell your nation that it is my desire to promote their prosperity by teaching them the use of domestic animals, and the manner that the white people plow and raise so much corn; and if, upon consideration, it would be agreeable to the nation at large to learn those arts, I will find some means of teaching them at some places within their country as shall be agreed upon."—*Irving's Life of Washington*.

SUPPRESSION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

A SOCIETY for this purpose was incorporated by the Legislature of New York a few years ago, and Henry Bergh became its President and chief executive officer. No institution had been founded in America of this description, clothed with power sufficient to make it effective. For a while it received the partial sympathy of a few only, being regarded as an ostentatious parade of humanity and benevolence. It was thought, however, to be harmless, since nobody seemed to think that it would ever amount to much. But when the community found Mr. Bergh was in earnest, that he meant to enforce the statute to prevent cruelty to animals, and he was clothed with authority, and having the appointment of any deputies he chose fit to execute his orders, and the courts in carrying out the law unhesitatingly pronounced sentence against all infractions thereof, the public attention began to be directed towards his institution with some degree of earnestness.

Not more than a year or two went by, before the salutary effect of such a law, and of such an institution, began to be felt. The brutal instincts of the hard-hearted, who had inflicted unnecessary cruelties upon animals—weak horses thrashed mercilessly to their task; calves and lambs brought to the market bound by the feet, with their heads dangling over the sides of the carts; and cruelties of every kind by the brutal classes—these perpetrators of wrong found themselves arrested in the midst of their brutalities and taken suddenly before officers of justice, and punished by such fines as the law provided.

In a short time the better classes were loud in their praises of Mr. Bergh. But the reform which had begun in New York was not destined to end there. The whole nation was roused to the enormities of the treatment of the brute creation. Societies were formed in State after State, until the reform extended throughout the country. The most touching demonstrations of sympathy for the founder of the original Society came back from all quarters, and the last inhuman tongue ceased to be wagged against Mr. Bergh. Having established his Society on a firm foundation in New York, he made visits to every part of the country, and as a missionary of humanity was greeted by all the generous, the humane, and the good.

One of the darkest stains which has rested upon Christian civilization (as we are so proud of calling it), was the display of the infernal spirit of cruelty to the brute creation. Among Oriental nations one of the first maxims of their religious and social creeds, is respect and tenderness for the animal world. The first commandment in the Hindoo Decalogue declares that—"Thou shalt not take the life of anything, from an insect to a man." This respect for life—all life—prevailed among those ancient nations. In Egypt especially, the ox was made an object of worship. From the earliest periods the horse had been treated with more reverence than Christian nations have treated men. It was owing to this sentiment that in Arabia the horse was first brought to perfection, and we all know that the fidelity of the horse and the dog have transcended almost every form of human loyalty, being even unmatched by the love of Damon and Pythias.

In fact, if we bring civilization to its highest and best standard, we may measure it pretty

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

accurately by the respect and tenderness with which the animal creation is treated. In that oldest and best of all Books, we are told that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast." That same old Record tells us that to primitive man, the last and greatest of the creatures of God, "the lord of creation," was given the control of all the other animals. They are as capable of happiness or misery, and sometimes more sensitive to bodily pain, than even the human race. Man's responsibilities have corresponded with the greatness of the charge entrusted to him; and the same feelings of humanity which belong to his great natural heart are easiest called forth in sympathy with the brute creation.

The revelations of the microscope show that the infinite world which peoples the invisible realms, unseen to the unaided eye, displays uncounted myriads of beings, who are transported by the same passions, capable of as much ecstasy of pleasure or pain, as the most refined human being. The same sublime teachings of science tell the fact that "the insect feels as great a pang as when the giant dies."

Therefore, by common consent among the humane and enlightened, the name of Henry Bergh stands forth to-day as a beloved one, enshrined in the noblest of human souls, not unworthy to be mentioned as the savior of the brute creation—also among the vindicators of humanity through all the ages. Let wealth pour in upon this Society; and let it and all its kindred societies in America, not only be regarded among the greatest institutions that civilization has given to us, but multiply in number and hasten the day when the human race shall cease to prey upon their humbler brothers.

HOW TO REBUILD THE COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY.—The Hon. George F. Hoar, in a letter to *The Boston Advertiser*, suggests what he deems a much better way of aiding the College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Va., in recovering from her losses during the war, than by means of a national appropriation. The living alumni of the College, he says, do not deem themselves able to contribute the money needed to supply her wants, and adds: "Nothing would, in my judgment, have a greater tendency to revive affection between the North and South than to rebuild by a national contribution this ancient institution, chief among the household gods of Virginia. What proof so certain that the bitterness of the late war is over, and that the early memories of the days of the Revolution and of the framing and inauguration of the Constitution are returning in full force, than the rebuilding of this sacred temple of learning in Virginia by the people of the North, under the lead of Boston and Harvard?" Mr. Hoar thinks the time especially fitting for an appeal to the generosity of Massachusetts, and particularly of the friends of Harvard, in behalf of the college which gave Washington his first commission in his youth, and of which he was Chancellor during the last twelve years before his death; for the celebrations of the centennial anniversaries of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill will be closely followed by "the memory of the expulsion of the British from Boston by an army among whose finest soldiers were the men from Virginia, and of the ever-memorable scene enacted close to the walls of Harvard, when George Washington of Virginia first drew his sword in the cause of independence."

DANIEL BOONE.

Born in Pennsylvania, Feb. 11, 1735. Died in Missouri, Sept. 26, 1820.

IF a single name were to be selected to represent that wonderful race of men known as American pioneers, the choice should fall upon Daniel Boone. His long life was filled with daring adventure; and to him, more than to any other man, the early peopling of the country west of the Alleghanies, is indebted. Born in a frontier settlement of Pennsylvania, where his father, an Englishman, lived; with the means of only the merest rudiments of education; early familiarity with all the arts and hardships of pioneer life, with a vigorous constitution, made him indifferent to the extremest exposures and deprivations. His family removing to North Carolina, he married, and tried farming. But the life of the forest often led him on hunting excursions into the wilderness. In 1769, he started with five companions to explore Kentucky; an expedition filled with hazard. On the Red River they hunted for several months; but being captured by the Indians, he escaped only to be taken again when his companion was killed. Escaping again, and joined by his brother, they continued their explorations two years longer, returning in 1771 with the rich spoils of the forest.

Reaching home, he sold out his property, and with his family the little party started for a new wilderness home. Boone's forest deeds had now become widely known. Being employed by the Governor of Virginia to lead a party of surveyors into Kentucky, in their wake the tide of emigration soon began to flow. Soon after the troubles of the Revolution came on, he was commissioned as captain of the three garrisons on the Ohio to keep the Indians at bay. In 1775, while laying out the lands of the Pennsylvania Company, he constructed a stockade fort on the Kentucky River, which he named Boonesborough, whither he removed his family. In 1778, in an expedition to the Blue Licks to get salt, he was captured and taken prisoner to Detroit. Through his sagacity and knowledge of the Indians, he won their confidence, and was adopted as a member of one of their families. Learning that the English had laid a plan for the destruction of Boonesborough by the Indians, he escaped in the night, and in a little more than one hundred hours he had reached the settlement, in time to save it; and bringing back his fugitive family, they lived there till 1792. On the admission of Kentucky to the Union, Boone's titles to his land were litigated and lost. Leaving the State in disgust, he moved with his family to Missouri, then under the dominion of Spain, where, as a

commandant of a military district, he received a large tract of land, which he was also to lose. But, in 1812, Congress confirmed his title to another large tract. Boone's adventures and perils were now over, and the rest of his life was passed in comfort, and as much serenity as could consist with so restless and indomitable a spirit. While he was still enjoying great vigor of body and mind, and his fame had passed into history, Mr. Chester Harding went to Missouri, and executed the only likeness of him ever made; and, consequently, the one from which the beautiful engraving on the opposite page was taken. In 1845, Kentucky claimed the ashes of the great pioneer and his wife, and they were removed, and with appropriate ceremonies deposited in the cemetery at Frankfort.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THEY constitute the grandest natural scene on the continent. The junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi; or the Mississippi and the Missouri; the irresistible tide of the Father of waters, as he flows on to join the ocean, are all grand and majestic scenes; but there is greater awe and sublimity about Niagara, than invest any other scene of the earth. It does not consist merely nor mainly, perhaps, in the sight nor in thought of a river which drains the great Lakes of the West, shooting a verge of one hundred and seventy feet. There is a wild freedom, and picturesque variety in the separation of the river into two parts; the one flashing on the eye, the sparkle and excitement of a lightning-dashing rapid—on the one side, the calm and majestic cataract on the other. The Falls, too, are surrounded by islands, and rich foliage, and primitive old trees, with green banks, cheerful farm-houses, and rich fields spreading away in all directions. And the river looks upon two Realms; one, the greatest of Empires; the other, the greatest of Republics—two peaceful branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, whose gigantic arms now stretch round the world—nations which, in a higher sense than can be said of any others, possess the controlling and all-shaping agencies of the future—nations which are marching side by side, to the conquest of the earth.

Niagara has excited the interest and attracted the footsteps of men from the first hour of its discovery. Poets have sung, artists have painted, and the genius of both continents has poured out its sparkling libations to the sublimity of the Falls of Niagara; but who has yet reached the grandeur of the theme? The whirling, maddening rapids, growing still more frantic till they reach the ledge, and dash to the unfathomed abyss! Who has described the bewildering immensity, in looking up from the American side of those dazzling sheets pouring like molten silver from the heavens? Who has told of the awe which holds you spell-bound as you gaze up to the Horseshoe, with its infinite masses of rolling water, rainbowed mists crowning the majestic scene, till one faints as if in the presence of Omnipotence? Oh, with what a sense of joyful relief one turns from all this painful grandeur, to the smiling landscape by which all this terror is encircled!

FINE ARTS IN OUR INFANCY.



NO extended space could be given to a history of the Fine Arts in the United States ; least of all to any critical notices of our best artists. Nor would it, even if we had space, be well to speak of the living—for it is safe to eulogize only the dead.

This, however, should not preclude us from some glances at the progress of the Fine Arts, since their culture has been of great service to the cause of history and taste on this continent, even before—much more since—the achievement of Independence. Surely no great things in high art could have been expected of a nation in its youth, when it had to contend so uninterruptedly with the exactions of primitive life, while the primal necessities of existence called for such drafts upon physical strength as left little time for the cultivation of the higher departments which now so richly embellish our maturer period.

It is a matter of great congratulation that in our earlier history we were blessed with men who commanded in their time the honors of the world—even in the realm of pictorial art. It should always be a source of gratitude, that we inherit such historic works of the pencil as we can now show, for it was not a small thing that we had some painters who put all coming time under obligation by delineating so truthfully the portraits of the great men who did their work so nobly ; or of the events to which they gave character and significance. There was certainly promise enough given in those early works to arrest the attention of the best artists of the Old World ; and we know that some of its statesmen of high culture looked upon those performances with admiration ; while connoisseurs appreciated them so highly that their money, while we were poor, bought some of our choicest treasures, which we hope will be ultimately returned to the nation which gave them birth.

It is indeed a matter of surprise that in the mighty work our fathers had to do, *any* time or money could have been appropriated for æsthetic purposes. None of our people were rich—and the government itself was poor. But America was fortunate above most nations, in having founders who had been prepared for their work by the highest facilities which European civilization could then afford. We were not obliged, as most other nations had been, to emerge from a state of barbarism, or to accept a civilization enforced upon us by conquerors. We sprang from stronger, fresher, and more congenial sources. Our fathers planted here the full grown tree in a new soil ; but in so vigorous a state that it could strike roots deep, and bear fruit at once. Who ever heard of the first exiled men from a foreign land, at the moment of their half-shipwrecked landing, beginning to plant universities ? This great deed was done—greater by far than the Argonauts achieved in the expedition to recover the golden fleece—for we find that in the settlements on the James River, and along Massachusetts Bay alike, our founders had the same idea. They sprang from a nation, which, if not at the time the most brilliant in its rank among the courts of Europe, represented the strongest achievements of what, in America, we have always understood as Christian civilization :—the fullest comprehension of the idea of civil and religious liberty. To this great thought—to this enduring principle, America, North or South, East or West, from one ocean to the other, and if need be, from one

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Pole to the other, we owe what we have been, and what God may allow us to become. When these thoughts are banished from the American mind, and these principles of government, under the sublime reign of Christianity in its simplest forms, shall become obsolete here, there is only one destiny that can overtake us—we shall sooner or later enter the old grooved track of dead nations.

THE PIONEER.—We may regard the Company headed by Daniel Boone in 1769, and by Knox in 1770, as the earliest visits to Kentucky worthy of particular attention. Boone's party remained two years in the State, and traversed its northern and middle regions with great attention. The party led by Colonel James Knox, called the Long Hunters, came one year later, and remained about the same time. Both parties were in the country together, but never met. Boone was a native of Pennsylvania, but had emigrated to North Carolina. Knox's party was from Halston, on Clinch River, and thoroughly explored the middle and southern regions of Kentucky. Boone's party was harassed by the Indians, and one of their number, James Stewart, was killed. Boone himself at one time fell into their hands, but escaped. In 1771 they returned from their long hunting excursion, and spread throughout the western settlements of Virginia and North Carolina the most glowing accounts of the inexhaustible fertility of the soil.—*Collins' History of Kentucky.*

BENJAMIN WEST.

A galaxy of glorious names had passed for ever by,
Before thine infant eyelids ope'd upon the new world
sky;
Names that will echo ever, through the dim halls of
time—
Portrayers of the beautiful, the sainted, the sublime.

Italia's Raphael and Titian, da Vinci and Guido,
With wild Salvator Rosa, and Michael Angelo;
Carracci and Correggio, whose works will ever stand,
Bright monuments of glory, to grace a fallen land.

Domenicheno and del Sarto, (with many a lesser name
That never left a foot-print upon the steeps of fame,)
Have made thy hills and valleys, thy temples old en-
shrined,
The Milky-way of genius, the Mecca of the mind!

Velasquez and Murillo, the pride of haughty Spain,
And Holland's gifted Rubens, we ne'er shall see again;
Vandyck and famous Rembrandt, with the grotesque
Teniers,
Have link'd unto the present the past's uncounted
years.

France, the fair land of lilies, to the Poussins gave birth,
And to a name unrivalled, unequalled on the earth—
Who ever proudly triumphed, mid sorrow and in pain—
'Twas he who mirror'd nature, the gifted Claude Lorraine.

And Hogarth toiled in England, neglected many a year,
While on his graphic canvas dropp'd poverty's dim tear;
And then, worn out with suffering, he found repose in
death,
Beneath an humble tomb-stone Art's Druid slumbereth.

The western world then yielded a neophyte for fame:
From Pennsylvania's forests a Quaker pilgrim came;
The touches of his pencil gave birth to forms sublime—
The favorite of England—the Giotto of his time.

CALEB LYON.

New York, March 2d, 1846.



FIRST BLOOD OF THE REVOLUTION.

ALTHOUGH to a common observer, the skirmish on the green of Lexington village, which occurred on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, might appear to have little importance, and would hardly have found a place in history, had it not been followed by the establishment of the Independence of the Thirteen Colonies, it was afterwards clothed with unparalleled significance. The climber of the far Western mountains, who drinks from the rivulet at his feet, cannot resist a feeling of grandeur when told that for thousands of miles it moves on till it swells into the solemn Mississippi. We therefore go to Lexington as to the fountain-head of our Nation's life, from which we follow the stream down through the rugged hills, amidst the grand old woods, through its long course among waving fields, and by great cities, as it sweeps on in its resistless tide to the sea.

The Provincial Assembly, anticipating coming trouble, had ordered military stores to be collected; and the further enlisting of militia and minute-men; and their practice for improvement in firearms was encouraged. General Gage had sent an armed force to Salem to take possession of several field-pieces in the name of the King. But the people pulled up the drawbridge, and repulsed the soldiers. A quantity of military stores had been collected at the little village of Concord, and a detachment of eight hundred men, under Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, was sent by General Gage to seize or destroy them. When the detachment reached the village of Lexington they found the militia of the place drawn up. Pitcairn, with a portion of the detachment, appeared within musket-shot and exclaimed, "Ye villains! Ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! Why don't you lay down your arms?" Seeing that his orders were not obeyed, he gave the word to fire. Eight Lexington men were killed, and ten wounded, and the militia were dispersed. Flushed with this little success, the detachment marched on to Concord, destroying or taking possession of such portions of the stores as they could. But they had penetrated into the interior as far as they deemed prudent, and the commanding officer ordered a retreat to Boston. On the long march they were pressed hard by the Provincial soldiers. From every thicket and from behind every wall and building, the bullets flew, carrying destruction with them.

The tocsin of the Revolution had sounded. The die was cast. The blood of American patriots had been shed by the King of England, and from that hour his dominion in America passed away.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire ;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.
On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing,
Calmly the first-born of glory have met ;
Hark ! the death volley around them is ringing !
Look ! with their life-blood the young grass is wet :
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death--
" Tell to our sons how their fathers have died."
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.
Over the hillside the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath.
Long have they gathered, and loud shall they fall ;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again ;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing ;
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein ;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silk-fringed red cross on high ;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.
Snow-gilded crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale ;
Far as the tempest thrills,
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams o'er the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.
Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying !
Shrouded and tombless they sunk to their rest--
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from her nest.
Borne on her northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun ;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five ;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, " If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch

Of the North Church tower, as a signal light--
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and arm."

Then he said, " Good night !" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boat on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch,
On the sombre rafters, that round him make
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead.
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like the sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now he gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his horse's girth;

But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still;
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town;
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town;
He heard the bleating of the flock
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown,
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall—

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Who that day would be lying dead—
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

From 1764 to 1774, throughout the whole of the first epoch of the American Revolution, while events were hastening forward toward the final struggle of arms, South Carolina responded with earnest and unhesitating fidelity to the call of Massachusetts. The aggressions of Great Britain were hardly felt by her. Her commercial relations were almost wholly with England, but her proud and unconquerable spirit drew her to the side of her sister colonies. "Don't pay for an ounce of the damned tea," was the message of Christopher Gadsden to the people of Boston on the 14th of June, 1774. When the Port Act fell with all its rigor on Boston, South Carolina was the first to testify her sympathy by a substantial contribution of rice for the support of the poor of that town. And when the call arose for another Congress, the planters of South Carolina again responded with Gadsden, Lynch, John Rutledge, Edward Rutledge, and Middleton as her representatives. When, in October of the same year, Congress resolved that if the grievances of the colonists were not redressed before the September following, no merchandise should be exported to Great Britain, Christopher Gadsden, against the protest of his colleagues, declared himself ready to adopt this measure, though it brought ruin on his State.

I came, fellow-citizens, to remind you on this great day, of this early, unbroken friendship between Massachusetts and South Carolina throughout the whole revolutionary period. Differing, however widely, in lineage, in habits, in institutions, they were still bound together by a common love for civil freedom. Together they watched the beginnings of tyranny, together they planned resistance, together they declared their independence from Great Britain, together with their lives and fortunes they maintained that declaration through the long war, together they devised the fabric of government under which the Republic has grown to its present proportions, together they have long labored to build up the strength, the prosperity and the glory of America. Those precious memories of the past are secure. To-day, at least, we may recall them. At Lexington, surely, South Carolina may still claim a place to do honor to the common cause of American liberty and independence.—*Speech of Gov. Chamberlain of South Carolina, at the Centennial Banquet at Lexington*

GEN. HOWE EVACUATING BOSTON.

NEVER since the British army had been driven into Boston, it had remained a close prisoner. Washington had possessed neither the armament nor munitions adequate to dislodge the foe. But he was slowly and surely making his preparations, and an end was to be put to the siege. The enemy was to be driven out on the sea, or forced into battle.

Under his own immediate superintendence, the commander-in-chief had, on the night of the 4th of March, constructed a redoubt on Dorchester Heights, from which, in the morning, the whole British shipping was menaced with destruction. The English admiral, and commanding-general, saw the imminent danger, and precipitately anchors were lifted and sails spread for Halifax. They abandoned the port and the city, carrying with them every man the Colony of Massachusetts was glad to spare; and while the fleet was still in view, orders were given for the American army to move, and Washington led them in triumph into the liberated city.

“New England,” says Bancroft, “was always true to Washington; the whole mass of her population, to the end of the war and during all his life, heaved and swelled with sympathy for his fortunes; he could not make a sign to her for aid, but her sons rose up to his support; nor utter advice to his country, but they gave it reverence and heed. And never was so great a result obtained at so small a cost of human life. The putting the British army to flight was the first decisive victory of the industrious middling class over the most powerful representative of the mediæval aristocracy; and the whole number of New England men killed in the siege after Washington took the command, was less than twenty; the liberation of New England cost altogether less than two hundred lives in battle; and the triumphant general, as he looked around, enjoyed the serenest delight, for he saw no mourners among those who greeted his entry after his bloodless victory.”

OUR EARLY ARTISTS.

RATHER than weary the reader, or attempt formidable dissertations on the progress of society, we have preferred to scatter through this work brief passages, which, like short biographical sketches of eminent men, might serve as illustrations of the general theme. If it should be thought that undue space is given to our early Painters and the cultivation of the Fine Arts, we can assign what we deem to be a valid justification. The old saying, "Sing me the songs of a nation and I will write its history," fell from lips of wisdom. In the same spirit, the best writers of history have measured the scale of the civilization of nations by their progress in the Arts of Design. Such works have thrown more light upon the early history of nations than even their literature, and for a long time the best minds in the world have seized every fragment of Ancient Art with the greatest avidity, and they have been preserved with the most sedulous care.

Our existence is so modern that we seem to have no antiquity. But not so will this matter be regarded by our successors in coming ages. By them our early annals will be scanned with a curiosity and delight far greater than we now feel in contemplating the primitive history of older communities. Especially will the works of our early painters acquire a new value as years roll on.

Art progress in the United States is naturally connected with the Colonial times, and strange as it may appear, two of those earlier artists, West and Copley, have left works and reputations which, in spite of our progress in other and more material matters, still remain unsurpassed. They were both artists of inspiration, for they produced with art the surroundings of the "back woods," and in the prime of their youth, pictures, which in long lives of triumph abroad they did not surpass. There are sketches of West still preserved, made when he was but ten years of age, that are models of excellence in composition, and drawing; and before Copley was seventeen he painted a picture in oil of a "Boy and a Squirrel" that, sent to London without any name, was for its transcendent merits alone, hung upon the walls of the Somerset House, and subsequently secured his election to the Royal Academy.

With these men stood in London at the head of art and society, one the personal friend of the king, the other enjoying the friendship of the learned and the noble, and both to the last loyal to their native land. At the close of the Revolutionary war, art students, now nationalized, found opportunities for studying their profession, that were perfect in professional facilities, and the best social surroundings.

Col. Trumbull abandoned his profession as an artist, and accepted a commission attached to the military family of Washington. In this position he painted the portraits of our military heroes and statesmen, and those engaged in the Revolutionary struggle. The result is, that our posterity will have what no other nation possessed, not only truthful details of their achievements, but also the exact likenesses of the men engaged in the great work. Each passing year gives these pictures greater value, and promotes progress in art. Added to the list of professional triumphs we find that Trumbull's miniature oil portraits maintain the palm of unsurpassed excellence. Following in natural order was Gilbert Stuart, who came upon the field with his

THE LAW OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

natural genius, and European culture, to send to posterity our Revolutionary fathers and mothers, who had been matured under the blessings of peace, surrounded by ease and plenty, and grand in the consciousness of the achievements of great deeds. These early painters of a grand race, are remarkable for color-drawing and composition, and equal to the best heroic portraitures of the European schools.

Two decades passed, and Vanderlyn painted his "Caius Marius," and "Ariadne." Jarvis illustrated the heroic deeds of the war of 1812, and the pupils of West, and their scholars, gradually swelled in numbers, as population and wealth increased.

A new era naturally dawned upon our country. Prosperity brought refinement and opulence in our great cities; and even on the frontiers, artists of ability and genius found encouragement, and added to the taste and culture of the people. A half a century of national life passed away, and art matters in the United States settled into permanent characteristics. Academies and schools were established, and the era commenced that brings us face to face with contemporaneous painters, and the excitements attending our national birth had passed. Among the portrait painters of later times, are justly to be named Inman and Elliott, as representative men. Of the first named, he painted the portraits of the noblest of England, including Victoria as a virgin queen, and the present Pope. His portrait of Jacob Barker, painted with a rapidity that was likened in England to the handling of Sir Thomas Lawrence, is one of his best American pictures. Mr. Elliott was never abroad; he seemed to be as independent as Copley of foreign inspiration. We shall doubtless be justified in saying much of the artists who have illustrated our history, and done honor to Art.

THE LAW OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

WE have often thought that it would promote clearness of ideas, to range inventions and discoverers into three classes—the *first*, and subordinate, being those in the lowest departments of mechanics, where the mind of the inventor has little comprehension of the philosophy of material forces, and still less of chemistry, and therefore indebted to favorable accidents, fortuitous experiments, or the suggestions of others. But they had persistent perseverance—often in following shadows and chasing myths like perpetual motion. But their dogged resolution was sometimes rewarded by stumbling across something of value which they were not seeking for. This class is by far the most numerous of the three we shall mention, and from the earliest ages, the world has owed to them the principal devices which have elevated the physical condition of man above that of the brute creation. But it would be difficult to cite many instances of inventions or discoveries by this class, which gave any perceptible impulse to the advancement of society to higher stages.

To reach such a point in human progress, we must come to the *second*, or philosophical

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

class ; and we know of no better definition to serve our purpose than has been given by our distinguished chemical author, Edward L. Youmans.*

It being the office of Natural Philosophy, as he says, to teach us the laws which govern change of place and form in material things, it is plain enough that in this sense the Natural Philosopher rises far above the man who is dealing, no matter how skillfully, only with pure physics ; for the one is to a great extent ignorant of the laws of Nature, while the other bases all his structures and conceptions upon that very foundation. Such a man was Archimedes, the most illustrious manager of mechanical forces among his contemporaries or predecessors. This class has given us hitherto the vast majority of inventions which have blessed the world. Among them we reckon the steam-engine, the power-loom, the reaper, and the sewing-machine, as conspicuous among the long list.

But higher obligations will yet be owed to Chemistry and its disciples. This greatest of all sciences is chiefly the growth of modern times ; for however numerous and astonishing may have been the acquisitions of learned men among the Saracens, and even earlier nations, yet Chemistry as a science, as we now understand it, made no more progress in removing matter and its combinations from the realm of mystery, than astrology made in the unsolved problems of Astronomy. All Franklin's devices and inventions, however useful in the routine of common life, were useless compared with his discoveries in electricity ; and the vast proportion of the higher inventions of our time owe their origin to some knowledge of this subtlest of all sciences—the knowledge of the *inner qualities of matter*.

Thus in making an analysis of the agency of Chemistry in the progress of the present age, we find that it has been the mightiest power yet committed to man, and the one which is now giving him so extended a control over the forces of the material universe. Of the 175,000 patents issued from Washington, less than 5,000, probably, have been of any practical service to mankind—one in thirty-five. The useless remaining myriads belong to the lowest class of inventors. Those of actual value have been the outgrowth of Natural Philosophy ; while the most brilliant and shining even of these, owe their supreme excellence to chemical knowledge.


* The material objects around us are capable of undergoing three kinds of change : change of *place*, of *form*, and of *nature*. These changes occur in certain regular ways, and by fixed methods, which are called *laws*. It belongs to *Natural Philosophy* to teach us the laws which govern changes of place and form in material things, and to *Chemistry* the laws which control changes in their nature. When a forest tree is felled, cut in pieces, transported to the mill and sawn into boards, the woodman, the teamster, and the sawyer are occupied in producing visible changes—alterations in the mass—changes of form and place—mechanical changes. But if the tree be burned to ashes in the open air, or altered to charcoal in a pit by a slow smothered combustion, or if it be suffered gradually to rot, or be injected through its pores with preservative solutions which prevent decay, in these cases the changes are within the wood among its invisible particles, they alter its nature, and are known as chemical effects.



Israel Putnam

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Born in Massachusetts, Jan. 7, 1718. Died in Connecticut, May 19, 1790.

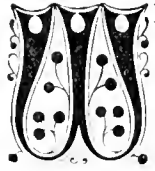
N the tombstone of this lion-hearted soldier and incorruptible patriot, at his home in Brooklyn, Connecticut, are these words:—"He dared to lead, where any dared to follow." He was the eleventh of twelve children. Hard farm-labor developed that gigantic strength he needed in the hazards and exposures of his wonderful life. His biography will always contain his encounter with the she-wolf in her den. From that day, no Connecticut boy has felt thoroughly satisfied till he had entered Putnam's wolf-den.

Beginning his military experience in 1775, as a forest ranger, he soon acquired a reputation which awed savages at the cool bravery of their captive, and commanding the admiration of friends and foes. He led 400 Connecticut men with Colonel Bradstreet, to Detroit, in the Pontiac War. Days of peace followed till the Revolution. Plowing on his farm, he heard news of the skirmish at Lexington shouted from a messenger hard riding along the public road. Unyoking his oxen and leaving the plow in the furrow, he mounted his best horse, and rode to Boston, 68 miles, in one day. Finding the British besieging that town, he hurried back to Hartford, where the Legislature, of which he was a member, was in session. Commissioned a brigadier-general by that body, he organized a regiment, and marched it to Cambridge.

Once on the scene which was to witness an inspiring victory, or a depressing defeat, he was the first to urge the fortification of Bunker Hill, and the bringing on of an engagement. The world knows his participation in the first great battle of the Revolution.

When Washington had reached the camp at Cambridge, so great was the dissatisfaction at the choice of the four major-generals appointed by Congress, that he withheld the commissions from all except Putnam, whose appointment was hailed with acclamation. Every school-boy knows how nobly he fought,—closing his military career with the completion of the fortifications at West Point, in 1779. Attacked by paralysis on the left side, when setting out for the new campaign of the following year, he was compelled to return to his farm, where his quiet life of a tiller of the soil, peacefully ended in 1790.

AGRICULTURE.



WHEN Antæus struck the earth he gathered strength with every fall. So has it been with mankind everywhere. All the elements of human strength spring from the soil. There can be no civilization where it is not cultivated, for civilization never belonged to nomadic life. The hordes that swept over Europe from the plains of Asia had no civilization. They passed from country to country, living on the natural products of the earth, and moving on as rapidly as these were consumed. Wherever nations, communities, or tribes have halted long enough to cultivate the soil from instincts of self-preservation, agriculture has given a basis to civilization.

But it is not enough to raise bread out of the ground. The question comes up, how much bread and meat, and fruit and clothing can be brought out of a given area of ground in the best condition, with the least labor and injury to the source of production. This principle of modern science, as applied to agriculture, has only begun to be understood, even by the ablest agriculturists. What the soil is made of, not one man on the earth yet perfectly understands; much less is anything known on the subject by many of those who plant and reap. Just in proportion, therefore, as knowledge on these subjects is multiplied, exactly in that proportion is wealth increased, and all the arts that adorn and embellish civilized life flourish.

In this business, as in all others, the first thing to do is to discover mistakes, and then rectify them. Until within a hundred years, it is very doubtful if the world had for twenty centuries made any progress in actual agricultural knowledge. The Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and Assyrians cultivated their soil better than any portion of the earth was cultivated even fifty years ago.

One great drawback to the diffusion of correct views on this subject, is the same obstacle we meet with in disseminating truth on all other subjects—namely, preconceived notions which cannot be readily overthrown. In religion, they make men bigots; in science they burn or crucify martyrs; in literature they perpetuate and transmit, from age to age, books, and theories, and styles, which every educated man coming afterwards is confronted with, and which cannot be easily overthrown. Bacon found this true when he overthrew the system of Aristotle; but he knew it would take a century or two to do it, and therefore he left his fame to after ages.

The hardest obstacle to surmount in disseminating correct views on agriculture, however, is not preconceived impressions, which may be called prejudices, but the actual dissemination in too many instances of false views. The time has come when the best intellect of this nation should be brought to bear in collecting and diffusing, as widely as possible, all the knowledge that the human race possesses in reference to this greatest of all material questions: *How to till our soil.*

The father of Enlightened American Agriculture was Prof. James J. Mapes. It is now some years since he rested from his labors on the earth which he loved with the affection of a child; and the soil which so genially holds his ashes to-day is, in our opinion, more indebted to his life-long studies, speeches, and efforts, than to those of any other American agriculturist.

AGRICULTURE.

It will always be said by discriminating criticism that Mapes did for us in farming what Cadmus did for language in Greece—what Noah Webster, who was the schoolmaster of our Republic, and made forty millions talk *one language* instead of a *score of dialects*, did by his Spelling Book and Dictionary for the American people. Every nation must have its Romulus, as every continent must have its Columbus, and every science its Archimedes.

Baron Von Liebig is now the recognized chief of agricultural chemists; and yet a careful comparison of their works by dates, as they appeared, will show that in several important things Mapes was his forerunner. In drainage and subsoil ploughing, particularly, he did a great work. He showed that the result of a slight deepening of the arable soil would bring more to American farming every year, than the total cost of carrying on the Federal Government.

Mapes was the pioneer of enlightened American agriculture, and in its future history he will always hold his place. It will never cease to be true that he was the first American who set his countrymen to thinking and studying earnestly about the capacities of their soil. *Here his chief glory lies.* It was for long years his darling theme, in a thousand addresses and articles; in daily conversation and correspondence with farmers from all sections; in helping to form and build up the American Institute, and Farmers' Clubs, and Agricultural Societies; in inspiring young men with a love for soil-culture, and in opening to them head, heart, home, and purse—these were among the charming pursuits of his noble life. No man was more beloved by friends or family. Living without ostentation, or ambition for wealth, his chief domestic happiness was in seeing his children grow up happy and enlightened. All through life, Mapes' society was sought for by great and cultured men, who were drawn to him by the magnetism of his heart and genius and the exuberant wealth of his information and sympathy.

Perhaps those who knew him best were most struck with his great natural mental capacity. While he seemed to exhaust any subject he touched, he dropped it at last, as a matter he had only glanced at. In fact, he had time only to glance, not fully to unfold. To his listeners his whole intellectual life appeared but successive ranges of Pisgah heights, from which he caught glimpses of the far-off "Promised Land." He was pre-eminently a *thinking* man. He *thought more than he read*—and, as a rule, he thought much on any subject before he read on it at all. If he happened to fall on a good author he would read a sentence and shut the book, and allow his own thoughts to have full sway. One flash from Nature, or a volume, was enough to set him on fire. Yes! the name of Mapes will live not only in the hearts of those who knew him, but in the history of the origin of enlightened American agriculture when it comes to be written.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

THIS is a significant word. It has been much abused. It has been the scorn of kings and the satire of philosophers. Carlyle well illustrates what we mean in one of the electric flashes of his French Revolution. While dashing through one of his game forests, Louis is brought suddenly to bay by the sight of a long rough box, borne on the shoulders of four peasants in a somewhat funereal style. "What have you there?" asked the magnificent prince. "The body of one of our peasant comrades, who has just died," they replied. "What was the matter with him?" asked the king. "He died of hunger, sire," was the answer. The king gave his steed a spur, and Carlyle adds, with inimitable philosophical sarcasm, "there was a part of the beginning of the French Revolution." Apropos of this: In coming up Broadway, we met a sight which, although not uncommon in New York, where speculation and gain have reduced the value of human life so low, was somewhat calculated to touch the feelings. A laborer had fallen from a building, and he was either dead or dying. His companions suddenly flew to their unfortunate companion, placed him on a rude litter, and bore him towards the hospital. They naturally fell into a funereal procession, and on the face of each one was stamped the ashy mark of solemn sympathy. There was dignity in the procession, for it was made up of earnest, strong men, fathers of families, and they all belonged to the toiling class, none the less sacred. These men looked sad and downcast, and they felt so, for this sad blow struck down one of their own number, and it went to their hearts. Each one thought, "Why was it not I? We were all on the building. I stood but a few moments before where he fell."

Old readers remember the sympathy that was expressed by the princes of Europe when the Duke D'Enghien was executed in Paris, and we have all read of the terror and the mourning into which the courts of Europe were thrown when the news was received that the head of Louis XVI. had rolled from the block in Paris. If a rich man dies he has a great funeral. The number of carriages that follow him to the grave indicates either his rank or his fortune. A President dies, and obsequies are decreed in every part of the nation; but the great Audubon, the biographer of the birds, their greatest painter, a man who had excited the admiration of the institutions of learning in Europe, and received their highest honors—had no public funeral. His death was announced in two lines in the daily newspapers, like the death of the commonest man; and yet he was the only man who had lived for fifty years worthy to be mentioned with Cuvier and Humboldt. "Well," thought we, when we saw this procession of workingmen, "may they not have space in the crowded thoroughfare of a great city to carry their dead brother to his home, or their wounded brother to the hospital? Are not their feelings sacred enough to merit respect? In a word, is 'a man a man for a' that?'" This poor fellow may have been an American. He may have been an Englishman, or a Scotchman—most probably he was an Irishman; but was he any the less worthy of sympathy? We turned away and thought of those noble words of Jean Jacques Rousseau: "Righteous Heaven! are the poor thy children as well as the rich?"



NEW ENGLAND OFFICERS.

DAVID HUMPHREYS.—Born in Connecticut, 1752. Died in Connecticut, 1818. He was a poet, soldier, and statesman. Graduating at Yale College, he entered the Revolutionary army, and in 1780 became a colonel, and aide-de-camp to Washington, with whom he resided as a guest for more than a year after the close of the Revolution. He served as minister to Portugal and Spain, importing one hundred merino sheep, when he engaged in the successful manufacture of woollens,—in both of which he rendered essential service to his country.

WILLIAM BARTON.—Born in Rhode Island, 1747. Died there, 1831. As a lieutenant in the State militia, he performed one of the most daring feats of the Revolution. Crossing Narraganset Bay with a squad of men—unnoticed by three British frigates—he surprised the English general Prescott in bed, and took him prisoner. Congress presented him with a sword, a tract of land in Vermont, and a commission as colonel. By some legal fiction not involving his integrity, he was for several years imprisoned for debt.

JAMES MITCHELL VARNUM.—Born in Massachusetts, 1749. Died in Ohio, 1789. His Welch ancestors settled in Massachusetts, 1649. Joining the army at the opening of the Revolution, he fought gallantly till he won a commission as brigadier-general, distinguishing himself in many important engagements. He was a member of the committee at Annapolis, in September, 1786, to revise the Articles of Confederation which led to the adoption of the Constitution.

DAVID WOOSTER.—Born in Connecticut, 1711. Died in 1777. A graduate of Yale College, but with soldierly tastes, he served as a captain in the British army at the siege of Louisburg, and afterwards in the French and Indian War. On the landing of the marauding expedition of Tryon on the southern shore of Connecticut, Wooster—in command of the militia of the State—displayed a gallantry and generalship which foiled the infamous designs of Arnold, saved the State, and won the gratitude of Congress; but the victory cost him his life.

JOHN SULLIVAN.—Born in 1741. Died in New Hampshire, January 23, 1795. He was appointed by Congress a brigadier-general in 1775, and succeeded Arnold in command of the army in Canada, in 1776. He fought in the battles of Long Island, Brandywine, and Germantown. He afterwards became a member of Congress, and President of New Hampshire; in which State he quelled an incipient rebellion, similar to that which arose in Massachusetts. In 1789 he was appointed District Judge.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE FATHERS, AND OUR REPUBLIC TO-DAY.



WHEN the American Republic burst upon mankind a hundred years ago, it was an unexpected and startling vision to the Old World. The heroism displayed in the Revolution, the matchless ability the statesmen of that period exhibited in their State papers and diplomatic negotiations, would have graced any nation in an age of maturity. The consolidation of the Thirteen original Colonies into an organized and well-balanced State, was a matter of new surprise to the philosophers and politicians of Europe, who at no period have failed to prophesy our speedy dismemberment and downfall. Is fanaticism ever to fulfill that prediction? What was the destiny of this Union they could not anticipate, nor, indeed, is it probable that the fathers of the Republic themselves ever formed an adequate conception of its future progress and grandeur. The world could hardly comprehend the events which had transpired; and almost the only feature in the scene which seemed to be clothed with the dignity and soberness of history, was the character of Washington. From the beginning, that gifted and glorious man had commanded the veneration of foreign nations; and those who were looking for a better age for men, as well as for governments, saw in so exalted and complete a personage, an inspiring and reliable pledge of future prosperity. Are our present statesmen to violate, or to fulfill that pledge?

For the first quarter of a century, the chief object of the federal government was to consolidate its original elements into a perfect union. There was necessity for repose, that our four million people might recover from the exhausting toils and sufferings of the Revolution; and, with all the horrors of a long war still fresh in their memories, peace, repose, tranquillity, were the greatest political objects to be accomplished.

But it was not long before the period of activity and development began. Taught by the sternest of teachers the great lesson of independence, there was no disposition to brook insult or aggression, particularly from the nation against whom rebellion had been declared, and crowned with victory. When, therefore, the feelings of the nation had been exasperated by the repeated encroachments and insults of Great Britain, war was declared in 1812; and the nation went into the second struggle with England, with a higher feeling of heroism, if possible, than had fired the hearts of our people in the Revolution. There was a determination on the part of the United States to meet the crisis, and establish a reputation among the nations of the earth by the new struggle, which would achieve for our fame abroad what the Revolution had accomplished for our independence at home.

Through the War of 1812 the country passed triumphantly. Our reputation among foreign nations was established; and when peace came, we entered, with all our expanding energies, on the great race of political and commercial power. The rapidity of our advancement in agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the arts which sustain and embellish life, afforded a new and constantly expanding picture for the gaze of the world. Men began to speak about what the *Future* of America would be; and some of the bolder European writers even hazarded

THE REPUBLIC OF THE FATHERS, AND OUR REPUBLIC OF TO-DAY.

the opinion that, before the close of the present century, the United States, if uninterrupted in their prosperity, would number twenty millions of people!—although in this country such prophecies were then regarded as visionary. De Witt Clinton was one of the few men who foresaw the destiny of the republic; and no man, since the time of Washington, had contributed so much to develop its resources, or inspire his fellow-countrymen with a spirit of progress. Although every element of enterprise, power and advancement seemed to be working with freedom and restless activity, still, from 1815 to 1835 was a period of perfect political tranquillity, and almost unbroken social repose. In that year, however, an event happened which began to inflame the national ambition.

When the news came that the battle of San Jacinto had been fought and won, an electric shock passed over the nation, and men began to extend their eyes toward the Rocky Mountains and talk about the Pacific ocean. Emigration to Texas and Oregon, the organization of the one into a State and her admission into the Union, and the erection of the other into a flourishing Territory, prepared the way for those great events which were so soon to open new scenes for our empire, and the gratification of the wildest dreams of glory and advancement.

At last, when, in 1846, by a course of events as irresistible as the decrees of fate itself, the collision with Mexico came on, another empire fell under our sway, and but a few months after the first victories of our arms on the Atlantic coast, they had crossed the continent, and the national flag was waving over the shores of the Pacific. One of the last great acts in the development of Anglo-Saxon power in the New World thus terminated. One wing of our empire rested on the Atlantic, and the other on the Pacific. Unlike all the empires of former ages, our boundaries were confined not by rivers, seas, or mountains, but by the two great pole-washing oceans. To crown this startling achievement, the newly acquired empire suddenly unfolded inexhaustible mineral treasures, beside which the accumulated wealth of ages dwindled to insignificance. There is nothing in history like this. We can trace no analogies among other nations which remind us of our political and commercial advancement.

It was natural and inevitable that we should be embarrassed with the spoils of our victories, and that excited, angry, and even alarming discussions should attend the introduction of these new dominions into the fold of the Republic. These discussions clouded our victory with ominous and lowering prospects for the time, and there was reason to apprehend the dismemberment of the Republic; but the noble, firm, and patriotic course of the United States Senate left no option for the House of Representatives. California came into the Union, and territorial governments were accorded to the other portions of our new domain. Every attempt to defeat these inevitable measures was unavailing. Even the excitement which was created chiefly by rival demagogues and fanatics, died away, and the nation soon reposed in the calm that inevitably followed so mighty an agitation.

At this time, in forecasting the future, we could not but ask ourselves "What will follow?" What other great event will be likely to startle mankind, and give a new direction to the electric movements of our Republic? Even the nations of the Old World seemed to be hurling rapidly toward democracy or chaos. We were launched on the stream of progress, and were rushing on with fearful rapidity. No man, it is true, could read the future an hour ahead; but

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.


it seemed probable that the next act of the drama would open on the shores of Asia. That all but illimitable continent had been sleeping for thousands of years, without progress and without change. Their colossal structures of government and religion had gradually grown feeble by lapse of time, and it was almost the only portion left on the globe where modern civilization had not begun to introduce its mighty changes. Most of the powerful nations of Europe had, for several centuries, held positions on the Asiatic coast: but they had never introduced civilization, for their object was only to rob the natives. Friendly commercial intercourse had never existed, and the experiment of civilizing Asia and opening channels for the exportation of its vast treasures to other parts of the world, were apparently waiting our advancement. Already some thousands of the impassive, Europe-hating Chinese had crossed the Pacific, and were working industriously by the side of the Yankees in the mines of California. It was the opinion of leading men in California, that the emigration from Asia to our Western coast would soon be numbered by millions; and nothing now seems more probable than that, within a very few years, this may occur. Regular steam communication between our ports on the Pacific and the eastern coast of Asia, even in spite of the completion of the Suez canal, will not only cause the old route of commerce around the Cape of Good Hope to be abandoned, but *the commerce of Asia will be made to flow directly across the Pacific and find its depot at New York.* This city may be the great 'Change of nations. Here may be the principal market of the world. Toward us, as a common centre, are already directed the hopes and the fortunes of Asia and of Europe. The drift from the old continent is across the Atlantic on one side, and the Pacific on the other. The converging centre may be our own metropolis.

What great measure, therefore, is to be proposed, that will introduce another electric flash across our future path? And who are the great men who are capable of comprehending the course of events, and grasping the fortunes of the future? There is something yet in store for this Republic greater than California, if we remain united; victories of peace, of commerce, and of mind over whole nations, whose populations are numbered by hundreds of millions. There is something in this way of going to work greater than was Kossuth's plan of intervention. All the old issues of tariff, etc., are dead and gone. The half-developed ideas that were some time fermenting for further annexation—the peaceable or forcible annexation of Canada, Cuba, and all Mexico—begin to seem small when contrasted with this vision of commerce and civilization now opening to us on the shores of Asia. Beside such a conquest, what were the achievements of ancient conquerors? How do the lights of English victories in India, of Napoleon's triumph in Europe, or of Cortez's brilliant feats of chivalry, "pale their ineffectual fires!" God has reserved for this continent the noblest government that has ever existed, if we administer it well; and his providence, which has been treasuring the fortunes of former ages in the bosom of Asia, is now waiting to pour them out at our feet. Shall we show ourselves worthy of so exalted a destiny? Will our politicians at Washington cease to be demagogues, and learn to be statesmen? Is mere party agitation to be kept up? The two great parties just emerging from the present crisis, are collecting their scattered materials for a fresh re-organization and a new movement. That party which seizes upon the true spirit of the age, which is progress, commercial, political and civil, will reach power the first and retain it the longest.



JOHN HANCOCK.

Born in Massachusetts, Jan. 12, 1737. Died in Massachusetts, Oct. 8, 1793.

O prominent had this great merchant and illustrious statesman become by his generous devotion to the cause of Independence, and his wise counsels in preparing for it, that when General Gage, just before the battle of Bunker Hill, in proclaiming martial law throughout Massachusetts, offered pardon to all other rebels who would return to their allegiance, he made two exceptions: Samuel Adams and John Hancock could never be forgiven. Being chosen President of the Continental Congress, it was his proud fortune to announce to George Washington, then occupying a seat on the floor as a delegate in that body from Virginia, his unanimous election as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. Another occasion of just pride and gratitude arose a few months later, when the Secretary of that same Congress laid upon the desk of the President the greatest State Paper in the history of human government, to receive the bold and eternal autograph of John Hancock.

In leaving Congress a year later, on account of ill health, he assisted as a member of the Convention of Massachusetts in framing a State Constitution; and, on its going into effect three years later, he was chosen governor—a position to which with an interval of two years, he was annually re-elected till his death.

Having been graduated with honor at Harvard University, he was distinguished for intellectual culture and scholarly accomplishments. And there were few more eloquent men even in Massachusetts, as was shown in his powerful public speeches; while perhaps in our entire history, no man has presided with greater dignity over an imposing deliberative assembly.

Born to wealth, the benevolence and generosity of his character made him one of the most liberal of men, while the heroism of his spirit ranked him among the bravest and most daring of patriots. Like so many of his fellow statesmen, Heaven graciously prolonged his days into a serene autumn, and when “he fell on sleep,” a redeemed nation cherished his memory with veneration and love. His descendants are proud to bear his name, and strangers ask to be shown the stately old stone mansion where he lived and died.

CITIZENSHIP—ROBERT J. WALKER.

AT no time in history had the word Citizenship been invested with so deep a significance as during the best days of the Roman Empire. Valor, justice, and loyalty to the constitution of Rome had for centuries imparted a dignity to citizenship which commanded the admiration and respect of the world. In a distant province and on another continent, far from the capital of the Cæsars, Paul had only to announce those magic words, "I am a Roman citizen: I appeal unto Cæsar;" and his person at once became sacred.

"Thou appealest unto Cæsar, unto Cæsar shalt thou go."

Men made Rome—not the *gods*.

In no modern nation has citizenship been surrounded with greater security and glory than in the Republic of Washington. He has been to the Commonwealth of the Potomac more than Romulus was to the Republic of the Tiber. This commonwealth must be preserved, as was its great prototype. Rome never dealt daintily with traitors. She never had but one in her Senate, and he "fled like a lated ghost that snuffs the morning air" the instant his treason was discovered. Our Senate-House swarmed with traitors, and they were allowed, with unpardonable impunity, to blaspheme the Union even in the presence of its most sacred altars.

But, while these degenerate scoffers at a common nationality were maturing their conspiracy for its overthrow, another and a vast company of loyal and great citizens were preparing for its defence, and at the first signal of danger they came crowding around the ark of the Constitution with a higher and completer dedication.

Among them all, there was none purer or greater than the man whose eloquence and patriotic exertions had successfully defeated in Mississippi and the whole Southwest the first onset against the Union, thirty years before. Youthful then, but not so vigorous as the Rebellion found him, he brought to the aid of the country all the vigor and might of his genius, and all the prestige of his mature and enviable fame. In all the attributes which make up the chancellor of the exchequer, the advocate and jurist, the patriot and the statesman, his fame was full. No man in private life brought to the support of Mr. Chase, in his grand and successful measures of finance, such powerful arguments and lucid illustrations. His papers on this subject were read by all the bankers and statesmen of America and Europe.

Those, however, who had not enjoyed a familiar acquaintance with Mr. Walker could not be expected fully to appreciate his intellectual character and acquisitions.* His intellect

* I shall never cease to consider myself fortunate in having formed the acquaintance of Governor Walker at an early period of life. The first cessation of my academic studies I seized with avidity for a journey to the Southwest. What I supposed would be a visit of a few days to the delightful city of Natchez, in 1834, ended in a protracted delay, solely for the purpose of profiting by the instruction of Governor Walker in the principles of law and public economy. For what little I may have written or done that has been or may become of any service to my fellow-men, I shall always be grateful to him as my wisest and best master. Above, I have ventured on an analysis of his philosophical genius.

presented a rare combination of qualities seldom united in the same individual. It was at once practical and profound, active and strong, inventive and laborious, bold and cautious. The basis of this peculiar mental organization was found in the perfection of those fundamental faculties which contribute to the extent and accuracy of knowledge as well as to its practical and logical use. Mr. Walker was gifted with extraordinary powers of observation, and a memory of the most tenacious character. His imagination, although subordinate to the judgment, was sufficiently powerful to give character to his whole intellect; but it was chiefly observable in the boundless resources it placed at his disposal in any emergency requiring the exercise of that faculty.

Few men who traveled so little saw so much, or derived equal profit from personal observation. He was by no means unacquainted with the observations of others; yet the most valuable information he possessed, and used to the best effect, he had acquired in his own personal experience, confined chiefly to his native country, although during his whole life he had intimate intercourse with very many of the most learned and cultured foreigners who visited our shores. No American was more thoroughly acquainted with the United States, their physical features, their public improvements, and their boundless resources of every kind. His knowledge on all these subjects was not general and indistinct, but surprisingly accurate and minute. Indeed, in all the operations of his mind, whether merely passive and receptive, or active and creative, there was such an intensity that every impression made upon it, either by observation or reflection, constituted a vivid picture, distinct and perfect in its outlines, and ever ready to appear at his command to instruct and delight his friends or enforce his argument.

In argument or investigation, the movements of his mind were so quick and active, its resources so unbounded, and the results of its action often so unexpected and surprising, that no ordinary effort sufficed to follow its subtle processes or to understand the principle which controlled them. With an equal prospect of success one might undertake to analyze the rays of reflected light which emanate from a superbly-polished diamond, and which, in their intensely pure and perfect brilliancy, change with every motion of the gem and with every shade of color in the surrounding objects. Mr. Walker's mind seemed to be just such a source of intellectual radiance.

As an illustration of Mr. Walker's power of style and analysis, as well as his political convictions, I quote the following lines from a private letter written to me before the Rebellion:

"SLAVERY IS HOSTILE TO THE PROGRESS OF WEALTH AND EDUCATION; TO SCIENCE AND LITERATURE; TO SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND UNIVERSITIES; TO BOOKS AND LIBRARIES; TO CHURCHES AND RELIGION; TO THE PRESS, AND THEREFORE TO FREE GOVERNMENT; HOSTILE TO THE POOR, KEEPING THEM IN WANT AND IGNORANCE; HOSTILE TO LABOR, REDUCING IT TO SERVITUDE, AND DECREASING TWO-THIRDS THE VALUE OF ITS PRODUCTS; HOSTILE TO MORALS, REPUDIATING AMONG SLAVES THE MARITAL AND PARENTAL CONDITIONS; CLASSIFYING THEM BY LAW AS CHATTELS; DARKENING THE IMMORTAL SOUL, AND MAKING IT A CRIME TO TEACH MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS TO READ AND WRITE."

He spoke of what he knew, for a large portion of his active life had been spent in Mississippi, where he had every opportunity to understand the workings of slavery, being himself at one time one of the largest slaveholders of the South, and comprehending the nature and relations of the institution completely. He saw that the determination to maintain it would involve the ruin of the South, or of the Republic; and he longed heartily for its overthrow.

C. E. L.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Nothing entered it that was not transformed by its magic power into shapes of usefulness and beauty. Its internal action was intensified by his peculiar bodily constitution—by the transparency of the physical medium through which it observed, and by the delicacy and perfection of the organization in which it resided. No intellect was ever less influenced by the mortal framework which enclosed it. The moods and conditions which affect so powerfully the minds of other men seemed utterly devoid of any influence over his soul. Under all circumstances, objects presented themselves to his mind in their usual forms and colors, and were given out again in new and extraordinary combinations.

Perhaps the most remarkable trait in his mental character was the fertility of his inventive or projective genius when applied to political, social, or economical subjects. This is nothing less than the true creative faculty, though it be exercised exclusively in practical affairs. It is the imagination applied to the most useful and important of all work—the poetic inspiration made to perform its noble office in the homely departments of ordinary life. No one could fully appreciate this quality in Mr. Walker's mind who had not witnessed the wonderful wealth of inventions which he poured out in profusion on all occasions when called upon to present measures for some great and pressing emergency. The single suggestion which might be finally adopted, though selected with infinite judgment, gave no adequate idea of his intellectual resources. It is necessary to know and estimate the ideas which have been set aside and rejected, in order to understand fully the character and value of that which is retained. It was his habit to empty his fertile brain in thoughts on any such subject, and then to choose the one which seemed most suitable to the end required. Like some great magician, he poured out a multitude of gems, all sparkling and brilliant, and called on you to select the one which most pleased your fancy, or he exercised the same choice for himself; and, like the true magician, his store appeared inexhaustible.

Most observers would characterize Mr. Walker's mind as being pre-eminently inductive; and perhaps he himself might have regarded this as the true appreciation of his intellect. Certainly no man was ever more studious of details, or sustained his theories by a stronger array of facts. But we cannot help thinking that the deductive faculty was, after all, the predominant one in his mind. This alone could explain the quickness and fertility of his inventive genius. Either through the facts by some intense activity of generalization, or by an intuitive faculty apparently independent of facts, he seemed to see at a glance the great general truths which rule the economical and political world. He was infinitely laborious and indefatigable in marshalling the facts and testing his generalizations by them, explaining every apparent exception, and modifying the expression of general truths so as to comprehend the infinite number of particulars which only seemed to conflict with each other. Never satisfied until the subject of investigation was utterly exhausted, he pursued it, with untiring patience and ardor, into all its minutiae and collateral ramifications. He followed every thread of philosophical connection to the last extremity, till he had satisfied his most unsparing critic—himself.



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

THE sun never heralded a more beautiful morning than that of the 17th of June, 1775, since he first dawned upon Paradise. No cloud hung over Boston throughout that long summer day, except the cloud of battle. The British Commander, whose forces had, since their discomfited raid on Lexington and Concord, been shut up in the beleaguered town, were now to go out to fight their first great battle against their American brothers, knowing that before sundown, a revolt would be quelled, or the flames of a war lighted which would blaze over a continent.

During the previous night, Prescott's thousand men had been working on Breed's Hill, near Bunker's, with axes, crow bars, picks and shovels, to construct the redoubt against which the repeated charges of the British battalions were to be made. This had been done with such silence and dispatch, that when the morning light unmasked the works the English saw a formidable redoubt indicating a determination to stand the ground and meet the enemy. The Americans had now to contend with a heavy cannonade from the battle ships in the river. But as this did not interrupt their operations, General Gage sent 3,000 men under Howe and Pigot in boats from Boston, and landed them under the guns of the vessels at Charlestown, which was shelled and everywhere set on fire; and while the screams of the tender, the aged and the helpless were mingling with the flames which wrapped their homes, Pigot's division advanced to the attack. Being short of ammunition, the Americans had, under orders, reserved their fire, until the attacking column was within eight rods of the redoubt, when levelled muskets poured down a hail of death into the bosom of the assailants. Every bullet did its work; whole battalions melted, and many officers of rank fell. The veteran column staggered back, only to be rallied and receive and break before a more terrible volley. Howe's division had, with equal gallantry, advanced, and met the same deadly fire, till the whole British line was thrown into the confusion of a precipitate retreat. Clinton now entered the field with reinforcements, the British lines were again formed, and the attack was renewed on three sides by overwhelming numbers. They received the same murderous volley as before; but fighting as Englishmen had fought for a thousand years, they advanced with fixed bayonets, when the ammunition of the Americans having given out, and with less than fifty bayonets, a desperate hand to hand struggle was carried on with musket barrels and broken stocks, and even with stones, until a retreat was ordered, and the Americans left the field, with the loss of 450 killed, wounded and missing, while the British reported 1,054, embracing 70 commissioned officers, of whom 13 were killed. In military annals it was termed a defeat; but the first great battle of the Revolution had been fought, and it had all the moral effect of a victory.

STRUGGLES OF AMERICAN LIFE.

JUDGMENTS passed on this country, by foreign writers, have often been rendered without much regard to truth and justice; and always without proper reference to those considerations which ought to have had the chiefest weight. We have never seen a European, nor read the writings of one, who seemed to comprehend the all but insuperable obstacles we have had to overcome in the great work of constructing, in this Western world, the edifice of republican civilization. These obstacles have been more numerous and formidable than any man has yet been able fully to comprehend. We might divide them into those of Space, Circumstances, and Time.

First.—If, instead of the vast territory we have inherited or acquired, stretching from one ocean on the east, to another on the west, and from the snows of the north, to the burning heats of the south, we had only had an island-home like England, or a peninsula like Italy, or even a circumscribed territory like France, although our population might not have increased so rapidly, yet the labor of human hands would long ago have converted that territory into a garden. But we have been forced to extend our arms over vast distances; to spread our labors over immense areas; thus diffusing, instead of concentrating the results of our hardy toil, and untiring adventure.

The traveler who lands in one of our Atlantic cities, cannot trace dissimilarity enough with the large towns of Europe to show a very striking difference. Yet the moment he leaves these towns, his eye is offended with rudeness, the want of elegant architecture, cultivated agriculture, or other evidences of taste. But let him travel west along the shores of the great lakes; ascend the Mississippi far above the Falls of St. Anthony, cross over to the head-waters of the Missouri, and sail down that mighty river to New Orleans; let him traverse Texas for a thousand miles, till he strikes the roots of the Sierra Nevada; let him range north to the commencement of the Pacific Railroad, and be hurled along its awful stretches to the sea, and explore that coast from Lower California to Oregon; let him, in returning to his starting-point, penetrate to the Gulf of Mexico, through the Central and Southern States; he will then inquire with amazement how it is, that within a hundred years, so vast an amount of labor can have been performed, although accumulated in such gigantic masses, as shown in the production of forty bushels of material for bread for every one of forty millions of people; let him count the cattle, measure the power of the machinery, calculate the cost of buildings, roads, canals, bridges, aqueducts, public parks, churches, school-houses, colleges, hospitals, and asylums; let him estimate all the work done by our people, the revenue which comes to the Government, and the rewards of capital and labor in all the departments of life; the amount of our exports and imports; and then contemplate the solidity of a political structure founded upon the democratic principle of government—and he will find that these mighty results will outreach the limits of his comprehension. He will be still more overwhelmed with the reflection, that he found in the most distant quarters

STRUGGLES OF AMERICAN LIFE.

of the country, in its most secluded valleys, over its vast plains, along its mountain sides, and everywhere, not only the elements, but the evidences of a surprising degree of physical, intellectual, moral, and social development.

Perhaps, on reflection, he will be more permanently impressed with some other considerations that do not lie quite on the surface. He sees no peasant class here overlooked by legislation; he learns that when anything is done in this country, it must be done for the million; that it is quite another matter, if we were talking about agriculture, to adorn a continent like this, and make it a garden, from saying the same thing of "Albion," where, within the memory of the writer, from the dome of St. Paul's in London, the unassisted eye reached far enough to embrace a wild, barren heath, haunted by highwaymen, and possessed by brigands. He will find that there is ten times more money expended every year by the State of New York for the education of its children, than the British Parliament expended until recently upon secular education for scores of years. He will find that the State of Michigan has set aside money and land enough for the education of her people to exceed all the revenues of all the universities, colleges, and schools of Great Britain. So much for the scale of measurement which should be applied to the broad surface we had to cover.

Second.—Unprecedented circumstances have had an unprecedented agency in shaping our civilization. We can find in history no nation that has had to contend, from the beginning, with the difficulties which have beset our progress. In the first place, no *contented* man had anything to do with the establishment of our Colonies; and with very few exceptions, our early settlers were just the men that Europe wanted to get rid of. It continued so for a long time; and it is safe to say that, for the most part, it continues so to-day. How many of the thousand emigrants that land on our shores almost every week, would Europe choose to have taken as samples of her civilization? Suppose, for instance, that any of our Americans who have written about Great Britain, should retrace their steps, and confine their books to describing the intellectual, moral, social, and financial condition, the manners, the habits, the tastes, and the knowledge of the 125,000 British subjects who landed on our shores last year. What kind of a picture would these writers have presented? And yet, during the last forty years, we have had to receive into our midst many millions of the impoverished population of Europe; whole slave classes reduced to the lowest state humanity descends to in the civilized lands, and lift them from their degradation, and make them comfortable, find labor for their hands, and educate them in a measure—also their children as well as our own; to make them good citizens, intelligent, free, republican men and women.

The future historian of the progress of society in this country will tell the future that we have been compelled to save the Old World, by relieving it of its dangerous surplus population; of many of its pauperized and criminal classes. Every close investigator of facts has discovered that, take our country all through, the records of the criminal calendar and public charities, show a predominance of four to one of foreign, over our native population; while

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

that native population is more than four to one over the foreign—which alone shows how we have had to stagger under a terrible incubus, in punishing crime, and relieving destitution.

We are not writing bitter words against our foreign population; neither are we holding up to ignominy the ignorance or the crime which have been brought to our shores. Vast multitudes of these classes had been driven to vice and crime, and brought to destitution by that state of things in Europe which summed up in the word oppression, makes destitution and crime the legitimate fruit of legislative wrong-doing—of laws made for the favored classes—of money wrung by the monopolies of granted privileges, from the hard hand of toil—a policy which for ages has, in England, dressed one man in gold for the House of Lords, and ten thousand in rags for the work-house. We have said that we have been compelled to save the Old World in this way, for we have not only received millions, who would otherwise have had to be sustained by the States from which they came, but a greater degree of quiet and contentment has prevailed among the lower classes of Europe, because they knew of this country as a broad, free, and glorious land—the paradise of the poor. Of those who have come here from the time the first man landed to the present hour, not one in ten can be said to have done so, entirely of his own choice. It is known, too, that the Poor-House Commissioners of England, have, at their own expense, sent hither large numbers of British subjects who they knew, in the great majority of instances, must become a burden to the nation. We do not design to speak harshly against those classes who come to this country. No. For we have always shown a kind feeling and an earnest sympathy for the lowest classes of Europe, since we knew that their degradation could be traced mainly to an unrighteous system of oppression in government. Nor should it ever be forgotten in any of the estimates which Europe makes about us, that we have been compelled to achieve what has never before been asked of any nation in the world—relieving whole nations from a surplus population; feeding continually new regiments of the poor arriving every day; giving them employment, and finally homes; educating them in the principles of our government, and so far as we could making them republicans; to sustain a very large number of them who could not, or would not work; and then to think of constructing the great fabric of modern civilization as it exists among us to-day from such unpromising materials!

Besides, ceaselessly occupied in these coarser Herculean labors, how little could the Old World have dreamed that in so short a time we should have accumulated such universal wealth; that we could present so sound a system of financial management by the ablest merchants, manufacturers, and bankers; and we may add, a wise legislation for the most part, which gives to the whole structure of society here a solidity, a security and independence, and a luxury—we may almost add, a splendor—compared with which no forty millions of any other nation ever held one tithe of such numerous and priceless possessions. Our outstretched hands are already laid upon the old Empires of Asia; we are fast shaking off commercial and financial shackles which have bound us to Europe; and before another generation shall have passed, New York may become the centre of the exchanges of the world.

(Continued on the Second Page following.)



JOHN PAUL JONES.

Born in Scotland, July 6, 1747. Died in Paris, July 18, 1792.

APPRENTICED at the age of twelve to a merchant in the American trade, his first voyage was to Virginia, where his elder brother was a planter. For a while he was in the slave trade; but his large humanity soon revolted at the business, and devoting himself to trade with the West Indies, he became rich. At the opening of the Revolution he joined the navy as a lieutenant. He hoisted on the *Alfred* the first American flag that ever floated, bearing the device of a pine tree with a rattlesnake coiled at its root. Soon displaying the highest qualities of seamanship and daring, he was put in command of the sloop *Providence*, carrying 12 guns and 70 men. During his first cruise of six weeks, he made 16 prizes. Appointed a captain in 1776, he was given command of the *Alfred*, and the year following of the *Ranger*, when he sailed to the British waters, where he harassed the coasting trade of Scotland, taking many prizes and capturing, in unequal contest, the sloop-of-war *Drake*, with twice as many prisoners as his own crew numbered. Being appointed to the command of an old Indiaman—converted into a ship-of-war, which, in compliment to Franklin, he named *Bonhomme Richard*, August 14th, 1779—he sailed with a squadron of five vessels. In a month he captured or destroyed 26 vessels, and spread terror along the whole Northern British coast. Overhauling a British fleet, he engaged the *Serapis*, about sundown, with the most desperate valor. Even after two of his old eighteen-pounders had bursted in the *Richard*'s gun-room, blowing up the deck and killing or wounding many of the men, Jones kept the rest of his guns at work; and closing in with the *Serapis*, he assisted with his own hands in lashing her jib-stay to the mizzenmast of the *Richard*, and thus the fearful contest of the batteries of both ships playing into each other's port-holes, the *Serapis* struck.

The next morning the *Richard*, badly cut to pieces, was found to be sinking, when Jones removed his wounded to the captured vessel. On his arrival in France, the news of his brilliant victory covered him with unprecedented honors. Louis XVI. presented him a sword. On returning, in 1781, Congress voted him a gold medal, and Washington wrote him a letter of thanks. Being sent to Paris as an agent for prize money, and our Independence having been acknowledged, he was invited to join the Russian service with the rank of Rear-Admiral. But the intrigues of jealous rivals interfered with his advancement, and the Empress Catharine allowed him to retire with a pension which was never paid. He died in Paris, in poverty.

STRUGGLES OF AMERICAN LIFE.—Continued.

Third.—But the main point after all has been the consideration of Time. Other nations that have risen into power and consequence can trace back their origin far into the past ages. England, with whom we are always to be compared, first as her colony, next as her child, then as her rival, at length as her superior, beyond as her protector, and at last as the inheritor of all she shall have had when she will have become only a more sparsely-settled little island of free and prosperous men—England traces her history back to the groves of the Druids, emerging from which primitive state, she borrowed from the South in the time of the Romans the elements of civilization. The Cæsars left the traces of their footsteps on her soil. Augustine gave her religion; the Saxons and the Danes, vitality and rude strength; while the Normans came in at the battle of Hastings, and introduced heroism, manners, literature, and the arts. Then the Germans, the Italians, the Spaniards, and all the governments, the courts, and the appliances that belong to the civilized world, poured in their rich and exhaustless tributes, and England became what Rome was, as she may become what Rome is. Out of two thousand years of struggle and victory she has constructed for one man in ten, a splendid government. In one hundred years we have had to do all this for forty millions. True, we have borrowed from England and from all the world. They have done for us what they could. But in speaking on the point of Time, it should not be forgotten that the Cæsars have never been here. We have had no brilliant and munificent sovereigns; we have had no long line of nobles; we have had no ancient souvenirs to stir our enthusiasm or awaken a spirit of chivalry; we have had no grand and imposing edifices, or museums of art, or gorgeous cathedrals, or richly-endowed universities which indicate the splendor of European society. We have been obliged, in fact, to dispense with all the Cæsars, the Charlemagnes, the Clovises, the Alfreds, the Ferdinands and Isabellas, the Troubadours, the Poets, the Artists, and, above all, with the associations of the Middle Ages, which have thrown such imperishable glory over Albion herself, and made almost every rood of the ground on the Continent of Europe redolent with stirring associations.

What was achieved by the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, and the Persian Empires during the early periods of their history? Let us be understood here, for in the progress of civilization we owe much to those early nations. They struggled as best they could, although in this age of burning light they seem to us only to have been groping. We do know, if we may judge of the Asiatic Empires by what we now learn to have been always an Asiatic standard, that for some thousands of years humanity seemed to be marking time rather than making progress. What even did Greece do for a long period? Till about the time of Pericles she had only produced Homer, and rival petty states were cutting each other's throats. After that period came the florid age of art, literature, heroism, and glory. In fact, it is almost safe to say that Greece, with her commerce, her arts, and her literature gave mankind all that has not been done by Christ—for almost everything worth having now on earth, it sometimes seems, can be traced to these.

What did Rome accomplish in her beginnings? Romulus has been made out a hero, and

STRUGGLES OF AMERICAN LIFE.

he doubtless was. The Romans made him a divinity, and in the absence of the knowledge of one God, they ought to have worshipped him; for in all the aspects in which he was drawn, but still more in traces left by his genius, he is a nobler and a greater being than Jove. Numa was a great law-giver; and there is something very touching in the recalling the name of a man who once stood in the cave of Egeria, where the nymphs, with their inspiration, presided over the workings of that sublime intellect. But the achievements of the Romans have been exaggerated. They became the greatest of nations, chiefly on the principle of quantity, not quality; there was something vast about all their conceptions, but they displayed little refinement, and that little was borrowed directly from the Greeks, as were all their laws, literature, and arts.

We should not forget that for successive ages the genius of History has been surveying the colossal proportions of the Cæsarean Empire. Thousands of volumes have been written and published, or frequently transcribed about Rome; the golden stream of civilization which in its flow through the ages has refreshed and enriched the world, came from Athens through Rome. Her glory has been embalmed by the genius of twenty centuries, which has left its tribute as it passed, till at last the very name of the Eternal City impresses the imagination of mankind everywhere, more than it ever stirred the pulse of a Cæsar, or thrilled the heart of a Tacitus.

But to hurry over all this, and show how much force there is, as far as we are concerned, in this question of Time, let us institute a brief comparison between the progress of other nations and ourselves during a hundred years. England has accomplished miracles in mechanical forces, but little in liberty, government, or philosophy, since the time of Cromwell, the last of her great sovereigns. France has lately proved herself utterly incapable of self-government; she has never had any foreign commerce, and, arriving at the bubble of military glory, she seemed at Sedan to have lost that. Germany, till recently, has achieved very little, except in the learning of her scholars. The vast resources of the Russian Empire have begun to be developed, but much of Europe has either stood still or gone back. Spain has lost her wealth and commerce. Italy, we may hope, has now a future after a long night of social and political death. Portugal has at last sunk out of sight. Greece lifted herself from her long degradation, only to have a monarch given to her by the monarch-making families of Europe. Ireland in her wounds and miseries seemed to be eternal. Scotland has achieved little but her literature. Poland has gone down forever, and the tender plant of liberty, which under the guise of national independence had been so long growing on the banks of the Danube, was withered after the blast of the Russian storm. Compare the later power of Austria with the former strength of her almost colossal Empire—the Austria of her Joseph II., and the Empire of to-day. But she is nearer freedom.

If we have not blazed with the splendor of courts, we have not been disgraced by their lasciviousness, or blackened by their crimes. This nation set out with a new object in view. It was a government *of* the people, *for* the people, *by* the people; and it has continued so, with every probability of its lasting; as Daniel Webster said, the Constitution of the United

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

States made no provision for its overthrow, only its amendment. There are croakers everywhere, and nothing is more common than that wretched and servile saying that Republics are short-lived. This was not true of Greece, or Rome, nor has it been of Switzerland, nor can it be safely prophesied of us. The elements of human liberty are growing stronger every hour. All the apprehensions of men now are for the endurance of monarchies and dynasties, not for Republics. France may not be capable of one, but it is not so proved yet; nor if she gets another king will he be likely to play the tyrant, or establish personal government.

A comprehensive, and, as far as possible, an exact knowledge of these facts ought to be possessed by all our business men. We shall build up institutions of every kind on a stronger foundation, and by knowledge of the past, adapt our works to the expanding wants of the future. By this means we may escape great financial disasters to our communities, to our States, and to the whole nation. The investments of capital will be made more intelligently, and with greater judgment. The harmonious action and relations between capital and labor, between speculation and permanent investment, between wild adventure and timid hoarding, will be assured. The laws of risk and security will be more clearly understood. The ability of the nation for any and all achievements will be more clearly discerned. The obligations of the rich towards the country which has enriched them will be felt, and the pressure of an enlightened and philanthropic public sentiment will dictate the measure of munificence which should everywhere characterize opulence. The dangers and jealousies which surround accumulation of vast fortunes will disappear. We shall reach freedom of commerce with all nations; we shall determine the law which will regulate the currency of the nation, so that the supply for all legitimate purposes shall be equal to the demand. Labor in every department will be regarded as capital, and the system of taxation for the public expense will be adjusted to the ability and the duty of property to pay for its protection. The just equivalent between one kind of commodity to pay labor or money, and another, will regulate the whole system of exchange in our domestic commerce. The standard of public intelligence, now being continually elevated, will go so high that it will be impossible for charlatans and public plunderers to pursue their games. And the standard of public decency and morality will be so elevated that mere traders and gamblers in political life will pass away; for it is not possible that the universal diffusion of knowledge among men, and the increase of independence of character growing up with independence of circumstances, shall allow either the vices of public men, or the corruptions of corporate institutions to be tolerated in our country. Ways and means will be devised to check these evils before they have become alarming, or annihilate them by summary processes of justice, as soon as they become dangerous. For if such are not to be the results of a system of government *made* by all, *administered* by all, and to be *enjoyed* by all, then justice and self-protection, and freedom and civilization itself, will be blotted from the earth.



NAVAL COMMANDERS.

EZEK HOPKINS.—Born in Rhode Island, 1718. Died there, February 26, 1802. Appointed commander-in-chief of the navy in 1775, he was sent on several expeditions, and was highly successful. But, through the malice of his enemies, he was summoned before an investigating committee. Disobeying the summons, he was dismissed from the service in 1777.

JOHN BARRY.—Born in Ireland, 1745. Died in Pennsylvania, Sept. 13, 1803. In 1776 he was appointed commander of a frigate, and captured the first war-vessel taken by a commissioned officer of the navy. He did good service throughout the war, and in 1794 was raised to the rank of commodore.

RICHARD DALE.—Born in Virginia, November 6, 1756. Died in Pennsylvania, February 26, 1826. His life was very eventful, having been captured by the English several times, but always succeeded in escaping. He fought under Paul Jones in several engagements, and did good service in the Mediterranean. In 1802 he retired to private life.

JOHN PAUL JONES.—Born in Scotland, July 6, 1747. Died in France, July 18, 1792. At the beginning of the Revolution, he entered the navy. He went on several cruises, and captured many prizes. On the 24th of September, 1779, he captured the British ship *Serapis*, for which the king of France gave him a gold sword, and Congress a gold medal. He afterwards entered the Russian navy, but becoming dissatisfied left it, and died in Paris in want.

SILAS TALBOT, of Rhode Island, became a seaman in his youth, and October 10, 1777, was made a major in the army for a daring attempt to set fire to an enemy's cruiser on the Hudson. In the autumn of 1778, he commanded an expedition to take a British schooner near Rhode Island. The British commander fought valiantly, even when every one of his crew had run below. Major Talbot took the schooner, and for it was made lieutenant-colonel. Congress gave directions to have him put in command of a ship on the first opportunity; no opening being made, it is supposed he entered a private war-vessel.

COMMODORE THOMAS TRUXTON.

Born in New York, 1755. Died in Pennsylvania, 1822.

HE was descended from a Dutch admiral of distinction, and entering the Navy at the beginning of the Revolution, he was appointed lieutenant of the *Congress*, the first armed vessel fitted out by the Provincial Congress. The following year, 1777, he commanded the *Independence* in several severe fights. Afterwards he purchased and commanded the *Mars*, of twenty guns, and fought her on the British Channel for over a year. On the voyage of the *St. James*, which carried our Consul-General, Mr. Barclay, to France, Truxton commanded her, and falling in with a British vessel of double his force, gained a victory.

On the election of Washington, the present navy was formed, and Truxton was the first officer commissioned by him. He superintended the building of the *Constitution*, of thirty-eight guns, in which he captured, during our incipient war with France, the French frigate *La Vengeance*, of fifty-four guns, for which Congress presented him with thanks and a gold medal.

Commodore Truxton was the real organizer of our National Navy. Among the officers who afterwards became prominent in that service, and who served under him, we find the names of Stephen Decatur, David Porter, and William Jones. One of his biographers states that: "When Truxton maintained a contest with a line-of-battle ship, and compelled her to seek safety in flight, her commander, not then knowing his antagonist, said he must be an American, for no other people on earth could load so rapidly, fire so accurately, and fight so desperately."

Truxton was a man of great magnanimity of soul. After Hamilton had fallen in the duel with Aaron Burr, the fugitive sought and received shelter at the hands of Truxton, when the civilized world—in total misapprehension of the merits of the case—shut its doors against him; and yet the two men were strangers. Owing to a bitter personal quarrel with the Secretary of the Navy, Truxton resigned. When the great Napoleon heard that he had retired from our service, he made him a recipient of the highest compliment any American ever received from that illustrious ruler—he bestowed upon him the rank of Admiral in the French navy, and invited him to enter its service. But he declined the honor, preferring the office of High-Sheriff of Philadelphia, his patriotism being a higher inspiration in his character than personal ambition.

LIBERTY—ITS LAW OF PROGRESS.

ENGLAND has sometimes been placed in a position, not quite so perilous, perhaps, as we were when slavery was annihilated by an earthquake. But certain analogies may be traced between the condition of the two nations, at different crises—for instance, when James II had grown so mad with the delusions of the Stuarts, that he was the master, and not the British people—that he wore out the patience of England, and was lifting the last ounce to the camel's back, it became necessary for the nation to shake off its shackles in a revolution, driving him out of its dominions to make room for another and better ruler. To meet all this and adjust themselves and their institutions to the new exigency was trying work, but they did it bravely and wisely.

They had long before been obliged to go through other trials. Among them was the extortion of the Magna Charta from the ignorant and obstinate John. Still later they could get rid of Charles I, only by chopping off his head. English statesmen could see no salvation then, except in democracy. It was easier work then, since the crimes of a race of sovereigns had rendered the doctrine of ruling "by the grace of God," altogether too offensive to freemen to be tolerated any longer. Cromwell saved England, and, as Hume said, gave Englishmen about all the liberty they ever had.

Long afterwards, another trial came in the time of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill. While Earl Grey's great measure was in the last stage of its struggle, Macaulay, as champion of democracy, won his first distinguished honors. He met the crisis with the revolutionary cry: "Through Parliament, or over Parliament, this Bill must and will pass."

It is no secret, except to Bourbons, why revolutions take place. They are not a new species; they have always existed. Their business is to hold the world back. The only part of the harness they use is the breaching. They love to linger around graves, like ghouls who haunt graveyards and flourish upon the carcasses of the dead.

The Bourbons of America had always been preaching about the danger of immediate emancipation, and in one sense they were right. But did they ever propose preparatory steps to remove the peril of an inevitable change? Did they ever admit that slavery must finally die everywhere, or that its funeral obsequies were likely to be first celebrated in this new land? Had they been wise, they would have prepared the way for a peaceful transition from unnatural bondage to natural freedom. A thousand clear-sighted prophets had told them that slavery was an exotic on our soil—that it could not long live in our free air.

But all such prophets were denounced, as all true prophets are sure to be, as "fanatics," "agitators," and "disturbers of the peace." And so no provisions were made for the day of reckoning. Those who had the power to provide the remedy were the only ones who did nothing to avert the catastrophe, which was as sure to come as the sun was to rise in the heavens. No man, it is true, could tell when or how it would approach; the most sagacious statesman was as impotent to tell the hour as the veriest boor that trod upon furrow, not knowing why or how the laws of chemistry would insure a crop. But all this did not arrest the inevitable result.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Of course the crisis came. Since nobody would take care of the thing, the thing had to take care of itself. It was attended with convulsions, as all the suppressed forces of the universe do when freedom of action, which is the law in morals as well as in physics, is violated. About this time it came to be a question whether immediate emancipation was wise ; it was very plain that it was going to take place, wise or not. And when it came, it turned out that the mischief had all been done by slavery, and not by freedom—that liberty must not be charged with the consequences of slavery. It was Thomas Carlyle who, in his history of the French Revolution, made this principle very clear, that the crimes, the excesses, the cruelties, and the horrible atrocities, which attended the Reign of Terror in France, were all chargeable to the long reign of despotism, which had reduced the great mass of the population to starvation and empty stomachs which nothing but liberty would fill.

So, too, Macaulay illustrated this whole philosophy of life and government in these words : “ There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces—and that cure is freedom ! When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day ; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces ; but the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half-blind in the house of bondage ; but let them gaze, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason ; the extreme violence of opinion subsides ; hostile theories correct each other ; the scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce, and, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.”

NATIONAL EXPENDITURES.

In his recent paper on this subject, Prof. E. B. Elliot, of Washington, gives expenditures of the Government per capita of the population, in periods of four years each. The dates taken for convenience lap two months one way and the other for each Administration for most of the time, and four months one way and the other for the rest of the time. But practically the lap-over is so inconsiderable that it may be disregarded in estimating these expenditures as applying to the successive Administrations. The following table shows that, except during war periods, there has been a great uniformity of expenditure, rarely exceeding \$2 per capita per annum :

TABLE OF GOVERNMENT EXPENDITURES.

Dates.	Administration.	Average annual expenditure per capita, in dollars.
1816, war period.....	Madison, 2d term.....	3 95 6
1820.....	Monroe, 1st term.....	2 15 5
1824.....	Monroe, 2d term.....	1 58 6
1828.....	J. Q. Adams.....	1 40 5
1832.....	Jackson, 1st term.....	1 20 5
1836.....	Jackson, 2d term.....	1 54 4
1840, financial crisis. . .	Van Buren.....	1 87 0
Jan. 1, 1841, to June 30, 1845.....	Harrison and Tyler.....	1 30 3
Four years ended June 30, 1849.....	Polk.....	2 05 0
1853.....	Taylor and Fillmore.....	1 89 1
1857.....	Pierce.....	2 33 4
1861.....	Buchanan.....	2 23 4
1865.....	Lincoln { Currency.....	25 10 2
	} or Gold.....	16 76 4
1869.....	Lincoln and Johnson { Currency.....	10 88 6
	} or Gold.....	7 79 1
1873.....	Grant { Currency.....	7 37 1
	} or Gold.....	6 37 6
1873, deducting expenses growing out of the war (same period as the foregoing)....	{ Currency.....	1 96 0
	} or Gold.....	1 69 6



John Adams

JOHN ADAMS.

Born in Mass., October 19th, 1735. Died in Mass., July 4th, 1826.

JOHN ADAMS holds no second rank among the founders of the Republic. In depth and breadth of comprehension; in heroic statesmanship; in fire and persuasion of eloquence; in clearness of prophetic gaze; in warm sympathies and defence of human rights; in his estimate of the dignity and sacredness of man; in his idolatrous worship of Human Liberty; in his hatred of Despotism; in his matchless executive ability; in his broad and varied political knowledge; in the depth and clearness with which he stamped the seal of his mind and character upon the men of his time, and those who were to come after him,—he has had no equal in our history. We see him walking fearlessly through the flames which he kindled, that set the whole Nation on fire; and we follow his majestic figure all through the terrible conflict, which, beginning near the spot of his birth, was at last crowned with victory. He was among the strongest and wisest of our State Builders; he was so richly endowed in all respects by the prodigality of nature, that we are at a loss sometimes to know which of his attributes should claim pre-eminence in the awards of fame. As an orator, Jefferson said of him in the Continental Congress which enacted the Declaration of Independence, "Mr. Adams was the Colossus on that floor." In framing fundamental laws and State papers, he displayed the highest qualities of a jurist and a statesman, while in his negotiations abroad, and his intercourse with the public men of Europe, he exhibited rare diplomatic sagacity. Washington could hardly have chosen any other man to be his Secretary of State, nor could any other man have laid claims to be his immediate successor.

There was a grand appropriateness in the time and manner of his death which corresponded with the greatness of his life. He lived to an extreme age, scarcely participating in any of the weaknesses which generally attend it. His mind was clear and vigorous to the last; and as if Heaven desired to give some signal token of its approval, that day of all others which they would have chosen for their departure, was Heaven's choice, for Adams and Jefferson will forever divide the peculiar glories of the statesmanship of the Revolution.

THE KNELL OF NATIONS.



IN the memorable year of 1849, after an earthquake had burst under the Bourbon throne, and shaken the entire system of European monarchy to its foundations, we received the following poem from JOHN GEORGE HARDING, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge, England. A few copies were struck off at the time; but it is now reproduced for the world, and will hereafter be preserved amongst its literary treasures. The last few stanzas are devoted to this country, and evidently the whole poem was inspired by a warm and enlightened appreciation of our institutions.

THE KNELL OF NATIONS.

BY JOHN GEORGE HARDING.

(OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.)

"But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shattered on the main."—*Byron*.

Rome fell—but in the lapse of time
She dwindled to decay—
Night fell upon her glorious clime,
Night at the close of day!
Hers was not the meridian sun
Extinguished in the sky;—
She fell—because her course was run,
For states—like men—must die!
But France is blighted in her bloom,
Like desert-plant by swift simoom!

Ah, sooth it is a piteous tale,
When sounds the knell of fate,
Mournful to hear the plaintive wail,
Of nations desolate.
Sad as to view a Samson's might
Diminished to decay!
Sad as the sombre pall of night,
Upon the young man's day!
Sad as to mourn o'er Beauty's breath
Subsiding slowly into death!

And France, where is thy pride of place,
And where the courtly train
Of Lords and Knights—a martial race,
Heirs of a broad domain?
Their halls so gay in bygone times,
Are vacant to the sight;
While Beauty weeps in stranger climes,
Her day-dreams of delight!
Too gorgeous was thy race to last,
And these are mem'ries of the past.

We mark thee in the present hour
A nation but in name;
A widowed Queen, but what a dow'r
To tempt thy sons to fame!
Thy sons? why, these unsheath the blade
To smite thee in thy pride!
Thy sons? thy patriot sons would aid
Thy arm to suicide!
Far better if some Vandal horde
Swooped o'er thee with the ruthless sword.

For then—posterity would weep—
As men o'er Athens wail;
Remembrance would her vigils keep
To tell the world thy tale!
But now—where Charlemagne of yore—
Louis in later times—
Where modern eagles used to soar,
Like lightning through thy climes,
See anarchy with ruthless brand
Reigns rampant o'er a glorious land!

But, oh! abjure the venal crew
That batten on thy pride—
Then may thy skies become more blue,
Then may'st thou storms subside—
Then may you find, albeit o'ercast
With many a threatening cloud,
Thy sun of glory is not pass'd,
Or withered to a shroud!
But Communism opes the door
To hecatombs of human gore!

THE KNELL OF NATIONS.

Abjure the crowd who never toil,
But grasp at others' gold,
Whose watchword is a nation's spoil
The ravage of the fold !
Their frantic yell is to be free
To wash their hands in blood,
Admirers of " Equality "
And *social* brotherhood !
Ogres of guilt, on slaughter fed,
Thy symbol flag may well be *red* !

Would I might rend the veil of fate,
To read what is thy doom,
Whether a phoenix in thy state
To raise thee from the tomb—
(For what but as a living grave
Is thy condition now ?)
If chance the regal flag may wave
Above a regal brow—
But who essay to wear that gem,
The dear, but dang'rous diadem !

Some warrior-chief may soon appear,
With honey'd words of guile—
A patriot—with Napoleon's spear
A despot with a smile !
Forever lauding freedom's cause,
Yet grasping all for " self."
Forever abrogating laws,
Minion of pow'r and pelf !
Like Cromwell holding in his hand
The Bible—and the naked brand !

Great Rome ! where is thy boast of yore,
Where is thy magic spell,
That made a grovelling world adore
The papal citadel ?
Men fear not now that erring man,
(E'en cunning self must fail)
Who thundered from the Vatican,
And made the earth grow pale !
Condemning kings he could not save
To realms of flame beyond the grave !

An exile from his Capital—
A fugitive from home—
A thing—almost in captive thrall,
There is no Pope at Rome !
The shadowy thing that sway'd the world
By Superstition's spell,
By Retribution downwards hurl'd
Unmourned—unpitied fell !
A barren boast—a broken chain
Is all that's left of Leo's reign.

Deem ye the Vandal race is dead,
That Goths exist no more ?
If by such phantasy misled,
Gaze on the Austrian shore.
Pity the victim of their rage,
Those hands in slaughter dy'd,
What expiation shall assuage
A nation's homicide ?
First let them practice as they preach,
Ere cut-throat bands would virtue teach !

Fool curb a foaming cataract
Within a narrow goal—
Its granite barriers hold it back
Till soon it bursts control ;
And then, as chafing 'gainst the sway,
Which held its surging tide,
It bursts with headlong force away
Adown the mountain side !
Like avalanche it mantles all
O'er which that foaming tide may fall.

The unfettered passions of the slave,
When once they disobey,
Are more impetuous than that wave,
More difficult to stay !
Who strives a nation's soul to quell
Essays his task in vain.
The abject soul will chafe—rebel—
Against the tyrant's chain !
Go, Monarchs, learn this truth in time,
'Twill save your realms from Austria's crime.

And Spain, once chivalrous and great,
Abhors a chief's control ;
Her fertile realms of pond'rous state,
Are life without a soul !
She vegetates from day to day
In servile storms of strife ;
While faction, brooding on her prey,
Makes sharp the assassin's knife.
Go, read Hispania's storied page,
And then regard—her present age !

The Russian in his icy zone,
Maintains the imperial sway ;
He sits unscathed upon his throne,
While serfs and slaves obey !
But Russia's clime is newly born
At least to regal state—
Suns smile upon the early morn,
But storms the noon await—
Thus happy visions beckon youth,
Till riper years unfold the truth !

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

And Albion—severed from the world,
Serenely views the shock,
By which the staunchest pow'rs are hurled
Like vessels on a rock !
The crown still gems her stately brow,
She walks the ocean queen—
A model state to nations now,
As she has ever been !
Her sons need not the naked blade
Behind the bristling barricade !

But dropping water softens stone,
As malice hardens youth ;
A restless faction widely sown,
Prevents the honest truth.
Time was when Albion's leaders sage,
Defied a rebel crowd ;
These mingled not with servile rage,
The loudest of the loud !
These did not swell each party cry,
And stake their all upon a die !

But if our happy coasts are blessed,
How fares our sister isle ?
A harpy preying on her breast,
A child without a smile !
A fairy clime—ah, who might guess
To gaze upon her fields,
How full she is of bitterness ?
How vile a crop she yields ?
Though Nature warms her fertile veins,
And Ceres smiles upon her plains.

What skill the statesman's art may boast
Makes not men's life secure ;
There is a curse upon her coast,
A curse—without a cure !
Religion tortured to a bane
Misguides an honest race.
A sordid Priesthood's greed of gain
Condemns her to disgrace !
Grim Superstition makes her lair
The heirloom of Hibernia's air.

May, 1849.

There is a land—unnamed as yet—
Which other waters lave,
Lighted when Europe's sun is set
Behind the western wave.
Republic of a later birth,
A nation in its prime,
When other states upon the earth
Are something touched by time.
But oh ! what prophet may unroll
The hidden future's mystic scroll ?

Ah ! who can, gazing, disentwine
The fate for Thee in store ;
If bright be that career of thine,
As Albion's was of yore ;
Or clouded with a sombre sky,
With stormy tempests fraught—
A far and fearful Destiny—
Experience dearly bought ?
Alas ! the minstrel's horoscope
Is nothing—save a dream of Hope !

But, oh ! if wishes were as fate,
To dazzle or disgrace,
What years of glory would await
The ANGLO SAXON race !
That race—united with our own—
Upon whose lips are hung,
The accents we ourselves have known,
Our own—our mother-tongue !
Pilgrims from Albion's hardy fold,
Who won the glorious lands they hold !

Europe is quiv'ring at the knell,
Which sounds from shore to shore,
Her lot no wizard may foretell,
No prophet may explore.
Yes, France is in the hand of fate,
As Russia, Spain and Rome,
And storms are gath'ring at the gate
Of Albion's ocean home !
Land of the West—in thee we trace
The fortunes of the Saxon race !



18

18

PATRICK HENRY.

Born in Virginia, May 29, 1736. Died in Virginia, June 6, 1799.



R. JEFFERSON pronounced Henry "the greatest orator that ever lived." The world knows that he gave the first impulse to the movement in Virginia which terminated in the Revolution. Even Alexander H. Everett says: "The accounts that have been transmitted to us of the actual effects of Henry's eloquence on the minds of his hearers, though resting apparently on the best authority, seem almost fabulous, and certainly surpass any that we have on record of the results produced by the most distinguished orators of ancient or modern Europe."

Colonel John Henry, the father of Patrick, was a well-born, strong, thoroughly educated, daring Scotchman of Aberdeen; and so far as the irrepressible love of his son for the sports of the forest and stream would allow, he received, chiefly from his father, as good an education as could be had at that time, except at an institution of classical learning. His father tried to have him become a merchant; and the son made various efforts at different kinds of business, all of which resulted in failure. An early marriage, and a rapidly increasing family, attended by extreme poverty, clouded his earlier life with the most depressing embarrassments. With no great fondness for study, he had a few volumes which he completely mastered. The histories of the Republics of Greece and Rome, and the struggles of liberty in all ages, were at the ends of his fingers. Reverence was the mightiest element in his character. He hated sectarianism, but he loved Religion. In his old age, he published at his own expense, for gratuitous distribution among the people, an edition of Jenyn's "View of the Internal Evidences of Christianity." The churches were not large enough for him—but Christianity filled his whole soul; and at different periods of life, his occasional bursts of eloquence and feeling on the sublime themes connected with the life to come, amazed and melted his hearers.

At the age of twenty-four, when everything else had failed, Henry dashed at the law, determined to master it as a science, and make it his pursuit for life. After six weeks' study, he applied to the judges for a license to practice. His application was granted, only on a pledge of further study before he began to practice. But without business, or the prospect of any, he gave up the idea of law, and went to helping his father-in-law,—who was keeping a tavern at the Hanover Court-House,—and with whom his family lived. But events were about to transpire which were to develop his great powers, and secure to him the foremost place in

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

the company of that illustrious class of statesmen who were to guide the fortunes, not only of Virginia, but to wield so grand an influence in moulding the institutions of the age. For lack of a better advocate, Henry was employed by the planters of Virginia, to resist an oppressive law which levied a heavy tax upon them, either in tobacco or money, to support the clergy of the Established Church. There is probably no other instance recorded, in the history, of either eloquence or jurisprudence, of so complete a triumph on the part of an inexperienced lawyer and an unknown man. He carried his case by storm!

This single effort was the turning point of his life. From that moment he began a career of forensic triumphs and controlling statesmanship, utterly without a parallel in the history of this country. He not only started, but led the Revolution in Virginia, and wherever he went, he paralyzed opposition by the irresistible power of his eloquence. He lived long to enjoy his fame, beloved to the last, and to be cherished forever in the hearts of his countrymen.

DEVELOPMENT—COMMEMORATIVE ART.

DEVELOPMENT! What word is there in our language more significant than this? What ideas are more satisfying in the contemplation than those which it represents?

There is, indeed, a high pleasure in the contemplation of completed productions—though this is only a relative term—either in nature or art; yet is there not induced by such works, at last, a sense of uneasiness in the beholder, because that pleasurable longing for greater perfection in that which is comparatively incomplete, is lost? Do we not rather choose to forego the calm joy of perfect satisfaction than to have our aspiring emotions arrested? And if we were truthfully to express our secret wishes regarding a work submitted as finished, should we not say: Let the work of creation proceed *one day* longer before the term of perfect accomplishment be pronounced, namely: "It is very good?" Yes, we need the hope—the strong desire of higher good more than the repose of attainment, limited even by perfection's seal.

It is spring—hope-inspiring spring, and we see all around us suggestive and illustrative symbols of the thought under consideration. How like, yet how excelling the progress of a work of art, is this germinating and expanding into form of the various vital existences of the world of vegetation.

We are charmed, it is true, by a general survey of hill and vale, of forest and field, of blooming orchard and fresh green lawn—a vernal scene is before us, and we are happy in the amenity of its beautiful presence; yet how greatly is our pleasure enhanced if we can observe, with reflective feeling, the progressive expansion and embodiment of these invisible spirit germs of nature. How the minutest will unfold to a lofty, leafy flowering tree; how its aspiring branches, by the power of a mysterious life within, will draw up from the dark earth-cells below, the crude elements of nourishment, and assimilate them to form the fibrous

DEVELOPMENT—COMMEMORATIVE ART.

trunk, the verdant mantle, the blooming crown, and at last the rich clusters of fruit. Here is development! Besides the present enchanting show, there is associated the thought of its wondrous origin, of what is going on in its half-sentient organism, and of the prospective affluence of golden autumn, with richer ones still to come year after year. And if our vocation happens to be such as requires us to pass most of the year in the woods and fields, and that for the purpose of working with the elements of nature to make them gratify the taste for landscape beauty, in their preparation as "Gardens of the Reposing," we shall not only watch them with interest in early spring, and when they are shining in verdant robes and fragrant with the breath of the spirit of all life, but trace in the progressive developments analogies with those observable in the arts, and illustrations of the advances of humanity. Especially must we consider its rapid advances in this direction. We mean the growing taste for rural cemeteries in every part of the country. Dwelling as we do amidst the richest landscapes in the world, and feeling every moment the benign influence they exert upon our tempers and appreciation of all things they embrace, we do not wonder at this new development of Christian sentiment and taste. The spirit of conservatism is ever present and active in all countries and communities, and was ready to perform its special business of holding back when this new idea was beginning to be realized; but its material and moral advantages have been so well illustrated that hardly an individual can be found who gives it not his earnest approval. Security to the resting-place of the departed—avoidance of deleterious influences exerted upon residents near narrow, confined burial places—the exercise of a more delicate sentiment towards the deceased, are considerations of sufficient force to win the favor of all; yet there are others of equal, if not predominant importance.

Those who have given much attention to the subject cannot have failed to observe that when these landscape-gardens have been prepared for the smaller towns, they have given at once a new and benign impulse to the social sentiments and refined tastes of the people. It is well for every community to have, at least, one object of common interest. We can all unite in adorning the last resting-place of our fellow-men; and when our most sacred duties are thus associated in connection with the consecrated application of taste in the beautiful arts, our common sympathies must become more and more blended, and our social joys enhanced, and we shall sooner than in any other way, attain the conviction of the coincident instrumentality of art, with all intellectual and religious agencies designed to lift the spirit from darkness to light, from a groveling life of sense—from the enthrallment of sordid pursuits—from exclusive devotion to the acquirement of material things, to a free, aspiring life of the soul; but in our lively interest in these subjects of art, it will be well for us to fortify ourselves against mistaking the enthusiasm of novelty for true sentiment. Let us inquire of ourselves if the highest possible advantages to be derived from this new development of our humane affections are clearly apprehended. Let us inquire if all we do is prompted by an intelligent appreciation of the influences which may and ought to be exerted by the art with which these consecrative gardens are adorned—for, after all, it is that which will either make them places of mere recreation, or holy sanctuaries of spiritual life, according as they are depositories of art's *manufacture*, or art's *creation*.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Search where we may in our cemeteries, very little significant Christian monumental art can be found. Many graceful and imposing architectural forms of glowing marble may be seen dotting the hills and glades and sunny slopes, inviting the cemetery tourist to twine all the labyrinths of the place, but he passes them with a glance, failing to imbibe one thought or emotion that a true work of art would plant in his soul to live and glow forever.

We seem to have forgotten or overlooked all the best lessons of antiquity on this subject ; in the imitation of their monumental structures we have shown so little recognition of their design to support significant sculptured symbols—the undying language of art. We seem to have forgotten also, that ours is a more exalted religion than that of the ancients, for in the few instances where art-language is used, it is oftener borrowed from classic mythology than appropriately applied from Christianity, whose records present innumerable events, incidents, situations, and ideas for illustration.

In the application of art, then, as a memorial of the departed, it should be made to speak with its clearest possible intelligence, of the new revelation of God to man—of the relations it unfolds between this and the future life. All who have the ability or disposition to erect commemorative marbles of large size or cost, should feel it to be a duty, as well as a grateful exercise of an exalted sentiment, to set an example in accordance with these views.

It requires but a moment's reflection to gain our assent to the fact that most of the large monumental structures in the cemeteries are rather indicative of the higher cost than of the higher taste or significance they express above the unpretending tablets they overlook. The superior wealth of those who erected the former, is the predominant idea suggested on passing them, for they are generally barren of any special design, as the frequent occurrence of the same forms will show ; and it need not be said, that without the evidence of design—of mind and feeling, having been exerted in the production of such works—neither the mind nor the feelings of the observer can be interested. Unmoved and cold, we pass the lifeless, though ostentatious monuments ; while we pause and linger with chastened emotion before even the small tablet on which is carved, rudely it may be, the broken " Iris-bloom."

Such places furnish almost the only facilities, to a rural people, for seeing the higher illustrative works of art. By exercising our ability for superior expenditure in a direction that will increase the number of such works, we shall at the same time elevate their sentiments and advance our own. In every structure, whether of great or small cost, let the spirit of design and the soul of sentiment manifest themselves, and then our cemeteries will be visited, not for the recreation of the *drive* only, but for the divine lessons they inculcate, and the sacred aspirations they inspire.—*By the late Dr. Horatio Stone, sculptor.*



FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.—Born in France, September 6, 1757. Died in France, May 20, 1834. He was descended from a military race. He married at sixteen, and entered the French army. Fired by the Declaration of Independence, he resolved, against all opposition, to join the American cause. Landing on the South Carolina coast in 1777, he was appointed a Major-General in the Continental army, and fought at Brandywine and Monmouth, and participated in the capture of Cornwallis. He revisited the United States twice, where he received the heartiest tokens of friendship and gratitude from the people he had helped to free.

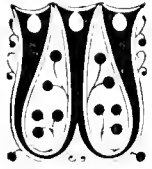
JOHN DE KALB.—Born in Alsace about 1732. Died in South Carolina, August 19, 1780. He received his military training in the French army, and held the rank of Brigadier. Coming to America with Lafayette, Congress made him a Major-General. He was active in Philadelphia, New Jersey, and Maryland, till 1780, when he was sent South to assist Gen. Lincoln. At the battle of Camden, August 16, 1780, as second in command, he fought till he sank, pierced by eleven wounds. A monument to his memory was erected there in 1825.

TADEUSZ KOSCIUSKO.—Born in Lithuania, February 12, 1746. Died in Switzerland, October 15, 1817. He received his military education at the academies of Warsaw and Versailles. He sailed for America in 1776. His services during the war, especially as an engineer, procured him the thanks of Congress, the badge of the Cincinnati, and the rank of Brigadier-General. After the war he returned to Poland and fought heroically for her liberties. A mound of earth 150 feet high, brought from every great battle-field of Poland, was raised to his memory.

CASIMIR PULASKI.—Born in Lithuania, March 4, 1747. Died in Savannah, October 11, 1779. After seeing warfare at home, he came to this country in 1777, highly recommended. Distinguishing himself as a private at the battle of Brandywine, he was promoted to a brigadier-generalship. With the consent of Congress, in 1778, he organized an independent cavalry and light-infantry corps, called Pulaski's Legion, which did effective service. In the assault on Savannah he received a mortal wound. A monument was erected to him in Georgia.

BARON STEUBEN.—A veteran in the wars of Frederick the Great, his enthusiasm for liberty brought him to America in 1777; and being the most skillful disciplinarian in the country, was made Inspector-General of the army, in which capacity he rendered a great and special service, as was seen at Monmouth and other battle-fields. He died at Steubenville, New York, in 1795.

WHAT AMERICA OWES TO FRANCE.



WE owe something more to France than her alliance with us in the Revolution. We are more indebted to her for her efforts for the civilization of America, than even to her continued friendship since we became a people. A vast portion of the Continent belonged originally to her, and all along its shores and rivers she set up the lighthouses of civilization. She explored all the great lines of communication which the trade and commerce of North America follow to-day.

Beginning with the mouth of the St. Lawrence, she penetrated the unknown bosom of the Continent. Arrested only for a day before Niagara—that miracle of the physical creation—her explorers pushed on, over inland seas, till, without the stars to guide them, they would have been hopelessly lost in the thick forests, or in the waving prairies or inland seas of the West. Those early explorers were Jesuit missionaries. They were the first pathfinders of our Empire; they first carried the torch of Christianity and science among the savages of those unexplored regions. Two centuries have gone by, but their monuments still remain. Granite, and marble, and bronze decay, but names never die. Those the French left, can be traced from Acadia to St. Anthony's Falls. The magic shores of Champlain and Lake George still hold the echoes of the chivalry of France. They planted the *fleur-de-lis*, and it grows there still. The names of Montcalm and Champlain still ring around those mountains; and among the few stricken descendants of Indian tribes who yet haunt those neighborhoods, their names are household words. The French left their language among the children of the forest, and it is still preserved. They yet cherish with tenderness and love, souvenirs of the humanity, the science, the genius and superb manners of the Jesuit fathers, and the brave cavaliers of the age of Louis XIV.

Sailing up the other great Continental river from the Gulf of Mexico, the French explorers reached the westernmost point which their St. Lawrence brothers had made, and they met and held council on one of those anticlinal ridges, where, if a drop of water be spilt on the rock's sharp edge, one-half of it finds its way to the ocean through the St. Lawrence, the other going to mingle with the warm Gulf-stream.

And so everywhere, in following the paths of these explorers, we find evidences of the efforts of the French to introduce civilization. They founded cities; they established missions; they explored regions utterly unknown; and they left in their writings imperishable monuments to their fame. Frenchmen came to America to give light, knowledge, science, religion, liberty; and wherever they had an opportunity they did reclaim the Indians from their savage state, and brought them to the knowledge and worship of the true God.

LAFAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO AMERICA.

NEARLY half a century had gone by since the gallant young soldier had come to fight the battles of the young Republic. The frosts of age had fallen on his head, but the holy flame of liberty still burned as brightly as ever in his heart. In the capital of Massachusetts the representative men and women of the nation met to do him homage on the 4th of July, 1825. In Sprague's Oration of Greeting are found these eloquent words:

While we bring our offerings for the mighty of our own land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of other shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe? Pile to the clouds the majestic columns of glory; let the lips of those who can speak well, hallow each spot where the bones of your Bold repose; but forget not those who with your Bold went out to battle.

Among the men of noble daring, there was One, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not his people; he knew them only in the wicked story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary adventurer, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide a broken heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him!

Yet from all these he turned away. Like a lofty tree, that shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride, to crusade for freedom, in freedom's holy land. He came—but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time, and carcered to its place in the heavens. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty. He came when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God.

It was then that this One joined the ranks of a revolted people. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs his arm was lifted, with theirs his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty; and at her pure shrine the pilgrim warrior, with his adored commander, knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, and the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose up, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

After nearly fifty years, that One has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

heart feel, the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it, and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes round him. Old men bless him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him, the learned deck their halls to greet him, the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage. How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days, he treads the high places where his brethren moulder, he bends before the tomb of his Father:—his words are tears—the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings these trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that Father lived;—and again his words are tears—the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitudes revive;—and of all the pageant splendors that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless chief! of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for him alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of Lafayette!

YORKTOWN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

From Yorktown's ruins, ranked and still,
Two lines stretch far o'er vale and hill:
Who curbs his steed at head of one?
Hark! the low murmur: Washington!
Who bends his keen, approving glance
Where down the gorgeous line of France
Shine knightly star and plume of snow?
Thou too art victor, Rochambeau!

The earth which bears this calm array
Shook with the war-charge yesterday,
Ploughed deep with hurrying hoof and wheel,
Shot-sown and bladed thick with steel;
October's clear and noonday sun
Paled in the breath-smoke of the gun,
And down night's double blackness fell,
Like a dropped star, the blazing shell.

Now all is hushed: the gleaming lines
Stand moveless as the neighboring pines;
While through them, sullen, grim, and slow,
The conquered hosts of England go:
O'Hara's brow belies his dress,
Gay Tarleton's troops ride bannerless:
Shout, from thy fired and wasted homes,
Thy scourge, Virginia, captive comes!

Nor thou alone: with one glad voice
Let all thy sister States rejoice;
Let Freedom, in whatever clime
She waits with sleepless eye her time,
Shouting from cave and mountain-wood
Make glad her desert solitude,
While they who hunt her, quail with fear;
The New World's chain lies broken here;



Th. Jefferson

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Born in Virginia, April 2, 1743. Died there, July 4, 1826.

BORN the son of a respectable and influential planter, and Jane Randolph a gifted and noble woman, he early received a thorough training in Latin, Greek, and French, under a learned Scotch clergyman; and at the age of 17, entered the College of William and Mary. Mastering all the knowledge that came in his way, he left at the end of two years, and studied law with George Wythe, springing at once into a broad and lucrative practice. At the age of 26, he represented his county in the House of Burgesses, where he took a prominent stand against all the despotic acts of Parliament and the royal governor. At the first session he introduced a bill empowering the owner of slaves to manumit them, and the failure of the bill never daunted his ardor for freedom. At the first opening of the Revolution, he enrolled himself among the boldest and most powerful of its advocates. He presented to the House of Burgesses one of the strongest State papers of the times, entitled "A Summary View of the Rights of British America"—a bold, elaborate and eloquent exposition of the right of the Colonies to resist taxation, and which was afterward clearly seen to have contained the germ of the subsequent Declaration of Independence. Although the paper was too far in advance of public opinion, yet it had great influence, and was extensively made use of by the friends of America in the British Parliament. It brought its author forward as a fearless advocate of constitutional freedom, and an elegant and accomplished writer. Elected a delegate to represent Virginia in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, he at once took his place among the foremost of that great body. "Although," said John Adams, "he was silent upon the floor, yet his masterly writings were handed about; and in committee he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive, that he won the cordial regard of all." When that body came to act upon Lord North's proposition, Jefferson, who had written the "Answer of Virginia" to it, was appointed on the committee to prepare the Answer of Congress.

Having won the position of the ablest political writer in Congress, it devolved upon him, at the unanimous request of his associates, to make the draft of the Declaration of Independence, and he will forever be known as the author of that immortal document. With his great services during the Revolution, and subsequently at home and abroad, the world is too familiar to require any narration here. Among his noblest acts was the introduction into the cession of the Northwestern Territory

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

by Virginia, of the memorable clause, "That after the year 1800, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of said States, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall be duly convicted to have been personally guilty."

His diplomatic career closed in 1789, when he returned to America, and was offered the Secretaryship of State in Washington's cabinet. He was better qualified for it than any other man, because he had more profoundly studied the character and relations of European governments, and he had the broadest conception of the future greatness of his country. At the close of Washington's second term, Jefferson was elected Vice-President of the United States, and four years later he became Adams' successor—March 4th, 1801, at Washington, where the Capital had just been removed.

His first grand national and diplomatic measure was the purchase of the entire Territory of Louisiana for the sum of \$15,000,000; one of the most important events in our early political history. This vast acquisition, and brilliant naval victories in the Mediterranean, with a new and florid period of general prosperity, gave so much popularity to his administration, that he was re-elected by a majority of 148 out of 176 electoral votes.

Retiring to his home at Monticello, he devoted the rest of his long life to founding the University of Virginia; the culture of science, and universal knowledge; the advancement of agriculture; the improvement of live-stock; wide correspondence with statesmen, scientists, and scholars; and the production of works which will secure the perpetuity of his fame. He was a radical, philosophical reformer and state-builder; an original and clear-headed thinker; a thorough hater of all aristocratic and religious intolerance; a fearless and chivalric champion of the equality of human rights; and discarding every advantage which his birthright gave him, he maintained through life the practical principles of sound republicanism. He was, perhaps, the most illuminated, consistent and philosophical democrat that had, up to his time, appeared in the world.

His home was the seat of a generous hospitality, and witnessed a long succession of illustrious visitors from every part of the world. At last, full of years and covered with the glory of a life dedicated to his country and the good of his race, he went to his reward on the 4th of July, almost at the same hour that his great compatriot and friend, John Adams, was summoned to "The Assembly of the Just."

WASHINGTON SKETCHED BY JEFFERSON.

HIS mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order ; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of Newton, Bacon, or Locke ; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best, and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a re-adjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature of his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed ; refraining if he saw a doubt, but if once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed.

His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known ; no motives of consanguinity, of friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned ; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact ; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls upon his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections ; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it.

His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish ; his deportment easy, erect, and noble ; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history.

His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in one mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent ; and it may be truly said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country suc-

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN HISTORICAL PORTRAIT?

cessfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its form and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN HISTORICAL PORTRAIT?

THE object of all portraiture is truth, whether it be the representation of a man or a landscape; and the first quality a portrait must possess, and in fact the highest it ever can possess, is a representation of the spirit of a man or of a scene. To accomplish this work, correctness of form and outline is indispensable; but mere accuracy of form does not insure success. Here the world is as often deceived in art as it is in theology, or history, or ethics. How often do we feel in looking at the productions of the human mind, whether it be in volumes or in delineative art, the lack of the spirit we seek for! There is many a man, and many a woman, whose features are almost faultless in their regularity, but which fail to arrest our attention or win our sympathy or regard, because, beyond mere regularity of lines, we find nothing to warm the heart or stir the passions. Pictures have been painted, and statues carved, whose very correctness of proportions was fine enough—even to the commonest eye—whose mechanical manipulations were as faultless as the clearest and best photographs; but lack of soul, character, expression, life, mind, made them tame, insipid, and altogether unattractive.

A true work of art must do something more than all this. A photograph of a dead man may be truthful, but revolting; so may be the portrait of a living one. The simple fact is that truthful forms are made only for conveying spiritual characteristics. Through the clouds and mist, the chief features of a landscape may be discerned; but there is a great difference between a truthful picture of such a scene with these obscurations, and a delineation of the same landscape, glowing in the glory of full sunshine, or the witchery of twilight, or even in the *chiaroscuro* of night, with her majesty and gloom; for even in the latter case the imagination is appealed to, and it can wave its wizard wand, filling the whole scene with "a light that never shone on land or sea."

Those who are accustomed to studying the works of great painters with the care which is the result of long observation, will very readily distinguish the work of a great artist from the crowd of common painters—no matter if the subject was obscure and unknown—no matter if the artist himself were unknown. That which constitutes excellence in art will speak through any work of a great artist, finished or unfinished. It was not necessary for Michael Angelo to develop the whole figure in chiselling "Night" and "Morning"; nor was it necessary, or perhaps even desirable, for Gilbert Stuart to complete any portion of the portrait of Washington, except the face. He could afford to leave—and, perhaps, was wise in doing so—all the accessories unfinished. It was enough to delineate, with correctness of outline, the soul of the man—his character—that which made him the man he was, in distinction from all other men.

JAMES MADISON.

Born in Virginia, March 16, 1751. Died in Virginia, June 28, 1836.

ALLAN ADAMS and Thomas Jefferson had honorably filled their Presidential terms as Washington's successors, and the whole nation had turned almost with unanimity to James Madison as the most venerable of the great and beloved Fathers of the Republic. He had one claim to consideration above all other men. He was regarded as the chief framer of the Constitution, and his own arduous services during eight Presidential years, show how well he could interpret, in all his executive acts, the Constitution, in whose handywork he had borne so large a share.

Descended from John Madison, an Englishman of good blood and solid substance, who had settled in Virginia one hundred years before, James, the eldest of seven children, was graduated at Princeton in 1771, but remained another year under Dr. Witherspoon for maturer studies. He was diverted from his legal studies by his well-appreciated abilities to defend the cause of absolute liberty of conscience, for the Baptists and other non-conformists to the established church of Virginia. His heroic efforts and liberal spirit won for him fame and love, and he was among the earliest and ablest lawyers to eradicate from the legislation and jurisprudence of the Colonies any lingering remains of the Feudal system of Europe,—especially of a union between Church and State. From being a member of the Virginia Convention in 1776, and of the Council of State in 1777, and taking his seat in the National Congress in 1780, he distinguished himself by great services. He resisted the right of a State to issue paper money, as an unwarrantable grant of one of the attributes of supreme sovereignty; and pleaded for a declaration by Congress against its continuance. He boldly asserted the claims of the United Colonies to the Western Territory, and the free navigation of the Mississippi River. In the legislature of his own State in 1784, he aided in securing a thorough revision of the old statutes, abolishing entirely primogeniture, and clearly enunciating religious freedom. He resisted a general assessment for the support of religion, and defeated the measure. He was the most influential advocate of a convention of all the States; and a delegate to that body in Philadelphia, whose deliberations resulted in the abrogation of the old Articles of Confederation, and the formation of the Constitution of the United States; having in connection with Hamilton and Jay—that trinity of names to which honors have been, and ever will be paid for convincing the American people that the con-

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

solidated and powerful Federal Union under which we have grown into prosperity and power, was the best that could be adopted.

His second term closed in 1817. It had been crowded with events of the greatest moment from his first inauguration; and in leaving his administration, every historian has felt as if he were parting from some venerated shrine, where our fathers had long worshipped; for he was the last but one, of the statesmen of the Revolution yet left in the councils of the nation. Jefferson left this record of his life-long friend Madison: "From three-and-thirty years' trial, I can say conscientiously, that I do not know in the world, a man of purer integrity, more dispassionate, disinterested, and devoted to pure Republicanism; nor could I, in the whole scope of America and Europe, point to an abler head."

In retiring from the Presidency to his farm at Montpelier, where his life was so beneficently prolonged for twenty years, he devoted his time to his beloved pursuit of agriculture—a business so noble, and filled with such magic charms for great and generous-minded men! He became president of the county agricultural society, and illuminated it by his practical knowledge of tilling the soil and of improving the breeds of cattle. By his large acquisitions in many departments of literature and science, he found those priceless charms which Cicero so exquisitely painted in describing the pleasures which attend the scholar to his retirement.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood!
When fond recollection recalls them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,

How quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in his well.

MERCHANTS AND LITERARY MEN.

IT has been common with literary men, to divorce themselves from business, and too often have they dropped words of bitterness against the spirit of gain and adventure. Everybody has lost in consequence of it; scholars have lost the sympathy of business men, since they never entered into *their* sympathies, and seldom devoted their talents to their interests. Statesmen have felt this, for it has long been recognized as a fundamental principle of government that the great secret of public wealth and prosperity has been, the development of the commercial strength of nations. The antagonism which has existed for ages between the Dreamer and the Worker, between poetry and cotton, has, however, begun to yield. A spirit of humanity now pervades the literary world, and is bringing mankind together. Everything that belongs to man, his interests or his hopes for this life, or for the future, has become sacred; and young men are learning that commerce is, next to religion, the great fact of Christendom. Literary men are beginning to learn that they have suffered by not bringing their energies to sustain the great interests of commerce. They affected to feel, and they did feel, that all business was to make money. They looked upon our business men as money-grubs, and the literature of all nations has been tinged with this scholarly prejudice.

We have never known any reason why the pursuit of business was not honorable in the sight of God, and all good men; nor why it should necessarily create a distaste for Letters. There was a period in Italy, beginning with Cosmo, the founder of the Medici family, when literature looked to commerce for all its encouragement and support; when it was considered a noble pursuit to buy and sell, and get gain. The merchants of Italy were the great patrons of art. There was no antagonism in that age between scholars and merchants. The palaces of Cosmo and Lorenzo were filled with works of art and men of genius. Poetry, sculpture, painting, science, all were developed under the genial appreciation and aid of commerce. It was so in Greece in the time of Pericles, and in Rome under Augustus, and it will be so here.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the merchants of our country have no sympathy for art or literature. This class of men have done much for these great interests. They have built this city, with its noble structures, its gigantic public works. They have erected our churches, hospitals, and public schools. They have diverted the course of a mountain river from a rural district, to bathe and refresh our heated toiling millions. They have worked quietly at the great business of bringing the world to our doors; and when they found the Union heaving under their feet, they clasped their hands in a holy patriotic alliance, and rallied for the support of the Constitution. Commerce illuminates mankind. It makes them liberal-minded and large-hearted, in relieving want and distress, and in adventuring upon bold and grand schemes for progress.

This only opens the subject. There is much to be said on it. We hope the time is come when there will be a kind and generous sympathy between all who devote themselves to study and those who devote themselves to commerce. A more cordial union between these two classes would result in immense advantages to both. Commerce would be made a still nobler

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

pursuit than it is, if the glory of intellectual culture and artistic life should be sustained far more munificently, and the union would be a blessed one for us all.

The divorce between poetry and cotton never was pronounced by a legitimate tribunal. There should be a warm, cordial, and enduring alliance between genius and the business of the world. The advantage that would accrue to literary men, will occur on a moment's reflection. By intercourse with men of business, scholars lose the spirit of the cloister, and breathe in the healthful influences of every-day life. Just in proportion as those men who do the writing of the world, sympathize with human nature in its every-day aspects, just in that proportion will they infuse into their works, the practical spirit which will make them read and appreciated, and give them a large and controlling influence over the action of business men.

But to the merchants, a word, more particularly. And tell us, ye merchant princes of New York—ye who have lavished your gold upon architecture and the adornment of saloons—ye who spread your seigniorial dinners, and breathe through your halls the enchantment of music—who roll to and from your dwellings in splendid equipages, and dress your servants in livery—whence and why all this? Do you never, when ye go from your counting-rooms, with aching temples, wish to forget the cares and solitudes of business, either in the unbroken calm of the domestic circle, or in the excitement and festivities of a scene of hospitality with your friends; and would the society of intellectual men, of scholars, of artists, and men of genius, be ungrateful to you then? Or do you gather about you, those who bring with them the atmosphere of the shop, and the warehouse? Will you carry with you to your home the solitudes of each day's business? Would you not rather have your thoughts diverted from the anxieties of commerce, by the electric flash of wit, or the glow of humor and anecdote? Would you not be glad and proud to number among your friends the gifted scholars of the country; men who would be proud of you because you hold in your bosom a heart so noble and so true, that your gold will fly at the bidding of a generous impulse, wherever it may brighten or bless mankind? It has been under such impulses that you have done the good, the brave, the noble things you have achieved. It was under such inspiring influences that you sent the first train of cars through the gorges of the Delaware. It was under such impulses that you diverted the mountain river, and sent its healing waters to the palpitating heart of this city.

In this spirit you laid the foundation of our hospitals, our universities, and our temples; and we believe that with such inspirations you will yet inaugurate a more magnificent triumph for art and literature in this country than has been witnessed in any nation. We are not begging nor pleading here the cause of letters, or of literary men. They can afford to starve at the shrine where they worship. They have done it for ages. And you can afford to starve upon the husks of this world's goods; but do not forget, either one or the other, that you, the scholars, have your mission among living men; that the monkish age has gone by forever; that you can live and exist only among your fellow-men; and that all your writings should be tinged and suffused with the warm, glowing sentiment of a large, hoping and inspiring philanthropy. And merchants, do not forget that the children of genius are God's own messengers, sent into the world to make it brighter and better. Cultivate them, cherish them, for they are heaven's own precious gifts, lent to the world but for a season.



JAMES MONROE.

Born in Virginia, April 28, 1758. Died in New York, July 4, 1831.



THIS earliest American ancestor was an officer in the army of Charles I, who with other cavaliers, emigrated to Virginia in 1652. It is a significant fact, which has not always received due attention, that we owe to the great Revolutions of England of the seventeenth century, the two chief impulses given to American colonization. The persecutions of the Non-Conformists, peopled New England with the Pilgrims and Puritans; while the establishment of the Commonwealth under Cromwell, drove the cavaliers to Virginia; and to their united and harmonious efforts we owe the establishment of our Republic.

Young Monroe left the College of William and Mary, at the outbreak of the Revolution of Seventy-six, for the army, which he entered as a cadet, being soon commissioned lieutenant. He distinguished himself during three of the most important campaigns of the war—on the Hudson, as aide-de-camp to Lord Sterling, and in the decisive battles of New Jersey under Washington. He studied law under the direction of Jefferson, and so soon were his rare qualifications for public life appreciated, that he was elected to the Assembly of Virginia, and by that body appointed member of the Executive Council while he was yet in his twenty-third year. Elected a delegate to Congress for three years, the soundness and sagacity of his judgment gave him a large participation in the National councils. Being early satisfied that some stronger bond than the Articles of Confederation were necessary, he put forth his utmost endeavors to secure a National Convention, which, meeting at Annapolis, led to the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution. In 1790 he was elected to the Senate of the United States from Virginia, serving four years, after which Washington appointed him minister plenipotentiary to France, where he was received with immense enthusiasm, not only for his eminent services to our young Republic, but for his warm sympathy with that of France. After his return he was, in 1799, elected governor till 1802, when Mr. Jefferson sent him as envoy extraordinary to France, to negotiate, in conjunction with the resident minister, Mr. Livingston, for a right of depot on the Mississippi. But he attempted a far more important measure—for within fourteen days from his arrival in Paris, he had purchased the entire territory of Louisiana—the most important diplomatic act in the history of this Republic. During subsequent years, he distinguished himself in the service of his country abroad, and in that of

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

his native State at home, until he was called to the cabinet of Mr. Madison, where he contributed, by his vast knowledge and admirable executive powers, very greatly to the success of that brilliant administration. In 1817 he was chosen President. In that office he displayed such great qualities as a statesman, and so endeared himself to the country by his fervid patriotism and unsullied integrity, that he was re-elected, receiving every vote of the electoral college except one. The eight years of his Presidency were known as the era of good feeling. The United States had conquered its enemies by land and sea, at home and abroad, and a long and glorious period of peace and prosperity had come to the young Republic. In the beginning of his first term, he visited all the Eastern and Western States. It was a proper tribute to pay to millions of men who had never seen their favorite chief; and wherever he went he was received with tokens of affectionate recognition. The sharp and angry passions of other days were allayed. He had not been elected by the triumph of a party—he was chosen to lead the nation, and he did it with the calmness, impartiality and integrity of a great and good man. Under his administration the whole country prospered, and for the second time in our history, the lie was given to the infamous declaration, that had for ages been on the lips of despotism, that political conflicts in free States, necessarily end in the overthrow of popular liberty.

In the spirit of pure democracy, Mr. Monroe, in retiring to his residence in Virginia, accepted the office of justice of the peace. He finally removed to the residence of his son-in-law, Samuel S. Gouverneur, in the city of New York, where in his seventy-third year, he peacefully breathed his last on the anniversary of the birth of the nation, being the third President who had departed on that memorable day.

BENJAMIN WEST.

WE have been taught from childhood to venerate our Old Painters. Among our earliest recollections are Stuart's portrait of Washington, with its benign and earnest expression, looking so much like a father, and so venerable and grand, it looked like the Father of a Nation. And we saw the Declaration of Independence, and those long rows of gray heads, and those old costumes, and Hancock in the chair, and Franklin standing by him. We never read of those stormy days, and those honest, earnest, iron men, without thinking of Trumbull, and the mysteries of his art. How old people talked about the great picture of Death on the Pale Horse.

And so at last these old Painters became to us venerable personages—men whose names made us think of Plymouth Rock and Jamestown. Indeed, there was something more to us in these painters than Pilgrims—they were mysterious men, for they seemed to have a kind of incomprehensible relation with the old Heroes of Revolutionary Senates and battle-fields. This impression was not done away with even after Trumbull and Stuart were guests

BENJAMIN WEST.

at our houses, and we sat on their knees. We are quite willing that portion of the world which knows no better, should simmer a little to hear us talk so about Pilgrims, and Cavaliers, and Painters; but the day is coming as surely as another eclipse of the sun, when the men of this country will pile up everlasting bronze to our early Painters, as they have already piled up Massachusetts granite to the Pilgrims, and God will give us a Webster to speak when the foundation is laid.

Benjamin West* was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, October 10, 1738, just ten years after Smybert landed in America. His father was born in England, where his ancestors had distinguished themselves. Colonel James West had done some fighting on the right side with John Hampden, and Cunningham carries the painter's ancestry back to Lord Delaware, renowned in the wars of Edward the Third and the Black Prince. Benjamin was

* A gentleman by the name of Flower, who lived in a neighboring town, happening to see some of West's first essays in art, was so much pleased with the boy, that he obtained permission from his father to take him on a visit to his house. "A young English lady," says Cunningham, "was governess to his daughter. She was well acquainted with art, and was also intimate with the Greek and Latin Poets, and loved to point out to the young artist the most picturesque passages. He had never before heard of Greece or Rome, nor of the heroes, philosophers, poets, painters, and historians, whom they had produced, and he listened while the lady spoke of them, with an enthusiasm which, after an experience of nearly seventy years in the world, he loved to live over again."

Dr. Smith, Provost of the College at Philadelphia, saw young West at Lancaster, in his fifteenth year, and perceiving that his education was being neglected, proposed to his father to send his son to the Capital, where the worthy and learned Provost kindly proposed to direct his studies. But before this Quaker father gave up his boy to the "worldly occupation of painting," he felt it to be his duty to lay the matter before the Society of which he was a member. The Society assembled, and waited for the moving of the spirit. It was a serious question with those serious men and women, whether they could give their consent that one of their own members should wander from the fold to pursue an art which "had hitherto been employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of man."

"The spirit of speech first descended on one John Williamson. 'To John West and Sarah Persons,' said this Western luminary, 'a man-child hath been born, on whom God hath conferred some remarkable gifts of mind; and you have all heard that, by something amounting to inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art—shall we question His wisdom? Can we believe that He gives such rare gifts but for a wise and a good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this; we shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth.'"

The assembly seems to have felt the force of these words, and the young painter was called in. He entered and took his station in the middle of the room, his father on his right hand and his mother on the left, surrounded by a company of simple-hearted worshippers. A female spoke—for in the Society of Friends the pride of man has fastened no badge of servitude upon woman. There seemed to be but one opinion at the close of the discussion. Galt, who had the information from West himself, says "the women rose and kissed the young artist, and the men one by one laid their hands on his head." I know of nothing more beautiful in the history of Art, or even of Religion. I know of no scene more worthy of the pencils of our painters, than this first, and, for aught I know, last consecration, in our country, of a young genius to Art. I am not certain, too, if this may not have been the first meeting ever convened in America to consider the high claims of art upon citizens and Christians, and I should be inclined to doubt if any assembly has ever since been gathered, which has put forth so high, lasting, and noble an influence upon the Fine Arts.

It was a scene the young painter himself never forgot. He assured Galt that from that hour he considered himself expressly dedicated to Art—and that this release from the strict tenets of his religious community implied a covenant on his part to employ his powers on subjects holy and pure.

the youngest of nine children. When seven years old he "was placed with a fly-trap in his hand to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister. As he sat by the cradle the child smiled in sleep—he was struck with its beauty, and seeking some paper, drew its portrait in red and black ink. His mother returned, and snatching the paper, which he sought to conceal, exclaimed to her daughter: 'I declare, he has made a likeness of little Sally!' She took him in her arms, and kissed him fondly." His sober parents encouraged this new taste, and in no great space of time the quiet Quaker home was filled with works of art, such as they were. "When he was some eight years old, a party of roaming Indians paid their summer visit to Springfield, and were much pleased with the rude sketches which the boy had made of birds and fruits and flowers, for in such drawings many of the wild Americans (Indians, we suppose Mr. Cunningham means to say) have both taste and skill. They showed him some of their own workmanship, and taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colors with which they stained their weapons. They taught him archery, too." Lewis, his American biographer, says his colors were "charcoal and chalk, mixed with the juice of berries," and he laid them on with brushes made of the hair of a cat drawn through a goose-quill. He got "from the Mohawk or Delaware Indians red and yellow earths used by them at their toilets; Mrs. West's indigo-pot supplied blue, and the urchin thus gained possession of those primitive colors he afterwards knew to be the materials whose combined minglings, in their various gradations, gave all the tints of the rainbow."

A neighbor of the Wests, General Wayne's father, "took a liking," says Dunlap, "to six heads in chalk drawn by him (Benjamin), and presented him with six dollars for them. These chalk productions were among Mr. West's first performances, and he was so much pleased with their producing so large a price, as to be thereby chiefly induced to adopt for his means of support the profession of a painter. This anecdote Mr. West told me in London, 1785." Such was the commencement of Benjamin West's drawing.

Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, made a visit to Chester County, where he saw some of the sketches of the boy-artist, and when he reached home sent him a present worth more to him than a kingdom—a box of paints and brushes, and several pieces of canvas prepared, and six engravings by Greveling. These were the first works or implements of art the boy had ever seen. Cunningham and Galt tell us how he used them. "West placed the box on a chair at his bedside, and he was unable to sleep. He rose with the dawn, carried his canvas and colors to the garret, hung up the engravings, prepared a palette, and commenced copying. So completely was he under the control of this species of enchantment that he absented himself from school, labored secretly and incessantly for several days, when the anxious inquiries of the schoolmaster introduced his mother to his studio, with no pleasure in her looks; but her anger subsided as she looked upon his performance. He had avoided copyism, and made a picture composed from two of the engravings, telling a new story, and colored with a skill and effect which was in her sight surprising. She kissed him, says Galt, who had the story from the artist, with transports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him for having absented

(Continued on the Second page following.)



SOUTH CAROLINA OFFICERS.

FRANCIS MARION.—Born in South Carolina, 1732. Died there, Feb. 28, 1795. This chivalric soldier was of a Huguenot family which had early emigrated from France to South Carolina. His history is filled with the wildest romance, and with his wonderful military achievements made his name synonymous with personal purity, tried generalship, and enthusiastic patriotism.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.—Born in South Carolina, Feb. 25, 1746. Died there, Aug. 16, 1825. He was one of the most illustrious of the distinguished Pinckney family. Educated in England and France, he commenced practice at Charleston as a barrister, and served with great gallantry in the Revolution. He was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; was sent minister to France, and, dying, left a most honorable fame.

ANDREW PICKENS.—Born in Pennsylvania, Sept. 13, 1739. Died in South Carolina, August 17, 1817. One of the most brilliant officers in the war of the Revolution, distinguishing himself in every engagement, especially at the battle of Cowpens, for which Congress voted him a sword. He served also in the Legislature, and constitutional Convention of his State, and finally as a member of Congress. His is among the brightest names of that galaxy of statesmen and soldiers which shed so much glory over South Carolina.

THOMAS SUMTER.—Born in South Carolina, 1734. Died there, 1832. He was one of the bravest of those great partisan leaders who won fame in the trying days of the Revolution, when the cause of liberty could be saved only by heroic endurance, unflinching sacrifice, and the boldest generalship. After an apparent wreck of his health, and when he could no longer keep the field, he was elected to the National Congress. He lived long to enjoy his fame, and the prosperity of the country whose annals he had adorned.

WILLIAM WASHINGTON.—Born in Virginia. Died in South Carolina, March, 1810. He was a relative of Gen. George Washington, and displayed the same devotion to his country. He greatly distinguished himself at the South as a commander of a corps of cavalry; and, as an expert swordsman, wounded Tarleton in a personal combat at the battle of the Cowpens. His name may well rank with his brave companions in arms, illustrated on the opposite page.

BENJAMIN WEST.—Continued.

himself from school, but would go herself to the master and beg that he might not be punished. Sixty-seven years afterward, the writer of these Memoirs had the gratification to see this piece in the same room with the sublime painting of Christ Rejected, on which occasion the Painter declared to him that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass." Two of these sketches are still to be seen in Philadelphia.

Pennington took West to Philadelphia in his ninth year, where he executed a landscape of the Delaware, which so much delighted Williams, a portrait painter, that he warmly encouraged him to prosecute his studies. West's education had hitherto been chiefly confined to the simple rudiments of learning—he had read nothing but the Bible History. Williams may have painted good or bad portraits, but he did one thing worth remembering. He put into West's hands two books, Du Fresnoy and Richardson, with an invitation to call whenever he pleased and see his pictures. The books and the pictures made the love of art overcome all other feelings, and he returned home resolved to become a painter. Williams' pictures, which were "the first specimens of true art the boy had seen, affected West so much that he burst into tears."

Young West had his eye now fixed steadily on fame, and returned with Provost Smith to Philadelphia. He dedicated himself to study with earnestness and untiring perseverance, with the single object of making money to take him to Europe, and after painting some portraits in Philadelphia, he came to New York and opened a studio. His reputation had gone before him, and for eleven months he had all the portraits he could execute at double the prices he received in Philadelphia. He could now visit Italy, and he sailed for Leghorn in a ship belonging to one of his early patrons. On the morning of the 10th of July, 1760, West entered Rome. He was in his twenty-second year, and had nothing to do but to make his fame and his fortune. The arrival in Rome of a young Quaker from the wild woods of America to study art, excited universal wonder. He was the first representative in that ancient seat of empire, of the arts and artists of the New World, and his arrival was regarded as a strange event. Those who had not seen him, supposed of course that he was a savage. "One evening, soon after his arrival, he was exhibited at a *soirée*, by Lord Grantham. Cardinal Albani, who, though old and blind, had such delicacy of touch, that he was considered supreme in all matters of judgment regarding medals and intaglios. 'Is he black or white?' blandly inquired the venerable virtuoso, holding out both hands, that he might have the satisfaction of touching, at least, this new wonder. Lord Grantham smiled and said: 'He is fair—very fair.' 'What! as fair as I am?' exclaimed the Prelate. Now the complexion of this churchman was a deep olive—that of West more than commonly fair—and as they stood together, the company smiled. 'As fair as the Cardinal,' became for a while proverbial." The connoisseurs wished to try what effect the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raphael would have upon him, and Galt says that thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the Capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite char-

BENJAMIN WEST.

acters in Europe, conducted the young Quaker to view some of the masterpieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view; the statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed: "My God! a young Mohawk warrior!" The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild savage, and West, perceiving the unfortunate impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks—the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons—the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. "I have seen them often," he continued, "standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow." The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced. West was no longer a barbarian. He not only became the lion of society, but it gave him a fine opportunity of displaying his genius for art. His drawings he had shown to Mengs, the greatest artist then at Rome. "Young man," he said, "you have no occasion to remain in Rome to learn to paint. What I therefore recommend to you is this: Examine everything here worthy of attention—making drawings of some half a dozen of the best statues. Go to Florence, and study in the Galleries. Go to Bologna, and study the works of the Carracci; and then proceed to Venice, and view the productions of Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese. When all this is accomplished, return to Rome, paint an historical picture, exhibit it publicly, and then the opinion which will be expressed of your talents will determine the line of art which you ought to pursue."

He visited Florence, Bologna, and Venice, carefully studying all the works of the Great Masters those beautiful cities contain. At Parma he was elected a Member of the Academy. He painted for the Academy a copy of the St. Jerome of Correggio, "of such excellence, that the reigning Prince desired to see the artist. He went to Court, and, to the utter confusion of the attendants, appeared with his hat on. The Prince was a lover of William Penn, and he received the young artist with complacency, and dismissed him with many expressions of regard. During his visits to Florence and Bologna he had also received the honors of their Academies.

When he returned to Rome, he painted a picture of Cimon and Iphigenia, and another of Angelica and Medora. These works established his reputation in Italy. He had no rival in Italy but Mengs, and Pompeo Battoni, and he soon left those painters far behind him. After four years of study and triumph in that beautiful land, he turned his face towards England, to return to his native country; but he little knew how brilliant a career he was to run.

He arrived at London the 20th of June, 1763. He was introduced to Reynolds, and a letter from Mengs made him acquainted with Wilson. Intercourse with artists and an examination of their works awakened his ambition. He consulted no one, but took chambers in Bedford street, Covent-Garden, and set up his easel.

He could not have arrived in London at a more auspicious period. There was hardly an historical painter of genius then engaged in his art in Great Britain. Hogarth was dying—Barry had abandoned his easel to carry on controversies in Rome—Reynolds was devoted to

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

portraits—Wilson was neglected—Gainsborough confined himself chiefly to landscapes—West was thrown by fortune into a path that was to lead him to fame. But before he could succeed as an historical painter, he had to create a new taste in Great Britain, for there were few countries in Europe where there was at that time so little appreciation of high art as in England.

This prejudice against living genius continued until the arrival of West, and it must have required some courage in a young man at that time to make his appearance in England in the character of an historical painter. "I know not," says Leslie, "how long his *Pylades and Orestes* was on the artist's hand, but when I first saw it, it was in the collection of Sir George Beaumont."

Cunningham says: As soon as West had finished his *Angelica and Medora*, he sent it, by the advice of Reynolds, to the exhibition, together with the *Cimon and Iphigenia*, and a portrait of General Monckton, second in command to Wolfe, in the battle of Quebec. While he was employed in finishing those works, he had the good fortune to be introduced to Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke. Johnson he admired much, and found him civil and even kind. Burke also was indulgent, but our artist conceived there was an air of mystery about his demeanor. West at once recognized him as the brother of the Chief of the Benedictine Monks, at Parma. He painted for Dr. Newton the *Parting of Hector and Andromache*, and for the Bishop of Worcester the *Return of the Prodigal Son*. His reputation rose so much with these productions, that Lord Rockingham tempted him with the offer of a permanent engagement, and a salary of seven hundred pounds a year, to embellish with historical paintings his mansion in Yorkshire. West consulted his friends concerning this alluring offer; they were sensible men; they advised him to confide in the *public*; and he followed for a time their salutary counsel.

But West had left his heart in America, and in all his wanderings he seems to have preserved the image of a fair young Quakeress in his native land. No alluring prospect of immediate fame could atone for a longer sacrifice of his feelings, and he made his preparations to return to Philadelphia to claim his bride. "He disclosed the state of his affections to his friends, Smith and Allen; those gentlemen took a less romantic view of the matter, advised the artist to stick to his easel, and arranged the whole so prudently that the lady came to London, accompanied by a relation whose time was not so valuable as West's, and they were married on the 2d of September, 1765, in the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields." West probably never made a very enthusiastic lover, but he seems to have begun no better than he held out, for after something more than half a century's experience (time enough to form a tolerably correct opinion), his wife said to Washington Allston of her husband—"Ah! he is a *good man*—he never had a vice!" "This," says Allston, "was worth more than a volume of eulogy."

The Archbishop regarded the failure of this plan as a stigma on the country; his self-love too was offended. He disregarded alike the coldness of the Duke of Portland and the evasions of Lord Rockingham, to whom he communicated his scheme—sought and obtained

(Continued on the Second page following.)



PENNSYLVANIA OFFICERS.

THOMAS MIFFLIN.—Born in Pennsylvania, 1744. Died in Pennsylvania, January 20, 1800. He was a member of the first Continental Congress in 1774, and in 1775 was Washington's first aide-de-camp, with the title of Colonel. In 1775 he was promoted a Major-General; he also played a prominent part in the battle of Long Island. He was elected to Congress in 1783, and became President of that body. In 1785 he was Speaker of the State Legislature, and in 1787 a member of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution. In 1790 he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania.

ANTHONY WILKINSON.—Born in Pennsylvania, 1745. Died in 1796. He fought at Ticonderoga in 1775, and at Brandywine and Monmouth, and played a prominent part at Stony Point. In 1787 he was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention that ratified the Federal Constitution. He succeeded St. Clair in 1792, and won the battle of Miami in 1794.

PETER JOHN GABRIEL MUHLENBERG.—Born in Pennsylvania October 1, 1746. Died in Pennsylvania, October 1, 1807. He was a minister, and in a sermon said: "There is a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to fight; now is the time to fight;" and he immediately formed a regiment from among his congregation.

JOSEPH REED.—Born in New Jersey, August 27, 1741. Died in Philadelphia, March 5, 1785. When a member of Congress in 1778, an effort was made by the British Commissioner to induce him, for £10,000, to effect a conciliation between the Colonies and the Mother Country. His answer was, "That he was not purchasing; but such as he was, the King of Great Britain was not rich enough to buy him." He afterwards was President of the Supreme Council of Pennsylvania for a long time.

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.—Born in Scotland. Died in 1818. He came to America as Lieutenant in the British army under Wolfe. He joined the colonies on the breaking out of the war, and was made Major-General, and served throughout the war with distinction. In 1783 he was chosen President of the Cincinnati Society of Pennsylvania, his adopted State. He became President of Congress in 1787, and subsequently Governor of the Northwest Territory and held command of the forces against the Miami Indians. He died at an old age, in extreme poverty.

BENJAMIN WEST.—Continued.

an audience of His Majesty, then young and unacquainted with cares—informed him that a devout American and Quaker had painted, at his request, such a noble picture that he was desirous to secure his talents for the throne and the country. The King was much interested in the story of West as told by Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, and said: “Let me see this young painter of yours, with his Agrippina, as soon as you please.”

The King received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favorable light, and brought in the Queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to Her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the coloring. “There is another noble Roman subject,” observed His Majesty, “the departure of Regulus from Rome. Would it not make a fine picture?” “It is a magnificent subject,” said the painter. “Then,” said the King, “you shall paint it for me.” He turned with a smile to the Queen, and said: “The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus.” So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted. “The Departure of Regulus,” Dunlap says, with truth, “placed West on the throne of English art.” While he was engaged on that piece, the plan of the present Royal Academy at London, which is now the pride of Great Britain, was projected. “The Society of Incorporated Artists, of which West was a member, had grown rich by yearly exhibitions, and how to lay out this money became the subject of vehement debate.” “Indecent bickerings” followed, and West and Reynolds withdrew from the Society, and formed a plan for a new institution, which might put forth a higher and more beneficent influence upon the cause of art. The King approved the plan, corrected it, and drew up some additional articles with his own hand. The Royal Academy was founded, and in its first exhibition appeared the Regulus. This first great effort of West, which won him so much reputation, was one of the largest, and perhaps the best historical picture which had for a long time been painted in England.

We now come to the most interesting crisis in the artistic life of West. “A change was now to be effected,” remarks Cunningham, “in the character of British art; hitherto historical painting had appeared in a masked habit; the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. West dismissed at once this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of *The Death of Wolfe*. The multitude acknowledged its excellence at once.”

“West had now obtained the personal confidence of the King, and the favor of the public; his commissions were numerous, but of course the works for the palace had precedence. His Majesty employed him to paint the *Death of Epaminondas*, as a companion to that of *Wolfe*, the *Death of the Chevalier Bayard*, *Cyrus liberating the King of Armenia*, and *Segestes and his daughter brought before Germanicus*. He suggested to the King a series of pictures on the *Progress of Revealed Religion*. A splendid oratory was projected for their reception. He divided his subject into four dispensations—the Antediluvian, the Patriarchal, the Mosaic,

BENJAMIN WEST.

and the Prophetical; they contained in all, thirty-six subjects, eighteen of which belonged to the Old Testament, the rest to the New. They were all sketched, and twenty-eight were executed, for which West received in all, twenty-one thousand seven hundred and five pounds. A work so varied, so extensive, and so noble in its nature, was never before undertaken by any painter."

The Battle of La Hogue is one of West's finest pictures. While he was painting this noble piece, a British Admiral took him to Spithead, and sent a squadron out to sea and put the ships into action, firing broadsides, to give the painter an idea of smoke rolling off from a naval engagement.

West expressed on a certain occasion his regret that "the Italians had dipped their pencils in the Monkish miracles and incredible legends of the church, to the almost total neglect of the national history. The King instantly bethought him of the victorious reign of our Third Edward, and of St. George's Hall in Windsor Castle. West had a ready hand; he sketched out the following subjects—seven of which are from real, and one from fabulous history:

"1. Edward the Third embracing the Black Prince, after the Battle of Cressy. 2. The Installation of the Order of the Garter. 3. The Black Prince receiving the King of France and his son prisoners, at Poitiers. 4. St. George vanquishing the Dragon. 5. Queen Philippa defeating David of Scotland, in the battle of Neville's Cross. 6. Queen Philippa interceding with Edward for the Burgesses of Calais. 7. King Edward forcing the passage of the Somme. 8. King Edward crowning Sir Eustace de Ribault at Calais. These works are very large. They were the fruit of long study and much labor, and with the exception of the Death of Wolfe and the Battle of La Hogue, they are the best of all the numerous works of this artist."

The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was called the "finest gentleman in Europe." Leslie tells one fact to show it. While this "gentleman" was making some alterations in Windsor Castle, he came to a room filled with these noble paintings. They were the most valuable pictures in England. He ordered the pictures to be all thrown into a lumber-room to be eaten by palace rats. Sir Thomas Lawrence told the Prince that he could do as he pleased, to be sure, but no living artist could supply their places. The pictures were saved.

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died, the choice of the Royal Academy fell on West, and he was elected President. British writers seem to have had but one opinion on the propriety of this choice—there was no man in Great Britain whose title to the honor was so clear. The King offered him on this occasion the honor of knighthood. It had been the custom to confer this honor on the most distinguished painter in England. West was the only man who declined the title. But Englishmen still call this American "*Sir Benjamin*."

Leslie, in one of his letters to Dunlap, says: "Mr. West was, as you know, at all times delighted to receive Americans, and no subject of conversation interested him more than the present greatness and future prospects of the United States. His political opinions were known to be too liberal for the party who governed England during the regency and the

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

reign of George IV. Whether owing to this cause or not, he was certainly out of favor with the Court during all the time of George the Third's long seclusion from the world. It was to the credit of that monarch, that he never allowed the political opinions of Mr. West to interfere with his admiration of him as an artist, and his friendship for him as a man. The King died while Mr. West was confined to his bed with his last illness. Raphael West endeavored to keep the newspaper from him, but he guessed the reason, and said: 'I am sure the King is dead, and I have lost the best friend I ever had in my life.' "

Years went by. The Peace of Amiens had silenced for a time the roar of hostile cannon over Europe, and West went over to Paris, where Napoleon had gathered the *chef d'œuvres* of the world. The best artists, the most exquisite connoisseurs of Europe were there. West was received with enthusiasm and invited to an audience with the First Consul. He had the simple independence to recommend Napoleon to follow the example of Washington. How much he would have saved the world and himself, had he regarded this counsel!

Fox and Baring met West one day in the Louvre, where conversations took place on the importance of nations encouraging the higher departments of art. Fox seemed to be struck with West's views, and replied with much frankness, and with that sincerity which lasts at least for the moment, "I have been rocked in the cradle of politics, and never before was so much struck with the advantages, even in a political bearing, of the fine arts, to the prosperity as well as to the renown of a kingdom; and I do assure you, Mr. West, if ever I have it in my power to influence our government to promote the arts, the conversation which we have had to-day shall not be forgotten." They parted, and West returned to England.

"Old age was now coming on him; but his gray hairs were denied the repose which a life of virtue and labor deserved. He took it into his head that he was looked upon coldly by the government for his admiration of Buonaparte; and, assailed in the Academy by an opposition strong in numbers and in eloquence, in which Shée distinguished himself, he was induced to retire from the President's chair, and Wyatt was elected in his stead. This distinction the court architect had merited by no works which could be weighed in the balance with the worst of his predecessor's."

But the triumph of his enemies was transient. "In a short time the Academy became weary of Wyatt, displaced him, and restored the painter, by a vote which may be called unanimous; since there was only one dissenting member."

"Restored to a prouder eminence now than he had ever held before, West devoted himself with earnestness to the advancement of high art in England. He endeavored to form a National Association for the encouragement of works of dignity and importance, and was cheered with the assurance of ministerial, if not royal patronage. But all such reliance was vain.

"Mr. Fox, who succeeded him, declared, 'as soon as I am firmly seated in the saddle, I shall redeem the promise I made in the Louvre;' but he also was soon lost to his country. This pistol of an assassin prevented Percival from taking into consideration a third memorial which West had drawn up, and the President at last relinquished the project in despair. Yet his efforts were not unavailing, as the British Institution was formed out of the wreck of his magnificent plan." This was the second Institution for art which England owed to West.

(Concluded on the Third Page following.)

OLD STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

AMONG the numerous spots on our soil which command special interest in these Centennial days—many of which have already witnessed celebrations—there is no one that can claim precedence over Philadelphia; while there is certainly no public edifice consecrated by so many lofty and inspiring associations as Independence Hall. It witnessed the most important act ever performed on this continent—THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—that grand event which decided the destinies of the Western World, and which from the hour of its announcement, has been more and more powerfully affecting the fortunes of nations. Indeed, every decade that goes by, tends to show that the influence of the Declaration made within those walls, has only just begun to be comprehended.

History has been searched in vain by the most learned and enlightened scholars and statesmen, for a political event in any nation of such supreme significance. The Protestant Reformation stirred more deeply the religious thoughts of men; and the establishment of the Commonwealth in England was attended with vast, and perhaps hitherto uncomprehended results to the British empire. But Macaulay was scarcely criticised for his audacious assertion that the Protestant Reformation made little or no progress by new conquests, fifty years after the death of the reformers. After the brief period of Cromwell's Protectorate, England reverted to monarchy, leaving her institutions almost unchanged; and although that great nation has by slow and sometimes toilsome steps, at last secured to herself the establishment of consolidated liberty under constitutional law, yet it is universally acknowledged by eminent statesmen and philosophical writers on history and the progress of society, that the example of the American Republic has had a great and permanent influence in the advancement of England to that comparatively high degree of popular liberty which her people now enjoy; while, perhaps, it may be yet a long time before the two chief remaining abominations—the rights of primogeniture, and the connection between the Church and State—shall be overthrown.

One of the early effects of the Declaration of 1776, was seen in the wide movement among the American colonies of Spain, which achieved their independence, costing that old monarchy the loss of possessions, at that time, incomparably of more value to her than was England's loss at the North. It was the opinion of many of the European statesmen of the last generation, that even the source of the struggle of the Greeks for their independence was drawn from the inspiration of American liberty.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

A long residence in Italy, with every facility I could desire for tracing her progress through insurrections, and especially her great Revolution—which began in 1848, and which has terminated so gloriously in Independence and Unity, with a constitutional government, and a ruler of their own choice—was owing in no small degree to the example of America. It pervaded her literature, as far as she was allowed to have any; especially the writings of her scholars who were driven into exile, or suffered by martyrdom, or imprisonment, in the land of their birth. One book alone—Botta's History of our Revolution—was enough of itself to educate the thinking mind of Italy in American ideas of free government. Kings, and popes, and petty princes, made war on him; driving him into exile, where he died a martyr to the cause of liberty. But his book was printed in France and other neighboring countries, and the people of Italy became more familiar with the name of Washington than they were even with that of Lafayette; both being uttered with veneration and love by the Italian people.

But these instances give little idea of America's influence over the guiding minds of the world. The life and achievements of Washington, the political writings of the fathers of the Republic, and the standing example of a great and well-organized Republic, were not limited in their power to any one, or to a score of foreign countries—their fame penetrated all lands visited by civilized men. Their memories are enshrined in the hearts of more of the inhabitants of the earth to-day, than the names of any other of the earth's great political reformers.

When it became evident that the hundredth celebration of the Declaration of Independence would take place, there was no debate about the spot where the august ceremonies were to take place. If New York had seriously asserted any claim to that honor, it could only have been on the ground of the commercial supremacy of her metropolis; and there was no room for such considerations. Massachusetts claimed no precedence, although her Faneuil Hall wears the high but decorous title of the "cradle of liberty," from which, in Webster's language, "the young American eagle first plumed his wings for a flight over a thousand hills," and yet the soil of the old Bay State had drunk up the blood of the first battles of the Revolution. All eyes turned to Philadelphia, where the Declaration of Independence was made.

"Carpenter's Hall, in Chestnut, between Third and Fourth streets, was the place of meeting of the first Continental Congress in 1774. It was built in 1770 by the carpenters' company, which still owns it. It is open to visitors and has been fitted up to represent its appearance at the time of the Revolution, and its walls are hung with mementoes of that period. Independence Hall signifies generally the whole of the Old State House, but more specifically the large eastern room of the lower floor. It was built in 1732-5. Here the second Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence. In this hall Lafayette had a great public reception in 1824, and in 1830 a movement was commenced to restore it to its original condition, and to set it apart 'for dignified purposes only.' The portraits of the great men of the Revolution were procured, and historical relics were placed there for permanent preservation. In 1854 the consolidated city took a renewed interest in it; the old Independence Bell was taken from the tower and placed in the Hall; a large number of portraits from the Peale gallery were hung on the walls, and a keeper was appointed. It is open to visitors."—*American Cyclopædia*, Vol. XIII.

BENJAMIN WEST.—Concluded.

The veteran painter was now in his sixty-fifth year. Martin Arthur Shee mentions it to the discredit of Great Britain, that "the unremitting exertions of this distinguished artist in the higher department of painting during the period of forty-eight years had not, exclusive of His Majesty's patronage, produced him the sum of six thousand pounds." But he determined to try what could be done by relying upon the British people. He commenced a series of great subjects, of which he was always so fond. The first was *Christ Healing the Sick*, designed as a present to the Hospital of the Metropolis of Pennsylvania, his native State. A noble memorial of his love to the country of his birth, and her institutions! This work was exhibited in London. The rush to see it was very great—the praise it obtained was high, and the British Institution offered him three thousand guineas for it. West accepted the offer, for he was far from being rich—but on condition he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his native place. The proposition was accepted.

West felt encouraged by the success of the *Healing in the Temple*, and he "produced in rapid succession, the *Descent of the Holy Ghost at the Jordan*, ten feet by fourteen; *The Crucifixion*, sixteen feet by twenty-eight; *The Ascension*, twelve feet by eighteen; and *The Inspiration of St. Peter*, of corresponding extent; the great painting of *Christ Rejected*, and the still more sublime *Death on the Pale Horse*, enlarged and altered from the picture which he had carried to Paris in 1802."

"As old age benumbed his faculties, and began to freeze up the well-spring of original thought, the daring intrepidity of the man seemed but to grow and augment. Immense pictures, embracing topics which would have alarmed loftier spirits, came crowding thick upon his fancy, and he was the only person who appeared insensible that such were too weighty for his handling."

"Domestic sorrow mingled with professional disappointment. Elizabeth Shewell—for more than fifty years his kind and tender companion—died on the 6th of December, 1817, and West, seventy-nine years old, felt that he was soon to follow. His wife and he had loved each other some sixty years—had seen their children's children—and the world had no compensation to offer. He began to sink, and though still to be found at his easel, his hand had lost its early alacrity. It was evident that all this was to cease soon; that he was suffering a slow, and a general, and easy decay. The venerable old man sat in his study among his favorite pictures, a breathing image of piety and contentment, awaiting calmly the hour of his dissolution. Without any fixed complaint, his mental faculties unimpaired, his cheerfulness uneclipsed, and with looks serene and benevolent, he expired 11th March, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was buried beside Reynolds, Opie, and Barry, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The pall was borne by noblemen, ambassadors, and academicians; his two sons and grandson were chief mourners; sixty coaches brought up the splendid procession."

He was the pioneer and the father of American artists—the sober criticism of three generations has concurred in assigning him the first rank as an historical painter during the eighteenth century.

DIVORCE OF CHURCH AND STATE.

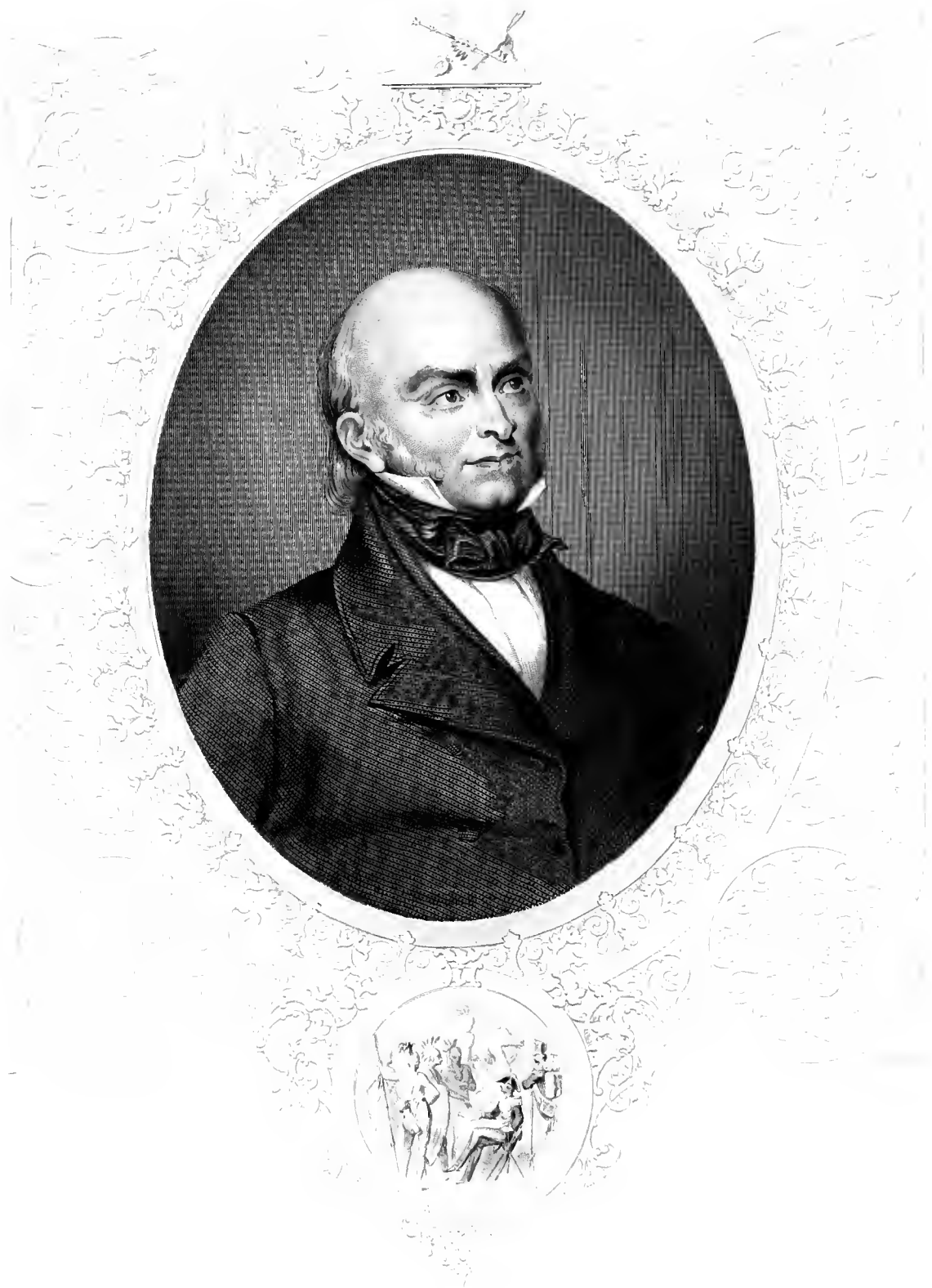


ONE of the corner-stones on which the American system of political life was founded was a complete divorce of the civil and ecclesiastical power. This was by universal consent the first point agreed on. There were men of all sorts of religious opinions mixed up with our affairs, and their ecclesiastical education and prejudices were almost as various as the nations they came from. But they had all seen or known so much of evil in uniting these prerogatives and powers in the sovereign head of political supremacy, that their eternal separation in our system was clearly and fully declared.

This was wise, and it has worked good, and only good, continually. Let us keep fast hold of this great idea of our fathers and founders, and all will be well.

But as time is bringing great changes among nations, and political earthquakes are heaving up Europe, we must take care and see that none of these undulations which reach our shores shall upheave our old foundations—for exotic politics or policy having been once expelled from our soil, must not attempt to be re-transplanted—it will not do! the trial will be a failure. We admit all men here as citizens—but they must forswear all political allegiance to any foreign prince or potentate. This is the law of American citizenship, and the nation will not allow it to be overthrown.

There are some symptoms of a growing disposition to introduce foreign ideas into America—to get up in this new land a counter-current against the general stream of American life and American policy. There have been recent efforts made to turn our foreign Catholic population against the Liberal cause in Europe—to make Catholics in America do something to help the Pope to keep political liberty down in Italy and Spain. Many of the papal priests in various States have publicly come out and appealed to their congregations to this effect; and where any one of their number has dissented from the movement, he has been “dealt with.” We are treating this question only from a political point of view—we are dealing with no man’s conscience in matters appertaining to his personal religion; that is most emphatically his own business. But it is our business to see that *our American system shall be preserved.*



John Quincy Adams.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Born in Mass., July 11, 1767. Died in Washington, Feb. 23, 1848.



HIS illustrious statesman occupies a place in our history which could have been filled by no other man. He stands on the line which divides our First Hundred Years into two equal parts—just half a century from the Declaration of Independence, and just the same distance from our first Centenary. Born while Faneuil Hall was ringing with the fiery eloquence of his own father, of Samuel Adams his Spartan relative, and James Otis, then the mightiest of them all, he breathed from his infancy the atmosphere of patriotism, statesmanship, and forensic power. Conditions more auspicious never attended the birth of an American boy. Inheriting a fine intellect in a vigorous and symmetrical body; with native proclivities for every virtue, and abhorrence of every vice; fired by a quenchless thirst for learning, and endowed with a capacity for observation and the acquisition of knowledge almost unrivalled; from his youth in the society of the most distinguished and learned men in the world, the future eminence he reached, even with the enormous wealth of his intellectual acquisitions, ceases to be a matter of surprise. In his eleventh year he accompanied his father, who had been appointed minister to France. This brought no interruption to his studies, from which he was never diverted by the fascination of the most brilliant society. His mental capacity, his vigor and symmetry of form, with his invariable good humor, made him the pet of everybody, from school-companions to the gravest statesmen. Returning from Russia, where he had been private secretary to Chief-Justice Dana, then the American minister, he was entered at Harvard College, and after graduating, he devoted three years to the exhaustive study of law, and opened an office for its practice in Boston. But literature and public affairs opened to him superior attractions, and Washington appointed him, in 1794, minister to the Hague. He was subsequently elected to the Senate of the United States. As the Second war with England was approaching a close, President Madison instructed him to leave St. Petersburg, and join the other commissioners sent to negotiate the treaty of Ghent; and on Mr. Monroe's accession to the Presidency, in 1817, Mr. Adams became his Secretary of State.

At half past 12 o'clock on the fourth of March, 1825, Mr. Adams, who had been elected President of the United States, entered the hall of the House of Representatives, for his inauguration.

Few men ever lived who had more faith in ideas, and less in forms. He had an


AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

unwavering faith in the rectitude of the final judgment of his countrymen. He was, in the best sense, a pure democrat; and yet he never invoked adventitious aid for the promotion of any measure, least of all for his own advancement. His native integrity was equalled only by his supreme faith in the final triumph of justice and common sense. He loved justice for its own sake; and to the last hour of his life, even when his body had grown tremulous with age, and he stood in his place in the House of Representatives, in his eighty-first year, battling for the right of any American petitioner to be heard before that august tribunal, did his soul ever quiver in the advocacy of justice, or truth, or human rights—rights as broad as universal Humanity. On February 21, 1848, he was struck with paralysis in his seat in the House of Representatives. He was removed to the Speaker's private room, where, two days later, he expired with these words on his lips: "This is the last of earth; I am content."

Although Mr. Adams's term was distinguished by no very remarkable events, yet a large number of salutary and useful measures were adopted, and a model of executive administration was presented. There was vigilance in the execution of the law by all its officers and guardians, and it now seems to us, with an amazing and incredible economy in conducting the government; for with the exception of the payment of interest on the national debt, the annual cost of carrying on the machinery of the Republic—thirteen million dollars—was less than half the present expense of conducting the municipal government of the City of New York. There was no waste; there was no stealing; there were no defalcations, and there were no rings, nor jobs. There was probity and integrity in office; there was no purchasing of votes, or corrupt means practised to influence legislation; there was public and private virtue; there was simplicity of manners. The old rule which Jefferson had laid down as the qualifications for office, "Is the applicant honest? Is he capable?" had not then gone out of fashion. We were represented at the courts of foreign nations by men of experience, learning, ability, and decorum of manners. The whole judiciary system was characterized by legal learning and unsuspected integrity. The decisions of courts everywhere commanded respect at home and abroad. Nearly every great constitutional question had been settled by the Supreme Bench; and in surveying the whole of our past, we shall hardly find an administration which left so little to regret or so much to recall with admiration and gratitude, as the administration of John Quincy Adams.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Born in Rhode Island, April 7, 1780. Died Oct. 2, 1842.

OME men are appointed by Providence to transmit the torch of truth from age to age. They come and go with the centuries. At one period, they are called prophets; at another, poets; at another, apostles. But whenever they appear, they fulfill their mission. They inspire deeper respect for man as the child of a Universal Father, and warmer sympathy for his sufferings and progress. But for their efforts, sacrifices, and triumphs, science would lack teachers, humanity vindicators, and Christianity apostles. They have achieved for mankind all that has yet been done; and to them we look for all that is to be done in the future. Of these was Channing. His whole life was a pure offering to philosophy, learning, humanity, and religion. In his stainless character, we find almost everything we admire in genius, or venerate in virtue. Descended from upright, generous, and well-educated ancestors; his father a learned and eminent jurist; his mother a woman of great tact, energy, integrity and judgment; born on the southern slope of the greenest island on the verge of the Atlantic, existence opened kindly and brightly on the frank, brave, beautiful boy. He was graduated with the honors of Harvard University at the age of eighteen, and spent two years as private tutor in the family of David Mead Randolph, of Virginia, where he often met Marshall, and other great men of the period. Returning to Cambridge, he retired from the world to settle the principles and purposes of his life. His intellectual and moral character was fixed forever. The future brought no change to him but development and progress. In 1803, at the age of twenty-four, he was settled over the Federal Street Church, Boston, and maintained the relation till his death. He visited Europe in 1822, appeared as an author in 1826, went to the West Indies in 1830, died in 1842, in his sixty-third year, and he sleeps among the sacred graves of Mount Auburn.

Such are the records of chronology. But they give no idea of Channing. His history is preserved in the archives of the Republic of letters—his achievements are found in the annals of Philosophy and Truth. There are no events in his history to relate. We must therefore contemplate his character. From the beginning, he was an earnest seeker for the right and the true. This brought him to Religion, which became the great fact of his life; authorship was only an accident. He believed man capable of infinite elevation, and to this great object he dedicated his life. His genius soon raised him to eminence. He brought with him to the pulpit, few of those facilities on which orators rely. Small in stature, feeble in physical organization, and humble in the estimate of his own powers, he reposed all his hopes of success on simple truth; and he never tried to reach the heart except by appeals to the understanding. In his bland and contemplative philosophy, he became the Plato of the Christian religion. The gentleness of his spirit harmonized with the delicacy of his person. His complexion was clear, his hair soft and dark, his eyes of deep and brilliant blue; every movement was instinct with grace, and his voice went to the heart with the witchery of a spell. With his exquisite sensibility to good, and the brightness and energy of his conceptions of truth, his auditors

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

felt that he had moulded himself to symmetrical goodness; and the directness with which he brought Christianity to bear on every-day life, made religion under his preaching a more practical and sublime reality. Controversy was repugnant to his nature, for with him religion was a life, and not a creed. He always acted on the belief, that Christ died to influence the mind of man, and not the mind of God. His object in those controversies which he was forced to maintain, was to unfold, diffuse, and defend large, catholic views of Christianity. His habits of study were philosophic. Every field of science, and every department of learning, yielded him its tribute. He held with steadiness every subject on his mind, till his opinions were established. His style, was clear, graceful, strong. He was transparent in simple earnestness. He roused every hearer's mind to its highest capacity of reflection. By instinct he dreaded, as much from principle he abhorred, all fetters on free thought. Above all did he claim for the intellect perfect liberty in matters which concern the soul. He applied the highest principles of Christianity to the affairs of individuals, communities, and nations. He illustrated strikingly, what he profoundly believed—that genius is a self-guiding, calm, comprehensive power. He rebuked fearlessly, but justly, the vices and the sins of his age. The hoary crime of war—that disastrous legacy of barbarism; intemperance, that hydra-iniquity; oppression, that concentration of all curses; sectarianism, the worst foe of Christianity; and infidelity, the blight of the soul—one by one they all excited his pity, and drew down his rebuke.

No man has lived, who could more truly say with Terence, *Homo Sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*. His heart went out for the forgotten multitude, for he recognized greatness under the lowliest disguises; and probably his Lectures to the laboring classes on Self-Culture, will be among the last of his writings to perish. He not only thirsted for perfect goodness himself, as the centre and fullness of all that is truly great or beautiful, but his sympathy was wakeful and ceaseless with human nature in its destinies, science in its progress, and freedom and religion in their struggle.

One of his deepest feelings was a consciousness of the progress of the whole universe, and he looked on the future, not on the past. He was lovely in all his domestic relations; and from his presence emanated sweet sanctions on every scene and character of social life. His very "good morning" was a welcome to prayer. He had lost his father in his youth, but his mother was long spared to him, and every year only brightened the beauty of his filial affection with new reverence, tenderness, and regard. His summer home was on his native island, where among the tranquilizing influences of woodland walks, serene landscapes, and ocean's luxuriant heavings, he wrote most of his works. His life became more beautiful to the last.

When this pure and gifted man died, a tribute without parallel was paid to his memory. As the funeral procession moved with his ashes for the grave, in the general dirge was heard the tolling of the great bell from the tower of the Catholic Cathedral. It foretold the coming of that better age, which Channing had lived and labored for, when all distinctions of creed and clime will be forgotten in the universal brotherhood of man.

Over a green mound in Mount Auburn, that beautiful garden of the dead, a chaste monument bears the inscription "Channing." Those who breathe the atmosphere of the spot, find in it refreshment and courage for the battle of life.

ANDREW JACKSON,

Born in North Carolina, March 15, 1767. Died in Tennessee, June 8, 1845.

THE eye of the navigator is always attracted first to the boldest headland within its range. So will the future explorer of American history be involuntarily arrested by the stalwart form of Andrew Jackson, as it first rises from the smoke of the battle-fields of the Second War for Independence, till it mounts to the highest eminence of the Republic. Neither Monarchies nor Free States can expect to find men so great as their founders. Among the "First Class of great men," Lord Bacon reckons the Founders of States, who, as they can have no rivals, are not expected to divide their fame with their successors. General Jackson is nearly exempt from this rule, for in his extreme youth he fought in the Revolution by the side of its Founders; and in mature life, being elevated to the Presidency—all the time in the service of his country, either as a soldier, legislator, judge, senator, or general—he connects the generation of men now living, with the Revolutionary heroes and statesmen in a peculiar manner. In this respect he stands alone; for, being the successor of John Quincy Adams, he was the last President who had any participation whatever in the struggles of the Revolution. While his chivalry would have made him a soldier in any nation—since he sprang from the most heroic blood in the world—his Scotch-Irish ancestry fired him with a love of liberty, which made him ready at any moment to sacrifice everything but honor, to the glory of his native land.

Had his parents delayed their emigration much longer, he would have lost what he called "the great privilege of being born on American soil." They had been very poor at home, his mother belonging to a hard-working family of linen-weavers. Andrew was born a few months after the death of his father, and grew up with little training or education, except such as he found in his passionate fondness for athletic sports, in which, as in the strifes of the future, he excelled all rivals. With an elder brother, at the age of thirteen, he joined the militia after the terrible massacre by Tarleton, and became prisoner in 1781. After the war, and the death of his brother, he worked hard to support his mother, who had been left utterly destitute. Removing to Charleston, his ambition prompted him to study law, and before he had completed his twentieth year, he was admitted to the bar. From that time began his successful career as a lawyer in Tennessee, whither he had emigrated. In 1796, he was elected to Congress, where he served during the last year of Washington's second term. He gained so much popularity, that the following year he was

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

elected to the Senate of the United States. But he was soon called from the Senate, to become a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. He was diverted from all civil and agricultural pursuits to the army, where he displayed the highest abilities as a general, both in organizing and conducting troops. The victory of New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1815, ending in the death of Pakenham, and the entire defeat of the British army, crowned Jackson's military fame, and opened the way to the highest civic honors. In 1828 he became President, and was re-elected to continue his administration till 1837. It is safe to say that, with very few exceptions, no soldier or statesman has won the admiration of his country by nobler deeds, or established a fairer claim to its gratitude for his patriotism and unspotted integrity in his administration of public affairs.

THE SETTLER.

His echoing axe the settler swung
Amid the sea-like solitude,
And rushing, thundering, down were flung
The Titans of the wood ;
Loud shrieked the eagle as he dash'd
From out his mossy nest, which crash'd
With its supporting bough,
And the first sunlight, leaping, flash'd
On the wolf's haunt below.

Rude was the garb, and strong the frame
Of him who plied his ceaseless toil :
To form that garb, the wild-wood game
Contributed their spoil ;
The soul that warm'd that frame, disdain'd
The finsel, gaud, and glare, that reign'd
Where men their crowds collect ;
The simple fur, untrimm'd, unstain'd,
This forest tamer deck'd.

The paths which wound mid gorgeous trees,
The streams whose bright lips kiss'd their flowers,
The winds that swell'd their harmonies
Through those sun-hiding bowers,
The temple vast—the green arcade
The nestling vale—the grassy glade,
Dark cave and swampy lair,
Those scenes and sounds majestic, made
His world and pleasures, there.

His roof adorn'd a lovely spot,
Mid the black fogs green glow'd the grain,
And herbs and plants the woods knew not,
Throve in the sun and rain.
The smoke-wreath curling o'er the dell,
The low—the bleat—the tinkling bell,
All made a landscape strange,
Which was the living chronicle
Of deeds that wrought the change.

The violet sprung at spring's first tinge,
The rose of summer spread its glow,
The maize hung on its autumn fringe,
Rude winter brought its snow ;
And still the settler labor'd there,
His shout and whistle woke the air,
As cheerily he plied
His garden-spade, or drove his share
Along the hillock's side.

He mark'd the fire-storm's blazing flood
Roaring and crackling on its path,
And scorching earth, and melting wood,
Beneath its greedy wrath ;
He mark'd the rapid whirlwind shoot
Trampling the pine-lee with its foot,
And darkening thick the day,
With stream, bough, and sever'd root,
Hurl'd whizzing on its way.

His gaunt hound yell'd, his rifle flash'd,
The grim bear hush'd its savage growl,
In blood and foam the panther gnash'd
Its fangs, with dying howl ;
The fleet deer ceased its flying bound,
Its snarling wolf-foe bit the ground,
And with its moaning cry,
The beaver sank beneath the wound
Its pond-built Venice by.

Humble the lot, yet his the race !
When Liberty sent forth her cry,
Who throng'd in Conflict's deadliest place,
To fight—to bleed—to die.
Who cumber'd Bunker's height of red,
By hope, through weary years were led,
And witness'd Yorktown's sun
Blaze on a Nation's banner spread,
A Nation's freedom won.—ALFRED B. STREET.

THE BLACK-LETTER AND TELEGRAPH.

WE have left the black-letter age for ever. Froissart, with his forty folios of chronicles; Lopez de Vega, with his twenty-two hundred plays; Muratori, with his Alexandrian Library, belonged to those centuries which rolled by before the mighty agencies had gone abroad which are now agitating mankind. We need not, however, go back so far as the authors we have mentioned, for our illustrations. No longer ago than the time of Johnson, Addison, Goldsmith, and Steele, literary periodicals were a novelty, which excited the curiosity and astonishment of mankind. When the *Rambler* and the *Idler* were first projected, they were supposed to be fatal innovations upon the literary system of that period; for in the hands of such men, nobody could doubt their success. The black-letter taste still prevailed, even in England, which was far advanced beyond the rest of the world in the spirit of modern progress.

From that time, the literature of the world has been gradually advancing, from libraries, cloisters, studios, and universities; and it has at last become so aggressive that few authors now rely upon the bound volume form, for influence or power. In the beginning of the present century, Edinburgh became distinguished in leading the way in literary journalism in Europe. The *Edinburgh Review*, and *Blackwood's Magazine* started at about the same time—the one a monthly, and the other a quarterly publication. The former, Brougham chose for the medium of his stirring and powerful ideas; and they put forth more influence upon the literary taste of Great Britain than all its books together. These leading minds felt the spirit of their age, and they foresaw that with the progress men were making in ideas, books in ponderous forms were becoming too slow a medium through which to communicate with the world. Rival journals were rapidly multiplied, and things at last came to such a pass in Great Britain, and on the Continent, that nearly all the startling and brilliant literary productions of cultivated minds, came out in the periodical form. Every university, city, society, and profession, had its organ; and reviews and periodicals were multiplied to an indefinite extent. The great changes which came over Europe during the ascendancy of Napoleon, and the mighty discoveries and applications of new principles in the mechanical world, with the rapid and unprecedented rise into power and reputation of the American republic, introduced a new period of progress in journalism. Men could no longer wait for the massive quarterly or slow monthly, for the discussion of ideas and principles. Great literary and weekly journals were established, and maintained their ascendant for a considerable period, until, at last, even these had to give way to the lightning speed of the daily press.

We have now reached a period when books have lost much of their former control over the opinions of mankind, and the thinking machines of the world are the cylinder presses, which strike off 100,000 an hour. It is a great mistake that Methuselah lived such a very long time. Nine hundred and sixty-nine years amounted to very little before the Flood. Time is no longer to be measured by successive strokes of the pendulum, but by successive ideas; and before an author, whatever be his talents or reputation, can write, and print, and bind, and bring into market a single volume on a new subject, ten to one the subject itself has grown

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

stale as the burning of Moscow. Events are moving too rapidly to allow of any historiographer except the steam-press. The telegraph is now doing the old work of the railways, and extras are scattering their messages on the wings of the wind. We do not mean to say that literary and scientific men may not still, for a long period, and perhaps for ever, write and publish, with profit and advantage, essays and dissertations upon science, systems of education, history and the progress of society. There are many investigations, discoveries, and ideas of men of learning, which require the elaborate form of the ponderous volume; but we mean to say that the literary talent of the world, to all intents and purposes, makes itself felt every twenty-four hours through the daily press. In London and Paris the most powerful and learned writers are concentrated around the great daily journals. Those men, who once devoted all their energies to the writing of great books, now sit up till three o'clock in the morning, when the last telegraphic despatches arrive from every part of the world, and during the next hour or two, compose with electric speed, articles which are thrown under the steam-engine, and committed before daylight to railways travelling forty miles an hour. Their thoughts, instead of being thrown into libraries, are thrown into the community. Instead of waiting whole weeks, months, years, and, perhaps, generations, for readers who can appreciate what they say, they reach the heads and hearts of millions before the earth has made one revolution on her axis. Their ideas enter into the conversation, the thoughts, and the actions of myriads, even before they read them themselves in a printed form.

This we conceive to be the highest mission of literary men; and if every accomplished scholar in this country, instead of wasting his time and exhausting his powers in preparing volumes which would be limited in their sale, and consequently in their influence, would hold their ear to the telegraph and listen to its responses, they might be able to control the opinions of mankind a thousand times more effectually than can be done by any author in voluminous form. Time is more precious in 1876 than it ever was before. Franklin was supposed to be a very wise man, and he doubtless was; but the highest estimate we find in his writings upon the value of time, is embraced in that golden sentence where he says "time is money." In the month of July, Anno Domini 1876, it means something more. It means gold, indeed, and from California at that; but it also means political, moral, social, and intellectual power. It means progress, impetus, advancement. It means everything that belongs to the age, into which the elements of all past ages are being so fearfully crowded.

When we read in some essay, written chiefly to aid digestion on the sofa, after a good dinner, or a fashionable novel—which, we are happy to learn, the most approved and celebrated homœopathic physicians now prescribe, in small doses, as anodynes, soporifics, etc.—that a large number of literary men, charity scholars, poets, et cetera, are wandering about the streets, looking for employment, we are disposed to ask why it is that men who call themselves educated—which ought to mean, *being at the head of their age*—have got so far behind the time that they cannot get their living with their pens? We have given a hint to these out-at-the-elbow gentlemen. Latin and Greek are too slow for this age. Good Anglo-Saxon, with the modern languages, the steamboats, railroads, and telegraphs, have made even pretty good poetry of very little consequence.

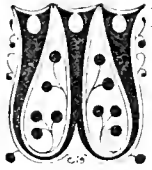


DEATH OF PAKENHAM.

JACKSON had been promoted to the rank of major-general, and put in command of our forces at the South. He learned that the English fleet was about to land an army of 1,000 men at New Orleans, to sweep up to the heart of the country, laying waste both sides of the Mississippi. He took his decision and executed it at once. A bloody skirmish occurred on the 23d of December in the neighborhood of New Orleans, without any decisive results; but the American commander had chosen a strong position, which he fortified by well constructed breast-works, that were to prove impenetrable to the shots of the enemy. He had protection for one wing of his army on the river, and a thick wood for the other. Here, with an inferior force, he lay intrenched, waiting for Sir Edward Pakenham the British commander. The assault was made and continued with great perseverance for seven hours, when the assailants retired with considerable loss. On the 1st of January, 1815, powerful reinforcements had swelled the British Army to the favorite number of 14,000, all able bodied, perfectly equipped, veteran men. Jackson's forces did not exceed 6,000, and many of them had never seen a fight. But his superior generalship was to more than atone for inferiority of numbers; while the ill-advised delay of Pakenham was to place victory beyond his reach.

Finally, on the 8th of January, a grand assault was made by the British army in all its strength. They were repulsed; but their wavering columns grew steady under the command of veteran leaders, and again they advanced in solid phalanx on the American breast-works. Once more, under the well-directed fire of the Americans, they fell back, and for the third time their staggering and decimated battalions closed in, and went bravely up to the desperate work. Platoons, companies, regiments, columns melted into the earth; and at last the brave Pakenham fell dead from his horse. His two chief generals were disabled by wounds, and the staggering British army retreated for the third and last time from the impregnable ramparts. The British loss was 2,600, while of the Americans only 7 soldiers fell. This great victory did for the Second War with England, what the battle of Yorktown had done for the first. It defeated and disheartened the British, and would have put an end to the struggle, even had peace not already been secured by the negotiation of the treaty of Ghent. What sacrifice would have been saved if Morse's Telegraph cables had then been able to flash the good news!

AMERICAN LEATHER.



WE have no space to give any extended history of the leather trade of America, least of all the processes or improvements in tanning which have grown up with the growth of the nation. We can only present a brief sketch of the progress of the art in America, and give some of its principal features.

In the early history of the Thirteen Colonies scantiness of material and poverty of means, distinguished all our arts; and the history yet to be written of leather in America will show that we had no superfluity of cattle, for our oxen had to do our heavy work with the ox-cart and the log-chain, and cows which gave us milk, butter, and cheese, were too precious to be killed for food. But when this became necessary, their hides were well tanned, in every part of the country, and the leather was used with the greatest economy.

But as time rolled on, and neatfoot animals increased, the tanning of leather became one of the cultivated arts, which, requiring considerable capital till its reputation grew up into what it has now become—not only the main reliance for this continent, but an important and growing department of our foreign commerce.

Among other names that should be mentioned with honor in the first great development of the American leather trade will always be found Col. William Edwards, Jacob Lorillard, and Gideon Lee—men of sterling worth in public and private life, who, in the government of New York city, in banking institutions, important and deliberative bodies, became honorably distinguished. Their successors still hold that large district wholly devoted to the tanning and leather business, then and now known as “the Swamp.” They have allowed no modern commercial invasions to interfere with their “ancient, unmolested reign.” Once, a hundred thousand dollars there, stamped a man as a leader of the trade; now, those who can quadruple that sum, are numbered by the score.

The leather trade has grown very rich and powerful. Once its processes were carried on in every little nook and corner where domestic hides could be obtained, and this trade furnished the chief supply for country demand. The processes were somewhat rude; but good leather was made.

To trace the history and growth of the American leather trade, it is hardly necessary to go back farther than about 1820; for up to that time tanning had been carried on only in a small and primitive way. The first hemlock leather, so far as we know, was tanned in Cummington, Mass., and the first generation of American tanners grew up in that region. A few years after the war of 1812 (1820), the leather pioneers crossed the Hudson River, and struck into the great hemlock district of Greene and Delaware, and the neighboring counties; afterwards spreading over the broad tract which has since, and until within a few years, been the home of the American tanner, and witnessed the chief hemlock triumphs. The importation of hides from South America began, and gradually it went on step by step, and decade by decade, till the quantity of sole leather inspected in the city of New York rose from 265,000 sides, in 1827, to 665,000 sides ten years later. In 1847, it reached 1,168,000; in 1858, it exceeded 3,500,000; showing an increase of nearly 1,300 per cent., while the population had

AMERICAN LEATHER.

only doubled. The increase during the last eighteen years has exceeded the wildest calculations of the greatest enthusiasts. In 1838, the total import of foreign hides rose to only 1,613,500 pieces of all sorts, their value not exceeding \$2,000,000. Twenty years later, the number of pieces reached 2,757,000, of the value of \$10,000,000; which, as an imported raw material, was then greater than any other brought into the country, giving annual employment to over 180 vessels, bringing New York second only to Liverpool in the hide importing business of the world.

Our census furnishes no detailed facts on the subject till 1840, although from that time we learn that while the number of small tanneries diminished, the productive power was greatly increased. Even at this day, the number of tanneries in the United States may not be so large as sixty years ago, when they could only tan 150,000 sides, of the value of \$4,000,000. No longer ago than 1845 the tanneries produced over \$15,000,000. Zadock Pratt stated in 1859 that up to 1843 the imported duties on hides had netted over \$7,000,000, and that "the finest tanneries of the world are in our own State—New York; and it is beyond all doubt that the trade as conducted, has attained a higher excellence than in any other country on the globe."

The importance of the leather industry of the country, embracing the capital and labor employed in all its departments, ranks next to agriculture. While the iron production in 1870 only reached \$120,000,000, the value in manufactured boots and shoes alone, exceeded \$246,000,000; the value of other manufactures of leather reached \$63,300,000; the number of hands employed in the manufacture of all sorts of leather products exceeded 180,000. Much the larger portion of this industry is carried on east of the Alleghanies; for, while it is of considerable importance in Kentucky, and the States north of the Ohio, very little of the business is done on the Pacific slope. During the year ending June 30th, 1873, \$4,612,885 worth of leather was exported from the United States, and \$6,766,202 imported. Three-quarters of this commerce passed through New York.

Of the future advancement of this vast industry there need be no apprehension. The leather trade is more exempt than nearly all others from casualties and fluctuations of finance and commerce. Nearly all its products are among the actual necessities of life; and the chief demand at home must necessarily increase with the growth of population; while our facilities for production by improved processes and machinery, give us advantages which are already telling favorably in our exports to foreign countries. One of our great advantages consists in the cheapness of hemlock-bark, which is principally used for tanning; a cord weighing 2,000 pounds costing from \$2 to \$6, while the English oak-bark costs \$30, and it is well ascertained that the amount of tannin it contains does not greatly exceed that of American hemlock of average growth.

And yet our exports from 1840 were attended with little success until the removal, in 1872, of the ten per cent. duty on foreign hides brought to this country. But there was a serious prejudice to overcome. American hemlock leather being of a red color, the English manufacturers long insisted that it was not tanned, but only *colored*. Nor was it so neatly fleshed, finished, and trimmed, as the English. Even now, although its substantial qualities are recognized by the great English boot and shoe manufacturers, it is still sold there only as an article

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

inferior to their best, although acknowledged to be better than the poorer qualities of which the greatest proportion of their product consists. These prejudices however did not exist to such an extent on the continent of Europe, where we are to look hereafter for our best customers.

Those who understand the subject most thoroughly expect no small impulse to be given to the American leather trade by the Exposition at Philadelphia; for it is believed it will there be made to appear that the whole system of tanning leather is better understood here than in any other country, with the exception, perhaps, of some of the smaller skins that are used for finer and more delicate purposes, but which in the aggregate, amount to less than a tithe of the whole business. A final consideration should not be overlooked. The leather industry has always been characterized in this country by a solidity of capital, judicious management, and a high tone of commercial honor, as well as with greater freedom from extravagance and speculation than almost any other trade. The chief tanners and dealers are men who have grown up with the trade, and they have finally consolidated a union among themselves which will insure greater steadiness of prices, improved qualities and workmanship, so that the outlook for the American leather trade is full of encouragement.

The honor of being the prophet of the destiny of American leather is always cheerfully accorded to Jackson S. Schultz. Even so brief a sketch as this would be incomplete and unjust, if the more recent services of Mr. Schultz in this cause were not somewhat prominently spoken of. Being appointed one of the United States Commissioners to the World's Fair at Vienna, he proposed to the trade before starting on his mission, to make contributions of their various kinds of stock of American tanned leather, to be sold in small lots, in order to introduce it to the trade in Europe. The results justified his sagacious predictions, for it opened a new era in our exports of leather. Even during the last two years of commercial depression, a new life has been felt in the trade, affording another illustration of which we have so many, to show that no amount of legislation in the form of protective tariffs, with all the capriciousness of their changes, can be relied upon for the advancement of our commerce abroad and our industries at home, so much as to teach us by patient application and superior appliances of inventive art, to distance rivalry in foreign markets by making our products known. Our experience has proved, at all periods, that one axiom of political economy has never been successfully controverted—that the most fatal policy is to interpose obstacles to freedom of commerce, and above all, to lay burdens upon raw material from foreign countries, since they are dead-weights on the wings of commerce, and clog the wheels of manufacturing progress.



117 New Brun

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Born in New York, December, 1782. Died in New York, July 24, 1862.

ALL former Presidents had been direct descendants of Britons, and they had all been born before the Revolution, and participated more or less in its events. Mr. Van Buren's ancestors were Hollanders who settled in Columbia County, on the Hudson—a county pre-eminent perhaps above all others in the United States, for men of ability at the bar, and on the bench.

Young Van Buren grew up on a most genial soil, and breathed a judicial atmosphere from his very childhood. Early prepared for the law, he chose it as a profession, and soon established a reputation which is seldom the reward except of long study and practice; for although he was distinguished neither for great learning, nor eloquence, he was patient in study, and rapid in acquisition. Distinguished for keenness of perception; acute in discrimination, analytical in reasoning, and forcible in logic; ready in debate, careful to wariness in every utterance, and in every act; sagacious as a politician, and genial in public and private life; winning friends on all sides, and retaining them by his loyalty, he steadily obeyed all the monitions of that rare sagacity, which, controlling the aspirations of a well-regulated ambition, almost infallibly leads to success.

In 1815 he became Attorney-General of the State of New York, and in 1828 was elected its Governor. He afterwards served in the Senate of the United States; was appointed Minister to England; and in 1832 elected Vice-President. Four years later he became Jackson's successor in the Presidential office, from which, if he did not win a brilliant reputation, he was at least able to retire with honor.

He was the first of our Presidents who visited Europe on retiring from office. Dismissing all further plans for public life, he devoted considerable time to travel in the Old World, where his accomplishments, not less than his political fame, secured for him a distinguished reception among the statesmen and rulers of Europe. Returning to his native country, he lived twenty-two years longer; cultivating his estate with the economy and success of a practical farmer, but always finding his highest pleasures in the enjoyment of books, the company of friends, and the amenities of refined life.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.



ON the night of the 25th of December, 1806, while a winter-storm was drifting over the island of Manhattan, in an upper chamber of a house lately standing in Fulton Street, five men assembled to organize the first lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows ever founded on this continent.

To the Genius of Humanity presiding over that humble scene, and foreseeing its consequences, it must have seemed like a parent rill which gushes from a lofty range of mountains on a far pilgrimage to the sea.

They called the Institution they founded "Shakspeare Lodge," and like the name they gave it, it has pervaded the world. Its charter now lies side by side with the play of Hamlet in the secluded library of the scholar on the Hudson, and in the frail tent of the gold-digger on the golden banks of the Sacramento. The names given to the first four Lodges in New York indicate the spirit of their founders. Shakspeare represented Literature and Humanity; Franklin was the second, and represented Philosophy and Labor; Washington was the third, and represented Heroism and Love of Country; Columbia was the fourth, and represented the broad continent where Odd-Fellowship was to achieve its greatest triumphs.

No encomium on this Order is needed. It has existed too long and entered too deeply into the regards of mankind, to need any defence. But it may be well to speak of some of the causes which brought it into existence, and contributed to its progress—what it has attempted to do for men hitherto, and what it must achieve if it would live in the future. It will be necessary, also, to glance at the aspects of the present period, and the electric progress of the world.

Odd-Fellowship arose in the necessities of man; not to add one more star to the waning constellation of nobility; not to deal with fictitious interests, or practice fanciful experiments. It was formed to deal with substantial life, to minister to real wants. A more practical benevolence was wanted in the world, to seek out distress, bind up wounds, assuage griefs, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the prisoner, educate the orphan, protect the widow, comfort the dying, and bury the dead. Man needed a closer acquaintance with man the world over. For these hallowed purposes this Order sprang into life, and its course has been cheered by the sunny smiles of gratitude, by the consciousness of duty done, and by the blessing of God.

Odd-Fellowship never was, and never can be, hostile to Christianity, for it is founded on its great law of Love. It never assailed the Church, for clergymen and good men of all denominations swell its numbers. It lays no claim to the privileges or rights of a Divine Institution; it assumes none of the prerogatives of the priesthood; it invades none of the ordinances of Religion; it celebrates none of its mysteries; it imposes no religious creed on the conscience; it does not even claim to be an institution of charity. *Its members only attempt to do their duty to one another.* True, no one is admitted to the Order who does not believe in the Almighty and beneficent Father of the Universe; who does not recognize the law of the Gospel, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them," to be the only true or safe guide of life. True, in coming together, the members sing anthems of congratulation, and invoke the benediction of Heaven, that all they do may be conformed to the law of Love. But

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

who will say that the glad and joyous heart may not pour forth its fulness in music, or that, in a world on which the tears of the Son of Man have fallen, the erring, misguided, suffering child of earth may not supplicate the blessing of his Father! The Odd-Fellows only aim to do to each other what the Good Samaritan did to the wounded and robbed wayfarer, whom the Levite and the priest passed by on the other side.

The duties of Odd-Fellowship are plainly prescribed :—To meet together as brothers, and, in cases of affliction or distress, to relieve the wants of each other, and administer all the consolation possible to the afflicted. Nothing is kept hidden, except what is necessary to give efficacy and permanence to the Order, by preserving its unity and guarding against imposition. The breaking of bread to the hungry, the cup of cold water to the thirsty, watching by the sick-bed, comforting the afflicted, cherishing the stranger, visiting the imprisoned, succoring the enfeebled; how sadly are these tender duties neglected by many of the human race!

The Odd-Fellow cannot suffer honest poverty without alleviation. If his hand of labor is paralyzed at its toil, he is maintained till his muscles grow strong—and this comes not in grudging *charity*—it is his *right*. His wife and children are not driven into the streets to ask help while he is sick. The dignity of manhood is spared this deep humiliation. In his old age he is not driven to the alms-house for a home. He is a *man* to the last—he never becomes a *pauper*! that squalid, loathsome, intolerable wreck of a man. The Odd-Fellow cannot *die alone*; brothers stand by him in the final hour, and half the bitterness of death is forgotten in the thought that brothers will follow him to the grave—that his widow will be cared for, and his orphans protected. These gentle beings are not left without a covert on the heath of Time.

This argument is not limited to the poor man—for *no* man has so much gold he may not some time lack bread; none of us has so many friends he may not one day be deserted, and our children are sure one day to be orphans. It is no mean praise of Odd-Fellowship to say that it multiplies a man's friends—and, in a world like this, who ever had too many?

The whole fabric of society is strengthened by the sustaining influence of the Order. It is benefited by it in a higher and better sense than by hospitals and alms-houses—for it administers relief to men *in their homes*; they are not dragged from the sacred enclosure of the family to fever-wards, and watched over by hirelings, or farmed out in the county poor-house!

Cross the ocean (for Odd-Fellowship follows man everywhere) and look into the work-houses of England, those loathsome depots where men and women are stowed away till Death's freight-train comes for them! Husbands and wives in want and age, separated from their children and from each other. The workhouse is the terror of the poor man in England! when it stares him in the face, he boldly perpetrates a crime, and by going to a foul dungeon, escapes the humiliation of a workhouse.

The British Government, which once discouraged all secret societies, has been compelled to remove its restrictions from Odd-Fellowship—for poverty and want have filled her green islands with dying and dead men. She has even made the Order her almoner to expend her relief fund, since her money would thus go farther and secure greater and quicker relief. Odd-Fellowship has there stood between a million of men and death. Heaven send peace and plenty to those Emerald Isles—powerful in their empire; sometimes feeble in their famine!

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Ask the Almshouse Commissioners of New York what it costs the city to feed her hungry and bury her dead? and they will tell you what Odd-Fellowship saves every year. Let the Order suddenly withdraw its sustaining hand, and every city in this country would feel the shock—the entire body of society would stagger under the tremendous burden!

It should be no cause of complaint if Odd-Fellowship limited its beneficence to the circle of its own Order; for it cannot *alone* bear the Atlean world of human suffering, and if it did not care for Odd-Fellows, who would? As an organization, its most imperious duties are towards its members. But it regards man everywhere as sacred—wherever it meets him he is God's child and a brother, and if it can help him, it will. A city is laid in ashes. The Lodges send on their offerings with all the humane, who can. Panama was crowded with thousands waiting to embark for the glittering coast, and pestilence was filling every house with the dead. The dying adventurers were strangers in a strange land; but there were sure to be Odd-Fellows there. A magical signal brought them together. A Lodge was organized; the work of helping one another began on system. The needy were aided, the sick healed, the dying comforted, and the dead buried. No distinctions were made; man was suffering, and man is sacred! A secure and beautiful burial-ground, overlooking the ocean, was purchased, and before the caravan went on its way, an appeal was sent back to the Lodges, which was at once responded to; and for years the Strangers' Cemetery, founded by the Odd-Fellows, has been the most beautiful embellishment at Panama.

Many thousand times words of eulogy have been breathed silently into the ear of Heaven, with the last prayer of the dying; by the widow over the bier of her husband; by the young orphan over the grave of his father. And so throughout all our land, by concentrated efforts this work is ceaselessly going on with the sun in its circuit, making the Good Samaritan journey of the globe.

Association is the chief instrument of power in modern times. In fact, men have ceased acting alone; they now move to the achievement of everything in masses. In Odd-Fellowship are blended the energies of a vast multitude of men. It converges the rays of hazy twilight into focal light. It binds the starry spangle in a central sun. Why should the advantages of concentration be monopolized by Government and Commerce? When this Government strikes, the strength of forty millions is in the blow. When it confirms a treaty, it is sealed with the faith of forty millions. The power, the wisdom, the wealth of these millions are in every negotiation the Government conducts, in every effort it puts forth. These forces are in all her acts; they ride in its navies; they march in its bannered ranks; they attend on its legislation; they enforce its decrees.

For different purposes Odd-Fellowship has seized on this great secret of success. To accomplish good objects, it combines the strength, wisdom, affluence, arms, and the hearts of a million of men. It lifts these numerous shields over the widow's unprotected head; it places these myriads of arms under the unsupported orphan; it has so many night-watchers; so many day-visits for the sick; so many to swell the funeral trains of departed brothers to their places of rest. When Odd-Fellowship utters its voice, like the morning drum of England, it beats round the world!



W. H. St. John

WM. HENRY HARRISON.

Born in Virginia, Feb. 9, 1773. Died in Washington, April 4, 1841.

THE youngest son of Governor Benjamin Harrison—a signer of the Declaration of Independence—was sure of the priceless advantages of education, culture, patriotic souvenirs, and early familiarity with the scenes of frontier life. At the age of nineteen, he joined the army, and served in the campaigns against the western Indians. His command of Fort Washington, where Cincinnati now stands, and a display of special capacity for civil affairs, secured for him, in 1797, the Secretaryship of the Territory northwest of the Ohio, of which he was, three years later, chosen delegate to Congress. In 1801, on the division of the Territory, he was appointed Governor of that portion of it which now embraces Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. That vast tract was inhabited and held chiefly by Indians, whose ferocities were restrained by treaties, till their fanaticism being inflamed by Tecumseh—the prophet and brother of the great Indian warrior—when Harrison advanced victoriously against the savages. Peace would have been secured, had not the intrigues and overtures of British agents made the Indians more hostile than ever. Perry's victory on Lake Erie enabled Harrison to drive the British and their savage allies across the line into Canada, where they were totally routed in the battle of the Thames, covering the victorious general with a glory which finally carried him to the Presidency. After years of civil service he was elected, in 1824, a Senator of the United States. Retiring to his farm on the Ohio for twelve years, his distinguished services having made him the most popular citizen of the Great West, he was nominated to the Presidency, and a wave of popular enthusiasm secured his triumph. The friends of Mr. Van Buren attempted to cast upon his rival the most un-American slurs. They accused him of living in a log-cabin with nothing to drink but hard cider. Borrowing these emblems from their enemies, they became the watchwords of the Whigs, and everywhere log-cabins sprang up as if by magic, and hard cider became the popular drink. Harrison was inaugurated March 4th, 1841, and his Cabinet embraced so large a portion of the talent and fame of the party, that it was everywhere greeted with the most inspiring auguries. But the infirmities of age led to complete physical prostration under the pressure of the new situation, and in one short month he was borne to his grave, leaving for himself a cherished memory and an honorable fame.

ULTIMATE FINANCIAL SECURITIES.

WERY loose notions prevail on this subject, and the result is always mischievous, and frequently fatal. These loose ideas in the community are carried into popular institutions, and we are startled every now and then with a crash. But the ruin is too often attributed to individuals, when it ought to be laid to the system; while what is considered even a good system is often made to suffer, when the odium should have fallen on private heads. In either event the merits of the case are seldom brought out; the wrongs of the injured or the ruined are soon forgotten, and we quietly wait for the next—the lesson being lost till the slowly gathering tempest breaks, and the catastrophe becomes widespread or universal.

When we think that the entire property of the world rests on trust, the importance of understanding its real basis will strike even the thoughtless, even the pretty thick-headed man with some force.

As we are writing entirely with reference to Institutions of Trust, as created by law, our remarks must be read in that light, and they cannot apply to the merits or demerits of individuals. We are not criticising the judge who administers the statute, but we go back to the law itself, to see if it be right, and why it is right; if it be wrong, and why it is wrong; if it can be made better, and in what respect—and improving upon it as fast as we can, see if it can not be made perfect. If we succeed in getting one such law in one State, why should we not try to get it copied in other States; and finally, why should we not hope one day to see its universal adoption, so that we should have a common Code alike in all the States for Savings Banks, Life and Property Insurance, and all Trust Companies.

This is the one great virtue of Federal Law—its uniformity of application—as the Revenue Code, the Patent and Copyright, Coinage, and Currency Laws. Uniformity of administration, no less than the wisdom of their provisions, gave such superiority to the Civil Law of Rome, the Common Law of England, the Code Napoleon, and all our Bills of Rights. Under universal guarantees the whole body politic moves along as one solid mass. Cæsar's head on the Roman coin was accepted throughout the Empire—the British sovereign is received throughout the world—piracy is everywhere death.

There is a growing distrust of all but ultimate securities. When men are seeking for investments to make even large returns, they take as little risk as they can, and they feel compensated for some risk by the prospect of corresponding gains. By the law of chances and compensation, they are, within certain limitations, justified in hazards. But when they seek for safe and permanent investments, they want absolute security—a security which is *impregnable*. Tried by this rule, there are but two securities in the world. They are:

I. PUBLIC SECURITIES, viz.: THE REGISTERED BONDS OF A CIVILIZED STATE, PLIGHTING THE FAITH OF AN ENTIRE PEOPLE.

II. MORTGAGES ON IMPROVED AND PRODUCTIVE REAL ESTATE, FOR NOT MORE THAN HALF ITS LOW VALUATION.

ULTIMATE FINANCIAL SECURITIES.

We have begun at last to construct, what, if wisely modified as experience may suggest, will become the soundest financial system the world ever saw; nor could we have begun to lay this mighty foundation so broad, or solid, or quick, if we had not had National Securities to work with. On these bonds rest all the National Banks of Discount and Deposit, representing four hundred millions of currency, not a dollar of which can fail. On these same ultimate securities rests a large proportion of the other financial institutions and trusts of the country; and the larger this element enters into any one, the stronger it is.

In this light we may see how mighty and beneficent an influence our public securities have upon the well-being of the people. It is the least onerous, the most conservative and the most fruitful of all other forms of obligation or wealth. Like the atmosphere, its pressure may be fifteen pounds to the square inch, making a man carry around several tons. But he not only does not feel it, but he lives on it.

Nothing but the National Debt of England holds her together. The Consols are the basis of the whole structure of the wealth, the credit, and the business of the Empire. It is nothing but their great savings bank—a trust fund for the British people—and to abolish it, or pay it off, would destroy the business of the Empire. So will it be with us, as soon as we shall have learned how to manage our debt, and this will be only when the Government alone shall issue currency bearing no interest, and interconvertible with its own bonds bearing a low rate of interest—but all securities equally redeemable in gold.

Among this class of ultimate securities, we embrace, of course, State securities, whether in the name, or by the authority of the State; they all bear the same ultimate character, with this difference perhaps, in favor of the States, and counties, and cities, that they would continue to exist even if the Union were dissolved—for State or Municipal Bonds are plain mortgages on the lands of the people—besides being bonds carrying simply plighted faith. Their payment can be enforced like any other lien, by due process of law.

They are all good enough, and they no more make our people poor than bonds and mortgages on farms, and city lots, make our towns, and counties, and cities poor. On the contrary, they are evidences and proofs of wealth—they are the life-giving fountains of vitalizing business—they are the solid pillars which hold up the vast edifice of society—they are the fruits of labor saved and invested—they are the ultimate bases of trust.

There has been dust and fog enough thrown over this whole subject. There has been slang enough about “bloated bondholders” and “the curse and burden of the National Debt.” Let us look the whole thing straight in the face, and we shall see that these National and State Bonds are as sacred and as fruitful as deposits in savings banks; and “the bloated bondholders,” viewed in the proper light, are only the beneficent fountains and distributors of wealth which they cannot spend, that has been saved by the hard hand of labor. The poet well sings:

“Labor’s son shall melt the cannon
And the plough outlive the sword.”

These two classes of securities have always been held sacred in every civilized community, and they always will be, till the foundations of society give way, and it falls into barbarism.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

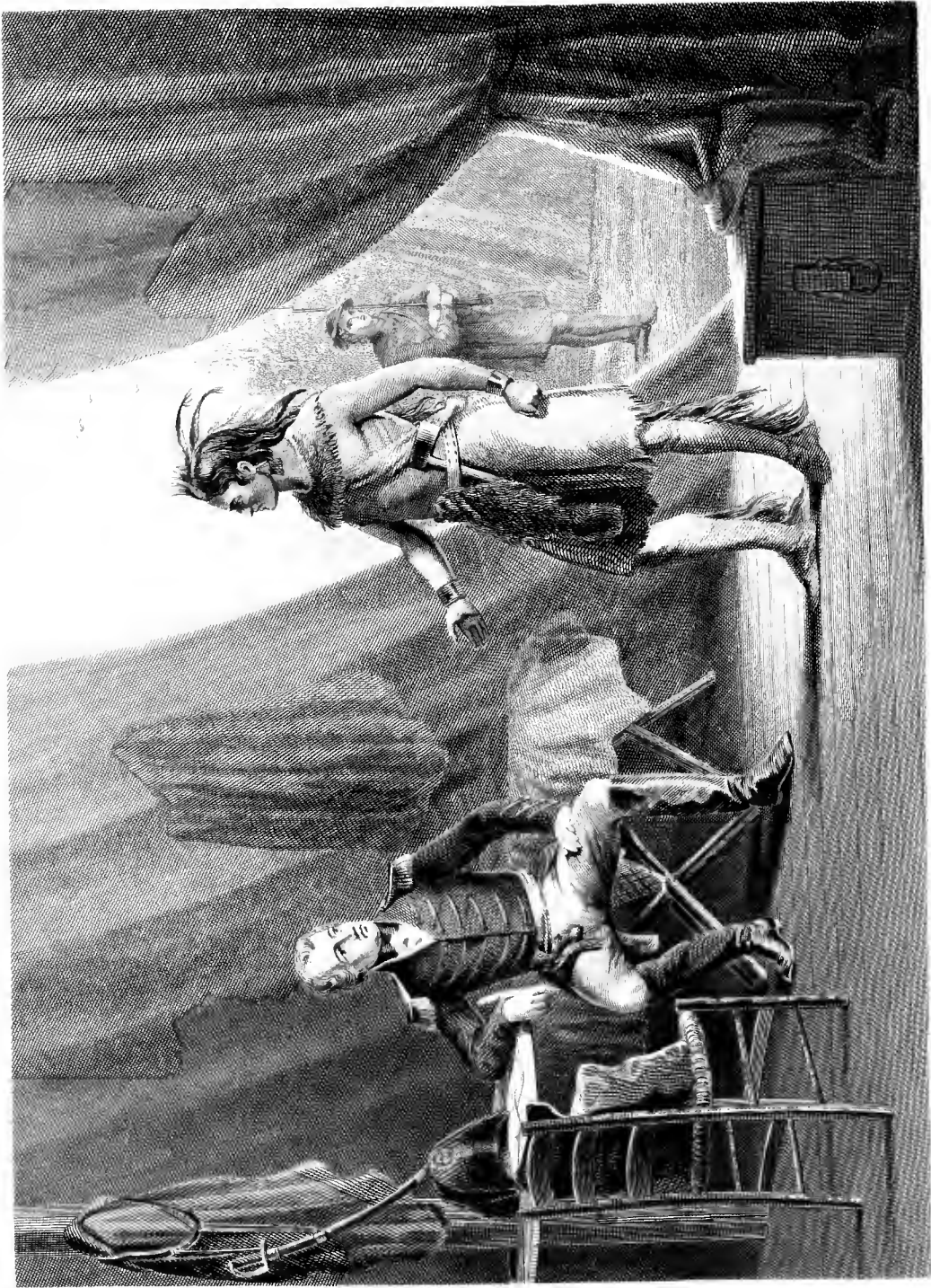
Indeed, the first enumerated, deserve the first place, for improved and productive real estate may depreciate in value. During the financial disturbances of the last few years, we have learned this lesson. It may be taken by the State, and the owner be compelled to accept money, which is a far less secure possession; or, the ebb and flow of business and population may sweep it away; and we all know that population and business alone give value to soil; or it may be destroyed by earthquakes, or covered by the sea.

But civilized States do not die. Alfred is dead, but England lives, and the foundations he is claimed to have made for the University of Oxford are still good. There are many schools, churches, and hospitals in England which are still drawing revenues from lands and mortgages executed hundreds of years ago. The Charlemagnes have been dead ten centuries, but the lands they gave, and the revenues they guaranteed to schools of learning in France, are good to-day in spite of Bismarck, and all the German shot and shell. The Cæsars are dead, but the Romans still live, and they have just entered upon the possession of their property, which descended to them from their fathers of the time of Augustus. Already the free "Conscript Fathers" are sitting in the very Senate Chamber whose floor drank the blood of Julius.

We go back further still. Abraham bought a tomb for Sarah, and took a deed from the sons of Heth. That deed was recorded in the Bible, and nobody has disputed the title for 3,500 years; not even the Nomadic child of Hagar, who halts his Arab steed to slake his thirst at Jacob's well. The Hebrews—close scanners of securities—still believe they will one day recover possession of the Holy Land; and what is more probable, since their deed came from the God of Abraham, and their title is recorded and the guaranty given both in the Old Testament and the New?

But the highest security has, through all the ages, proved to be pledges given by an entire community through their legally constituted rulers. Such pledges may be postponed for a time, or, through a reign, or a revolution, or the conflicts of parties, be discarded. But show us a case where an entire community has, in the long run, repudiated a debt voluntarily contracted in due compliance of law, and for which it received the full consideration! If any such debts are owed by any nation to-day, they will have to be paid—for nations do not often die, and they are amenable to the common law of the civilized world—even barbarians can no longer escape paying their debts.

Let us not be misunderstood. While these securities are alone ultimate and impregnable, and must in the very nature of things remain so, it by no means follows that all other securities are unworthy of trust—far from it. Ultimate Securities are the bases of all others, and on them, as corner-stones, we must build up our structures. And working on this system we may build as broad and high as we like.



JACKSON AND WEATHERFORD.

HORSESHOE, or the Tohopeka battle, had broken the military power of the Creek nation, and the warriors who had escaped from that bloody field, grown hopeless, had come to the camp of the General to surrender. To test their sincerity, he ordered them to bring their great sachem, Weatherford, a prisoner to the camp. They went in search of the formidable Chief; but, disdaining to be bound and led captive to the conqueror of his race, he eluded the sentinels and entered the General's quarters alone.

"Desiring peace," said the dauntless savage, "I have come to ask it for myself and my people."

"Reeking with the blood of the inhuman massacre at Fort Mims, how dare you venture into my presence? If you had been brought in a prisoner, as I ordered, I should know how to treat you."

He proudly answered, "I am in your power; do with me as you please. I am a chief. I have done the pale-faces all the harm I could. I have fought them to the end. If I had an army, I would fight them still; but my people are all gone."

Moved by the heroism of the savage, he told him he was free to go, and rally his braves once more; if taken again, he and his followers would find no quarter. But if he remained peacefully at the fort, he should be safe.

"You may well talk peace now! Once I had a choice; I have none now. Once I could fire my warriors to battle—but I cannot raise the dead. My braves no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatchee, Emucfau, and Tohopeka! While there was hope, I never asked for peace; but my braves are gone, and I wish to bring no greater calamities on my nation. You are a brave man, and I trust you. You will ask nothing but what is right. You have told our nation where we might go and be safe. This is good—they ought to listen to it—they shall."

The savage was treated with hospitality, and never after lifted a hatchet against a white man.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

THE deposits from which this great and growing industry draws its supplies, are embraced within the counties of Luzerne, Lehigh, Carbon, Schuylkill, and Northumberland, in northeastern Pennsylvania, covering less than 500 square miles of territory. This great interest is the outgrowth of the present century; for, while the deposit was known to exist to a limited extent, it was not until about the year 1820, that the first anthracite was sent to the seaboard, aggregating for that year 365 tons. In 1830, it had increased to 174,000 tons, and in 1870 to 15,532,380 tons, while for the year ending December 31, 1875, the aggregate was over 20,000,000 tons.

This product is now controlled practically by six great mining and transporting Companies, to wit :

The Philadelphia & Reading R. R. Co.
 The Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.
 The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R. Co.
 The Lehigh Valley R. R. Co.
 The Central Railroad of New Jersey (Lehigh & Wilkesbarre), and
 The Pennsylvania Coal Co.

The increase in each period of five years, commencing with 1825, was, for the

First period, from 1825 to 1830.....	63,387 tons.
Second "	248,761 "
Third "	420,695 "
Fourth "	428,848 "
Fifth "	1,570,722 "
Sixth "	1,948,775 "
Seventh "	2,061,576 "
Eighth "	1,598,382 "
Ninth "	4,388,695 "
Tenth "	5,847,391 " ending with 1874.

It will be noted that a large increase was made during the civil war, resulting in the development of the mines to an extent which created an over-production; and, as business resumed its natural channels at the close of the Rebellion, prices fell so low in consequence of this excessive production, as to bring nearly the entire interest face to face with ruin. Near the close of 1872, the producing interests came together in a council which resulted in the formation of an Association, having in view the restriction of the production to the demand for consumption, and the placing of prices at a fairly remunerative rate, and avoiding the violent and frequent fluctuations which had ruled and governed the market. This Association has been in operation for over three years, and has worked to the satisfaction of both producer and con-

ANTHRACITE COAL.

sumer ; for, while prices have been maintained at comparatively low rates, a uniformity has been sustained, which has given confidence and steadiness to the entire trade.

The members of the Association are as follows :

Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Co.,
Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.,
The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Co.,
The Lehigh Valley Railroad & Coal Co.,
The Central Railroad of New Jersey (Lehigh & Wilkesbarre), and the
Pennsylvania Coal Co.

The Association is governed by a Board of Control, containing a member from each interest —Thomas Dickson, of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., being the President, and F. B. Gowen, of the Philadelphia & Reading R. R. Co., Secretary.

Perhaps the best illustration that can be given of the rise and progress of this great trade will be a brief history of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, one of the pioneers, whose management at all times kept pace with the development of the trade and the wants of the community. This Company was organized in April, 1823, by the State of New York, and had conferred upon it large privileges by the State of Pennsylvania, in the exercise of which they commenced the construction of the canal in 1824, together with the development of their mines, and the building of a railroad connecting the canal with the mines, all of which were completed and ready for business in 1829. During that year they forwarded 7,000 tons. The following year 43,000 tons. With a somewhat irregular growth, it had reached in

1840	148,470 tons.
1850.....	432,339 “
1860.....	499,568 “
1870.....	2,318,073 “
1875.....	3,056,497 “

The Presidents of the Company have been as follows :

From its organization till 1826.....	Philip Hone.
“ 1826 to 1832.....	John Bolton.
“ 1832 to 1858.....	John Wurtz.
“ 1858 to 1869.....	George Talbot Olyphant.
“ 1869.....	Thomas Dickson,

the present incumbent. At the organization of the Company, canals were regarded as the only avenues of transportation, which could be operated for heavy freights with economy and profit —hence the canal from Rondout to Honesdale, 108 miles, was undertaken ; and, considering the physical obstacles in construction, the financial difficulties to contend with, and the problem of the intrinsic and practical value of the coal being yet unsolved, the organization of this Company and the construction of its canal and the appendages, may be regarded as one of the boldest enterprises ever undertaken upon the continent.

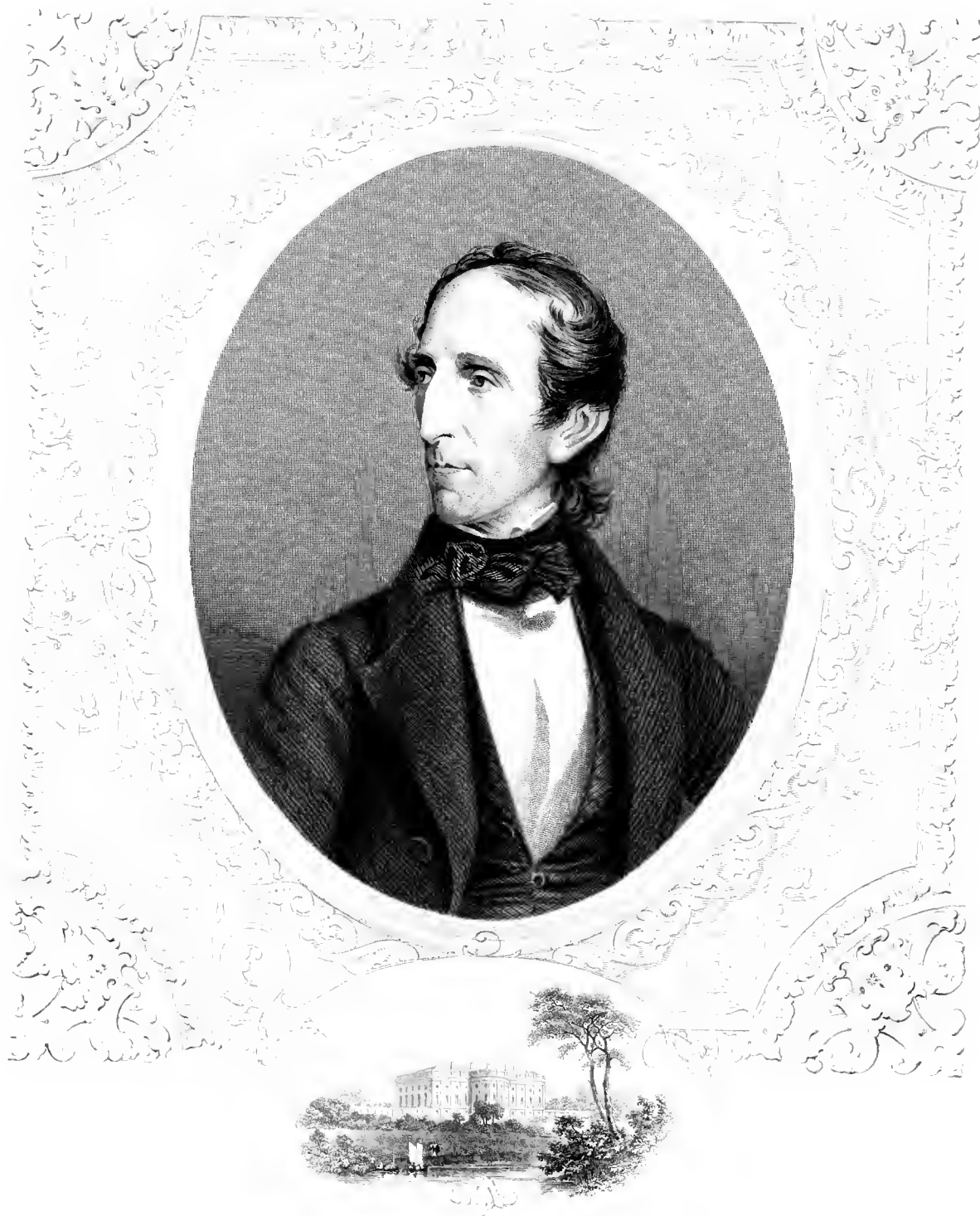
AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Several times during its infancy, the enterprise was nearly strangled. Many of the original investors lost faith, and sacrificed their interests ; and it was not until ten years after the completion of the work, that returns began to be made to its stockholders. From that day to this, its record, both as regards the community and its shareholders, has been not only satisfactory, but gratifying.

It is due to this Company to record the fact, that it imported from England the first locomotive ever placed upon an American railroad. This was in the summer of 1829, the trial trip being made at Honesdale on the 8th day of August of that year. This locomotive was built at Stourbridge, England, and was named the "Stourbridge Lion."

In 1870, the Company leased in perpetuity, the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad, and in 1871, the Rensselaer & Saratoga R. R. with its branches, and in December of last year they completed the construction of the New York & Canada Railroad on the west shore of Lake Champlain, connecting their mines with the Canadas, affording an air-line passenger route between New York and Montreal, and opening up to commerce the vast and rich ore deposits of Lake Champlain.

In 1860, this Company possessed 108 miles of canal, and only 26 miles of railway. They now own and control between 600 and 700 miles of railway, radiating from their mines through northern New York, extending to its population and the Canadas a cheap and expeditious route for the distribution of an unlimited supply of a fuel greatly needed on account of the rigors of the climate, as well as giving an impetus to the manufacturing industries of the regions through which the line passes, that must largely increase the population and prosperity of those broad districts. The Company have now a productive capacity of 4,000,000 tons per annum ; possess 200 miles of underground railway, and give employment to about 20,000 persons. As an apt illustration of the value and importance of this great and growing interest, it is sufficient to state that the Anthracite Coal Trade of Pennsylvania controlled by the great corporations herein referred to, represent a capital of over \$500,000,000, and give direct employment to not less than 150,000 people.



Simon Taylor

JOHN TYLER.

Born in Virginia, March 1790. Died in Virginia, January 18, 1862.

FORTUNATE in his lineage and birth, he early displayed rare abilities for the acquisition of knowledge. At the age of twelve, he was fully prepared to enter William and Mary College; and after graduating, he studied law, and entered upon a successful practice before his nineteenth year. In Virginia especially, the first step from the bar is to the Legislature, where he served for several years till 1816, when, at the age of twenty-six, he was elected to Congress. At the close of his second term he became Governor of his native State, whence he was transferred to the National Senate. In all these honorable positions he exhibited talents which commanded public respect, and secured popularity, much of it being due to generosity and amenity of manners.

Being elected by the then triumphant Whig party as Vice-President, he was, by the death of Harrison, suddenly called to the head of the government, where it soon appeared that the fortune which had been so propitious to him thus far, had thrust him into a position which none but men of high ability can ever fill. His vacillation and disloyalty to the principles of the great Whig party, brought on a conflict with which he was utterly unable to cope. His Cabinet had been well chosen, but three of them had suddenly died, and others resigned. There could, however, be no utter wreck or humiliation where Daniel Webster stood; and, heedless of the popular clamor of his party, he kept his place, for he was determined to settle the long-agitated Northeastern Boundary question; and so great was the confidence which England entertained in the American Secretary, that Lord Ashburton was sent as a special ambassador to Washington. When these two men met, all trifling was at an end. At their first interview, the basis of a settlement was agreed upon; and the memorable treaty of Washington was ratified by both nations. The last act of Mr. Tyler's administration, and one for which history awards him merit, was the approval, only a few hours before the expiration of his term, of the admission of Texas into the Union.

Happy would it have been, if the retiring President had been content with the obscurity in which the country was so willing to have him take shelter. But he signalized his last days, by lending what influence he still possessed, to the destruction of that Union with whose interests and glory he had been entrusted. He was at least spared the mortification of learning, when too late, that the blow levelled at the bosom of his mother was to fall on the head of the parricide.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

Born May 4, 1780. Died Jan. 27, 1851.



WHEN a copy of *The Birds of America* was first received by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, Baron Cuvier, to whom it was referred, said in his report: "It can be described only by calling it the most magnificent monument Art has raised to Ornithology."

Audubon was born of French parents, near New Orleans, and died at his beautiful home on the Hudson, just above New York, in his seventy-first year. His father, an enthusiast for liberty, was with Washington at Valley Forge; and the Audubon family still possess the portraits of both, painted in the camp; that of Washington being the first ever taken of him. At a very early age, Audubon was sent to France, and educated in Art and Science under the best masters, among whom was David. The love of birds, which was the passion of his life, manifested itself in childhood; and on his return from France he betook himself to his native woods, and began a collection of drawings which made the germ of the *Birds of America*. His father gave him a plantation on the rich banks of the Schuylkill, and luxury and fortune offered every blandishment to wean him from the love of adventure. But his heart was in the green woods, and in 1800, with a young wife and infant son, and his unfailing rifle, he embarked in an open skiff on the Ohio to find a new home. The mellow lights and shadows of our Indian Summer had fallen along the shores of that Queen of Rivers. At long intervals the axe of the squatter was beginning to disturb the solemn reign of nature. He settled in Kentucky; and in the central region of that valley through which the Mississippi rolls on to the sea, he pursued his studies and roamings.

In these few lines we can hardly give an idea of the prairie and forest life he led. He himself found space to do it but imperfectly, in his five ponderous volumes of Ornithological Biography. He spent more years in the forest than most men live. Among the great Lakes of the North, he sees, beyond the reach of his rifle, a strange gigantic bird, sweeping over the waters. He hunts for that bird ten years, and finds it again three thousand miles from the spot where he saw it first. In the meanwhile he has been chilled with eternal frosts, and burned with perpetual heats. He has slept many nights across branches of trees, waked by panther-screams; and many nights he has passed in cane-brakes where he did not dare to sleep. He has seen the knife of the savage whetted for him—stepped on venomous serpents—started the cougar from his secret lair—swam swollen streams, with gun, ammunition, and drawings lashed on his head—in Polar regions, the water turned to ice as it fell from his benumbed limbs when he struck the bank—his tongue was parched with thirst on deserts, and he has laid himself down, famishing, to wait, like Elijah, till he was fed by the birds of heaven.

This was his history during the life of a generation. And yet, through all this long pilgrimage of peril and suffering—which Cæsar would not have gone through to have heard the tramp of his legions in the three-quarters of the globe—his courage never failed, his love for

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

nature never cooled ; his reverence for God, whose illimitable universe he was exploring, deepened, the longer he wandered and gazed. Nor did he lose a throb of human feeling for civilized men, from whose habitations he had exiled himself.

And yet, this man had nobler pleasures, as well as nobler hardships, than other men. He had gone—with one of his sons, both of whom from boyhood were his forest companions and scholars, accompanied by other young men of Boston, who afterwards became distinguished in science—on a voyage to Labrador, for new birds. The cost of the expedition would have built a beautiful villa. One pleasant morning they scared from her nest the Black Pole Warbler ! “ The enormous expense of my voyage,” he says, “ was refunded in the sight.” A prouder triumph was reserved, however, for the day when he at last captured the Washington Sea Eagle. “ Not even Herschel,” he writes, “ when he discovered the planet which bears his name, could have experienced more rapturous feelings. As the New World gave me birth and liberty, the great man who ensured its independence is next to my heart ; and therefore I call the noblest of birds after the noblest of men.”

Other ornithologists have painted their birds after they were stuffed. Audubon made accurate drawings of his in the forest, before the plumage had scarcely been ruffled, much less lost its brilliancy, and while the muscles had their natural expression. He exhibited in perfection higher attributes of ornithological painting than had ever before been attempted. He pictured the passions and feelings of birds as tenderly and truthfully as Claude Lorraine painted trees, flowers, and skies. And so, after many years, his portfolio was enriched with a thousand finished drawings. His collection was entirely destroyed ! “ The burning heat,” says he, “ which ran through my brain when I saw my loss, was so great I slept not for several nights, and my days were oblivion. But I took up my gun, note-book, and pencils, and went forth to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened. I could make better drawings than before ; in three years my portfolio was filled.”

Hitherto he had wandered, studied, and painted only to gratify his deep and tender love of nature. In 1824, Lucien Bonaparte proposed to buy his drawings. He resolved to publish them himself. It could not be done in America. He landed in England, a stranger. Roscoe, the Liverpool merchant and scholar, received the wanderer woodsman with open arms. His drawings were exhibited in Edinburgh, where he was at once appreciated. Men of rank and taste extended to him unbounded hospitality. He passed the severest scrutiny of art and learning, and stood by the side, and was grasped by the hands of Herschel, Cuvier, and Humboldt, as a father of science, and in art a master without a pupil or a rival. With Scott, Brewster, Wilson, Jeffrey, and other great men for companions, he began the publication of his magnificent work. It was completed in London in fourteen years, and his fame was established forever. One hundred and seventy-five subscribers at \$1,000 each—most of them obtained by himself in person, and eighty of whom were his own countrymen—partially remunerated him for his vast undertaking. The learned societies of Europe proffered him

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

their honors; but he received with more pride than all the crown of the Royal Society of London.

He published a synopsis of his great work at Edinburgh, and finally, in 1839, wearied with honors, he turned his face once more towards his beloved home, bringing with him all his original drawings, which princes, bankers, galleries, and museums had in vain tried to possess. "No," was his invariable answer; "they are all of American birds; they were painted in America; I am an American, and they belong to my country. They must go back with me."

He republished the work in New York, in imperial octavo, in seven volumes; and with Dr. Bachman, the eminent zoologist, began another work, *The Quadrupeds of North America*, which was completed in 1850, and published with applause and success.

He retired to his lovely home on the Hudson, loaded with honors, where he passed the last years of his life in the midst of an affectionate family, and surrounded by many of the domesticated denizens of the forest, who were his familiar companions.

Few men are surer of lasting fame. It is not in the keeping of history alone—from every deep grove the birds of America will sing his name. "The little wren will pipe it with her matin hymn about our houses; the oriole carol it from the slender grasses of the meadows; the turtle-dove roll it through the secret forests; the many-voiced mocking-bird pour it along the evening air; and the imperial eagle, the bird of Washington, as he sits in his craggy home, far up the blue mountains, will scream it to the tempests and the stars." *

* One of the sweetest memories of my life is of a day I passed on a visit to his house, not long before his death. He had written to me to come up to make the visit. "We have little satisfaction," he said, "in meeting in New York. You must come up here, and we will have a good long talk under my trees, in this fine autumn weather." As I rode up he met me at the gate, with his genial and fatherly greeting. His grand old eagle-face still glowed with all the radiance of health and cheerfulness. His perfectly white hair hung in lustrous waving clusters around his neck. The fire of enthusiasm beamed in his soft, large eyes, and his cheek looked like a rose in the snow. He let me kiss it twice. We walked through his grounds. His gentle pets gathered around and followed him—among them, a stately old elk, with its great horns and deep, soft, purple eyes. He called it up to him while I withdrew a moment; he patted it heartily, and talked with it; and then it licked his hand, and turning to me, his face all aglow, bareheaded, as he stood in all his majesty by the edge of the river, said: "What beloved children of God they all are!" and great, glad tears rolled slowly down his face. The setting sun was shining on him, and the fresh breeze gently lifted his locks. He seemed to me at that moment to be the most beautiful human being I had ever gazed on—he was. I parted with him at the gateway, when he embraced me, kissed me, and gave me his blessing. It has been with me till this hour, and it will go with me till I meet him once more. I never saw him again.



GENERALS OF SOUTHERN DEP'T.

GEN. DANIEL MORGAN.—Born in New Jersey, 1736. Died in Virginia, July 6, 1802. At the outbreak of the Revolution he led a company of riflemen to Boston—600 miles—in three weeks. As colonel of a rifle regiment, he was with Washington in his retreat through New Jersey, and in the campaign of '77. The fame of his riflemen went through the Colonies. He gained the great victory over Tarleton at the Cowpens, and won a gold medal from Congress.

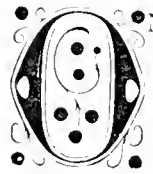
GEN. WILLIAM MOULTRIE.—Born in South Carolina, 1731. Died in South Carolina, Sept. 27, 1805. After serving in the Congress of 1775, he was sent to construct a fort at the mouth of Charleston harbor, and in honor of its defence it was called by his name. He defeated the British near Beaufort in 1779, and held Charleston till Lincoln came up. He was twice Governor of his State.

GEN. BENJAMIN LINCOLN.—Born in Massachusetts, January 24, 1733. Died there, May 9, 1810. A farmer and a statesman till the Revolution, a major-general in 1776, he cleared Boston harbor of the British fleet. With Washington from White Plains to Morristown, in 1778 commanding the Southern army, and, overwhelmed by Sir Henry Clinton at Charleston, he joined Washington on the Hudson, and was chosen by him to receive the sword of Cornwallis. Serving three years as Secretary of War, he returned to his farm, where, after rendering other high services, he rested in peace from his labors.

GEN. ROBERT HOWE.—He distinguished himself by leading a North Carolina regiment to Norfolk in 1775, and displayed great activity in the Southern Department. With a thousand men, he nobly defended the city of Savannah in 1778, and later in the war, fought bravely on the Hudson, at the period of the storming of Stony Point. He was sent by General Washington in January, 1781, to quell a mutiny in the New Jersey line. With 500 men, he ended the mutiny.

GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE.—Born in Rhode Island, May 27, 1742. Died in Georgia, June 19, 1786. He joined the army, and remained in active service without one day's furlough, till 1783. His history is the record of the Revolution. He was with Washington at Trenton, and at Brandywine he saved the army from destruction. At Monmouth, he commanded the right wing. He sat as president on the trial of Major André. In command of the army of the South, he saved the cause. After all his victories, he died by a sunstroke on the Savannah River—the very place of his burial, like that of Moses, being unknown to this day. He was loved by Washington, and his name is imperishable.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS FOR THE DEAD.



ONE of the most beautiful passages in the Hebrew writings records the founding of the first rural cemetery of which we have any knowledge. We find it in the history of the great seer and father of the Western World. When Sarah had died in Hebron, and Abraham came to mourn and weep for her, he stood up from before his dead and spake unto the sons of Heth, "I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me possession of a burying-place with you that I may bury my dead." He felt the need of a family sepulchre, and he chose a secluded spot in the cemetery of the people whither he had wandered, adorned with green trees around the tomb and around all its borders. It was a quiet, rural spot, and he would pay for it with silver, and own the soil, that it might not be invaded forever. In his bereavement, there was balm to his heart in the thought that his loved one was reposing in ground secured to him forever, where the lost cherished form was mingling warmly with the kindly earth, amidst the singing of birds and the rustling of waving green trees. Ages flowed on untiringly, and the all-desolating stream that undermines everything human, kept its flow—but it swept harmlessly by the rural field of Machpelah. Abraham had been dead two thousand years, and the long line of the patriarchs were borne to their repose by his side, but Heaven had not forgotten the grave of his family. Its history was taken up by the pen of inspiration. Proud empires had risen and gone to decay, but we are told that in the time of the Saviour, Abraham's sepulchre was still preserved.

Until within the present generation, we buried our dead amidst the habitations of the living—a barbarous custom. But, with the establishment of Mount Auburn, a new period began. It was followed by Greenwood, which, with the emblems that genius, taste and time have added, is now one of the most sacred and delightful spots in the neighborhood of New York. But the largest in extent, the most varied in its scenery, and in many respects the most important that has yet been established, is the Cemetery of Cypress Hills. It is but a few years since that magnificent range of hills, with its many secluded dells, began to be transformed into a City of the Dead. It occupies a most commanding position. No spot in the vicinity of New York embraces greater variety of landscape, or a grander or more picturesque view. It looks on the South; the front is a beautiful lawn, rising up to a range of hills from which stretches the broad Atlantic in uninterrupted prospect, bringing every vessel along the coast within the view. On the northwest, under the eye, lie three cities with their domes and spires, crowned in the distance by the Palisades relieved against the sky. The internal scenery of the Cemetery is not less striking. In laying out the carriage-roads to develop the beauty of the landscape through those immense grounds, in climbing every hill and descending into every valley and winding around the numerous lakes, they have already been extended many miles. In this Cemetery alone, of all those yet established in America, the eye of the artist has had in view from the beginning, the establishment of a grand Landscape Garden for the dead, where the heavy-laden find unbroken repose amidst all the beauties of nature and all the adornments of art. In the Address at the Dedication of this Cemetery, the orator appropriately said:

LANDSCAPE GARDENS FOR THE DEAD.

"We have assembled to-day on these Cypress Hills, to dedicate to the repose of the grave and the hopes of immortality, this new Thanatopsis. We halt an hour in our march over the waste of time, and leave the spot where we stood, sacred forever.

"It is a grand and a solemn occasion. Here, midway between the creation of man and the great day of the Resurrection, we are come to prepare a tomb of repose for a hundred generations. We are rescuing from the turmoil and strife of a crazy world one green spot on earth's bosom, that will be watched over tenderly by the guardian angels of those who sleep here—and on which the *Eye* that never slumbers will look with approbation—for, in the touching language of the Bible, we become co-workers with Him in preserving the forms of earth's children, He will one day clothe with immortality.

"By these silver lakes ye make your bed in peace—along these peaceful valleys the hum of earth's distracting cares will never come. We will plant the graceful willow to weep over your dust—the sweetest zephyrs shall wake music from waving boughs around your home, and the wild bird shall pour out his requiem strain over your pillow. We will train the 'ivy-never-sere' over your monument, and teach the winter-loving evergreen to cling to you through the frost. And when the first warm sunbeam of spring looks into your secluded dell, the pale violet and the white snow-drop shall bloom over your resting-place.

"We know of no reason why the rural cemetery may not be made cheerful for the living, as well as sacred to the dead; a spot to which genius and sentiment may come for lessons of art, virtue, and wisdom.

"To this day, the Moravians, who preserve many of those touching primeval customs that had their origin in the pure days of Christianity, regard their burial-places as the dearest and most attractive spots. They never use the word *death*—they speak of their lost only as the *departed*. They educate their children to visit the graves of their fathers with cheerfulness and pleasure, to pursue their studies and take their walks of relaxation there, enlivening moments of toil by emblems of immortality.

"The Greeks called their cemeteries by the touching and beautiful name—*gardens of the reposing*. Where did *our* cold, revolting, forbidding, and disgusting notions of a *graveyard* come from? Not from the old Egyptians, Phœnicians, Romans, or Greeks; not from the elegant nations of modern Europe; and they certainly never came from the sepulchre of the Christian, where we

"See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty, immortal, awakes from the tomb."

"Over this hallowed cluster of fraternal cemeteries, let the spirit of peace and beauty reign, till that final morning when the Angel of the Resurrection, spreading the shadow of his broad wing over the troubled ocean, lifts the trumpet whose blast shall awake the dead of the Western World."

The following poem was written—on reading the Dedication Address—by J. E. Harding, Esq., B. A., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, England:

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

CYPRESS HILLS CEMETERY.

A gulph, illimitably deep,
Is fixed between the dreamless sleep
 Of death and active Life—
The thing of animated dust
Becomes—how soon a senseless bust,
 All callous to the strife!
But what a bound the spirit takes
When once the soul this earth forsakes!

The scenes where mortal cares are rife,
Are fitted for the pulse of life—
 For Mammon's mortal span!
But when the shallow sand is run,
And when Life's mystic bourne is won—
 The crowning goal of man;
'Tis all ungracious that the shroud
Of death should be a noisy crowd.

Then, like the Roman, bear your dead *
To fields with pleasant verdure spread,
 And lay him down to rest,
Where willows with the cypress blent
Weep mutely o'er the tenement †
 Which holds a sated guest.
Oh, bear along the sable pall
Without the crowded city's wall!

Men are not equal—till their breath
Is withered by the blast of death;
 And then—a common urn
Enwraps alike the soul of flame
The favored sons of earthly fame,
 Whom distant nations mourn;
And those who crept from youth to age
Life's idlers on a busy stage.

I love not scenes of splendid woe,
The march of sorrow, vain and slow,
 The mourner's ssembled gloom;
Poor heirlooms are a wealthy grave,
The dead at least is Nature's slave,
 In bondage to the tomb!
Funeral pomp is bootless now,
As is the crown which gemm'd his brow.

The Egyptian rear'd his Pyramid
To veil with a colossal lid
 The puny dust of Man;
But Mem'ry's dews have long forgot
Who are the tenants of that spot,
 And how their annals ran—
The Pyramids survive—but *they*
Are lines erased and nameless clay.

A day—such is the Christian's faith—
Will conquer the unconquered death,
 And break his yoke in twain—
Man's parted spirit will retrace
Its cold, corporeal dwelling-place—
 Now warmed to life again,
And myriad souls will spring to earth,
The Pilgrims of a second birth!

Meanwhile, let living steps be led
To view these Gardens of the Dead,
 Where spirits vigils keep—
Those mounds, which silently enfold
The beautiful, the young, the old,
 Who sleep a dreamless sleep.
Let living pilgrims linger here
To moralize and weep a tear.

* *Efferebatur* was the term applied by the Romans to the burial of the dead, implying they were CARRIED OUT of the city. See Livy, *passim*.

† *Convicia satur.*—(Horace.)

ROBERT FULTON.

Born in Pennsylvania, in 1765. Died in New York, February 24, 1815.

LOSING his father in infancy, he got what education he could in a common school. At the age of seventeen, he went to Philadelphia, and became so successful as a miniature painter, that before attaining his majority, he had saved money enough to buy a small farm, which he gave to his mother for a home, and then started for London to study art with Benjamin West, the founder of the Royal Academy of Great Britain, and the most eminent painter in the British empire. But his strongest proclivity was for mechanical construction. He was a born engineer, and richly endowed with the genius of invention, to which he was to devote his life. In making the acquaintance of the Duke of Bridgewater, who was then working on his system of canal navigation, young Fulton became convinced that he had better leave the pictorial world and study engineering; a decision which met the concurrence of West's enlightened judgment. He sought out the Earl of Stanhope, who was making experiments in steam navigation, with the idea that a paddle should be shaped like a duck's foot. Fulton saw better, and subsequently, on the Hudson, he demonstrated a surer mode of leverage, and so informed his friend the Earl. Watt had already made his great improvement in the steam engine, and visiting him at Birmingham, he studied the new machine under Watt's own instruction. Crossing the Channel, he won the friendship and appreciation of Chancellor Livingston, then Minister to France, and on Fulton's departure for New York, the Minister generously offered from his own ample fortune to supply him the means for further experiments. From that time, Fulton's success was assured. Livingston procured, in 1798, the passage of an Act by the Legislature of New York, granting to him the exclusive privilege of navigating the waters of the State, on condition that within twelve months he should build a boat of not less than twenty tons, able to navigate the Hudson at a speed of four miles an hour. By subsequent renewals of this Act, Fulton was included in its provisions, and in 1803 an order was sent to Bolton and Watt for a larger boat, which reached New York in 1806. The following year the Clermont was constructed, and Fulton gained his first great triumph, for she averaged a speed of five miles an hour. In 1809, the first patent from the United States to Fulton was granted, the chief point secured being the adaptation of a paddle-wheel to the axle of Watt's engine.

The first steamboat to navigate Western waters was built by Fulton at Pitts-

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

burgh, to ply between that town and New Orleans. She had a stern-wheel, and was also rigged for sails. It was a success, for during the first year she earned half the cost of construction. The right of a State to grant exclusive navigation in American waters, was soon afterwards denied by the decision of the United States Supreme Court—a decision which gave nationality to patent laws, and universality to the rights of any citizen throughout the limits of the Republic. This decision imparted an impulse to internal navigation, which made the vast region that stretched from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Lakes on the North, to the Gulf of Mexico, practically a part of the United States with which we were so soon to become as familiar as we were with the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Delaware or James rivers.

In 1811, Fulton was made one of the Commissioners to explore the route of inland navigation from the Hudson to the Lakes, which developed the first idea of what ripened into the Erie Canal. In 1814, Congress authorized the construction of a floating battery for coast defence, Fulton being the engineer. In four months, this first war-steamer ever constructed, was launched; and although she was somewhat unwieldy, making against the current only two or three miles an hour, yet, as the pioneer of all the steam navies of the world, it was justly regarded as a marvel of ingenuity and construction, although the men of the time could have had little idea of the influence it was to put forth upon the fortunes of nations. Fulton was also authorized to build a submarine boat, of which he had made the model; but that work was suddenly arrested by the death of the great inventor. When poor Fitch—another of America's pioneers in subjecting one of the mighty forces of nature to the control of science—was dying, he requested that his body might be laid on the banks of the Ohio, "Where the songs of the boatmen would enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steamboat soothe his spirit." That request was sacredly regarded, and the traveler may now find his tomb where he desired his ashes to repose. Fulton chose his resting-place amidst the scenes of his greatest triumphs—the banks of the Hudson.

BERKELEY'S PROPHECY.

IT deserves a place in every record of our National progress. It is oftener on the lips of Americans than any other poem, and it will always be preserved by them in gratitude to one of the greatest of all their foreign benefactors.

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides, and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools;—

There shall be sung another golden age,—
The rise of empire and of arts,—
The good and great inspiring epic rage—
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

SARAH M. GRIMKE.

LITTLE attention enough has certainly been paid in this work to the Women of America, and no excuse is needed for admitting the following sketch by a correspondent of *The New York Tribune*, writing from Quincy, Massachusetts, on the occasion of the gifted philanthropist's death, two years ago:—

Although the death of this remarkable octogenarian has been announced in many of the papers, probably but few now living remember the great sensation produced throughout the country by her renunciation of her inheritance as a slaveholder fifty years ago. The two sisters, Sarah and Angelina, daughters of the Hon. J. F. Grimke, Judge of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, abandoned home and wealth forever because they could not countenance American Slavery. Sarah, the elder of these sisters, published a full "Narrative and Testimony" of that solemn event. It was dated at Fort Lee, Bergen Co., N. J., March 26, 1830. That testimony opens as follows:

As I left my native State on account of Slavery, and deserted the home of my fathers to escape the sound of the driver's lash, and the shrieks of the tortured victims, I would gladly bury in oblivion the recollection of those scenes with which I have been familiar. But this may not, cannot be; they come over my memory like gory spectres, and implore me with resistless power, in the name of humanity, for the sake of the slaveholders as well as the slave, to bear witness to the horrors of the Southern prison-house.

I feel impelled by a sacred sense of duty to my country, and by sympathy for the bleeding victims of tyranny and lust, to give my testimony respecting the system of American Slavery, and to detail facts which have come under my own personal observation. The actors in these tragedies were all men and women of the highest respectability and of the first families in South Carolina, and their cruelties did not in the slightest degree affect their standing in society.

Sarah's opposition to Slavery had taken a practical form, more than twenty years before. Indeed, she has herself assured me, that when she was but a girl, they each had slaves to attend them as body-servants, and she and her servant were in the habit of lying down on their faces before the fire at night, in order, by its light, to teach the slave to read. But her father, finding out what she was doing, put an end to it of course. It was while in her "teens," that she became conscious of the social and civil wrongs done to woman. Her two brothers, one afterward the Hon. Thomas F. Grimke, and the other the Hon. Frederic Grimke of the Supreme Court of Ohio, were then being educated, and when but a girl, she often begged to know why she and her sisters could not have the same opportunities for education which were so amply provided for her brothers.

But thus it was, that as these sisters increased in years they became more and more conscious of the great wrong in American Slavery until the burden became intolerable, and they abandoned the home of their fathers for the hazardous toils of the Anti-Slavery movement that had just then been inaugurated. In three years after the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed, and in its service these "sisters from the South" immediately engaged. Special meetings of the Executive Committee were held for conference with them, and it was

at these meetings that Theodore D. Weld read a work he was then preparing for the press, entitled "American Slavery as it is. Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses." Angelina soon after became the wife of Mr. Weld, but the sisters, from first to last, have been "lovely in their lives," and in this death of the elder, "they were not divided." This venerable woman, "old and full of years, ceased at once to labor and to live," and her demise calls to mind her co-workers of that "heroic age," when it cost something to be found in active opposition to Human Slavery. That, indeed, was the "martyr period" of America, when Lovejoy was shot at Alton, and poor Torrey imprisoned to death in Baltimore; and it continued until John Brown was hanged at Harper's Ferry.

A few of her co-workers still remain, gray-headed veterans of 1830, upon whom may be seen the scars of many a hard-fought battle. Arthur and Lewis Tappan, Joshua Leavitt, Sarah M. Grimke, and others, have laid aside their armor, and passed on to their rest. Only a few of the "old guard" now remain, three of whom, members of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, were in attendance at Miss Grimke's obsequies—William L. Garrison, Elizur Wright, and one other also, whose head is blooming for the grave, that same head for which, in 1836, his Christian brethren at the South offered an award of \$250,000. He was then the editor of a Methodist Anti-Slavery paper in New York, copies of which, finding their way to Charleston, S. C., were publicly burned in the street by the hangman; and a brother member of the South Carolina Annual Conference, the Rev. J. C. Postell, wrote me, saying that if I would only show my face in that city, the Methodist brethren in New Orleans would raise half of that sum, and he would guarantee that I should not be put to any trouble in getting back to New York again!

Sarah M. Grimke was a model woman. She loved the truth, and uttered it. She loved righteousness for its own sake, and she practiced it. She did good to the souls and bodies of all as opportunity offered, asking for no reward. She lived under the supreme control of virtue. Her sympathy and kindness of heart were unbounded. Of a meek and gentle spirit, genial, affable, and kind, she yet rebuked the wrong-doer with an authority that could not be disputed. Though never possessed of this world's goods, after leaving her home in the South, she manifested a keen sense of equity lest she might become a burden to some one in her old age; but she was ever cheerful and hopeful. Progressive in her tendencies, she never ceased to manifest a deep interest in the franchise movement for woman. She was bold in the utterance of her convictions. Her soul was too large for sectarian limits. Wholly unselfish, the natural goodness of her heart drew around her the good and true of all parties. She had made her principal home in the family of her sister and brother Weld, where she died. "The weary, worn-out minds, expire not half so soft," as this excellent woman sank to her final rest.



Stephen Decatur

STEPHEN DECATUR.

Born in Maryland, January 5th, 1779. Died there, March 22d, 1820.

HE inherited valor and a love for the sea from his father, who had distinguished himself while commanding privateers by the capture of English ships; and afterwards being made a captain in the navy, he commanded in succession several of our National vessels. Young Decatur entered the navy as a midshipman in 1798, and was promoted to a lieutenancy the following year. After serving in the frigate *United States*, on the West India station, he joined, in May, 1801, the frigate *Essex* attached to the squadron sent to the Mediterranean in command of Commodore Richard Dale, and continued in the same service under Commodore Morris as first lieutenant of the frigate *New York*. Hostile demonstrations having been made on our commerce by Tripoli, the squadron was strengthened by the addition of several vessels, and the command given to Commodore Edward Preble.

Decatur now had an opportunity in the command of the brig *Argus*, and subsequently of the *Enterprise*, to display those extraordinary qualities, which were to place his name by the side of the bravest and most successful officers in the American navy. The frigate *Philadelphia*, which had fallen into the enemy's hands, was known to lay securely at her moorings in the harbor of Tripoli, and he resolved upon the hazardous expedition of rescuing or burning her. He had a picked crew of seventy men and thirteen officers, on board a captured Tripolitan vessel which he had named the *Intrepid*, and with the aid of a Greek pilot and interpreter, he sailed into the port on the night of February 15th, 1804, under pretence of distress, and before the *ruse* was discovered, his vessel had moved up till she laid alongside the frigate. They boarded her almost without resistance, and combustibles being scattered through every part of the frigate she was suddenly in flames, under whose light the *Intrepid* sailed out of the harbor, having sustained no damage. The frigate was soon destroyed, and it was supposed that most of her crew perished. For this gallant deed he was promoted to a captaincy, and Congress presented him with a sword, while two months' pay were voted to his officers and men. Not long after—August 3d—Commodore Preble's squadron entered the harbor of Tripoli, where Decatur still further distinguished himself. In the command of three Neapolitan gunboats, he led the attack upon a flotilla of gunboats, which were protected by the shore batteries, and a brig carrying ten guns. He ordered each of his boats to single out one of the enemy's, and they were boarded and captured after a desperate hand

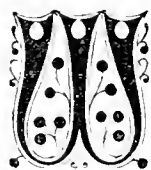
AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

to hand fight with cutlass and pistol. After Decatur had captured his first boat, he "took her in tow, and bore up for the next one to leeward, which he boarded with most of his officers and men, himself attacking, and, after a desperate struggle, slaying the Tripolitan commanding officer, who had just killed his brother, Lieutenant James Decatur, after pretending to surrender to him. The two boats captured by Decatur contained eighty men, of whom fifty-two are known to have been killed or wounded. The American loss was fourteen killed and wounded. On August 7, just at the conclusion of another attack, his commission as captain arrived. He subsequently served at one time in the *Constitution* as flag captain, and at another in the frigate *Congress*." A peace was conquered and proclaimed June 3, 1805, when the hero of the war returned to receive the congratulations and thanks of the country.

The second war with England had begun, and on October 25, 1812, Decatur, who was still in command of the *United States*, "fell in with and captured, after an action of an hour and a half, the British frigate *Macedonian*, 49, Captain Carden. Although the American ship was the heavier, her superiority was certainly not in proportion to the execution done in this combat. The *Macedonian*, being to windward, could choose her distance, and the action for the most part was at long shot. Her mizzen-mast, fore and main topmasts, and main-yard were shot away, and 100 round shot struck her hull, while of her 300 men, thirty-six were killed and sixty-eight wounded. The *United States* lost a topgallant mast and was otherwise somewhat cut up aloft, but her hull was very slightly injured; five men were killed and seven wounded. The *Macedonian* was taken into New York. For this capture Congress voted a gold medal to Decatur, and a silver one to each commissioned officer under his command."

On the 21st of May, 1815, he sailed for the Mediterranean with a squadron of three frigates, one sloop, and six brigs and schooners, to chastise the Algerines. Falling in with the Algerine *Mashouda*, forty-six guns, off the coast of Spain on the 17th of June, he had a running fight in which the Admiral Rais Hammida with a hundred of his officers and men were killed and wounded, and 406 taken prisoners. On board his own flagship, the *Guerriere*, only fourteen of Decatur's men were killed or wounded. Overhauling the Algerine brig-of-war *Estdio*, 22 guns, two days later, she was taken, and the prizes sent to Cartagena. On the 28th of June his squadron arrived off Algiers, and two days later, just forty days after sailing from New York, he entered the harbor, demanding a treaty of peace, which was at once negotiated with the Dey, by which all demands for tribute from the *United States* were forever abolished. "A mutual liberation of prisoners and restitution of property was made, and it was stipulated that in the event of future wars Algiers was not to treat American prisoners as slaves. As a personal favor to the Dey, the captured frigate and brig were restored. Decatur then proceeded with his squadron to Tunis and Tripoli, made reclamations upon those powers for their depredations upon American commerce during the war with England, demanded the release of captives, and obtained prompt redress. As soon as this service was concluded, most of the squadron returned to the *United States*. In November, 1815, Decatur was appointed navy commissioner, which position he held until his death. He was killed in a duel with Commodore James Barron, which grew out of the affair between the *Chesapeake* and *Leopard*. Both fell at the first fire, Decatur mortally, and Barron very severely wounded."

OUR NAVAL AND COMMERCIAL MARINE.



WHEN such a work on this subject—which should have appeared long ago—comes to be written, if the labor be well done, it will make a most important contribution to our history. The materials for the most part, can be found scattered through our literature in the form of immense numbers of biographies that have been written of the officers of the navy from the colonial days, beginning with Hopkins and Paul Jones, and coming down to Farragut and Admiral Porter.

One of the most important contributions in this department of naval history is, of course, the well-known work of James Fenimore Cooper, which, although disfigured by strong prejudices, is still the most complete work we have on the subject. The experience of the author in the Navy for some years in early life, gave him great facilities, the fruits of which shone out so brilliantly in his *Stories of the Sea*. There are also many separate works on naval affairs which would be found specially valuable, although many of them are now out of print. The records of the Navy Department would be another source of reliable information, which has by no means been exhausted, Cooper himself having merely skimmed over the subject. But probably the richest field for gleaning materials would be found in the files still preserved, and in many cases complete, of the early journalism of the country; for they contain innumerable contributions from correspondents, which would not only supply details that have never been worked up, but throw much light from many unexpected quarters upon the character of the men who performed noble service under the colonial governments; and which would also shed great light over the whole subject. We remember in looking over, many years ago, a file of the *New London Gazette*, during the Second War with England, when brave Decatur was shut up in the harbor of New London by the British blockading that town, that a vast number of details connected with the movements of the navy appeared during that period, many of which were doubtless justly attributed to the pen of Decatur himself. The same thing may be said of the old newspapers of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. We are not aware that any careful exploration has yet been made of these long-neglected sources of history. There is still another fountain from which many fresh waters might be drawn. They are the correspondence, traditions, and souvenirs, that still might be found in the families of naval men. A recent illustration: Admiral Porter brought out last year a book of very great value, the *Life of his father*, “the great Commodore Porter,” with some account of that wonderful family whose services on salt water in behalf of the old Colonies, as well as of the Union, are partially recounted, in connection with other facts of great value, the knowledge of which was fast fading from human records.

But however wide this field may be, and however necessary for its cultivation, it is by no means the only field that should be entered by the coming author. The history of the Privateers of this country, stretching back to the era of the struggle between England and France for the possession of this continent, would be found bristling with interest. The heartiness with which the colonists entered into those conflicts, and the services they rendered, have hardly attracted the notice of even Mr. Bancroft, our most exhaustive writer on the subject

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

of the colonization of North America. Nor has much space been given to the immense services rendered by privateers during the Revolutionary War. Here there is a field worthy of attracting the investigation of historical writers, and it has remained to this hour almost unexplored. Many an important event hinges upon the daring of some of our Yankee rovers of the deep, who did work not unworthy of seamen of the highest rank, backed by the force of a nation. It is also well known, that while the officers of our navy won imperishable laurels during the war of the Revolution, and afterwards during the Second war with England, yet the deeds of some of them have been blazoned upon our National history; and without any injustice, it may be truthfully said that they have sometimes been loaded with honors which, at the moment, they were ready to bestow promptly upon the help they received from what was known as American privateers—but from what we might designate, in borrowing a military phrase—the flying scouts of the ocean.

This, however, would not limit the scope of such a history as will not long hence be written. It has always seemed to us, that a more fascinating subject could hardly be afforded for the historic pen than the whale-fisheries, which would show an epic of ocean-daring reminding us rather of the bold deeds of the Norsemen in the Baltic and along all the northern shores of Europe, than of the unvarnished facts of practical sea-life. Here, our literature begins to furnish materials more accessible and abundant than is commonly supposed. Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, on a whaling voyage, attained very great popularity more than thirty years ago, because it was a truthful and yet picturesque account of what ten thousand whalers had before gone through in chasing the whale into the Arctic. The newspapers of New England, especially of New London, New Bedford, Boston, and Salem, glisten with fragmentary accounts of much earlier date than Mr. Dana's book, and really with more exciting incidents. The future historian of whom we are speaking—and, we hope, not dreaming—will find that a close investigation of the facts, and their clear collation, will show that the chief improvements in naval architecture can be traced directly to the ingenuity and original conceptions of the seafaring men of America, the most of which are due to the mercantile marine, or what we call the merchant service. It is a well known fact, that many of its successes were due to such improvements in naval architecture, as enabled the seamen of America to outstrip those of any other nation. Here again we lack a work that would sufficiently clear up this subject, and give the necessary facts. In passing, we only indicate them.

Before the Revolution which gave birth to the nation, the ingenuity of our shipbuilders had constructed faster sailing-ships than had ever been built. The ability of their commanders to overtake an enemy, or escape from him, or to run down their game in the heavy fisheries, supplemented with other daring deeds, gave them an early prestige, which, being followed up, accounts for many of those captures of hostile vessels against terrible odds, which have always sounded so strange to their readers. The chapter on the cod fisheries would be found filled with the deepest interest. So far did they excel the Danes, the Swedes, the Norwegians, and the sailors of France in Newfoundland waters, that they were not only able to supply their own country, but with their superabundance they dashed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and

Continued on Second page following.



GEN. STARK AT BENNINGTON.

SO SERIOUS were the obstructions interposed to Burgoyne's advance, that the British army was exhausted by fatigue, and running short of provisions by the 30th of July, some desperate measures had to be taken to replenish his supplies; for, with his loss by skirmishes, casualties, and sickness, he had still an army of ten thousand men.

With the hope of seizing the stores of the patriots at Bennington, a strong detachment of Canadians, Tories, Indians, and Hessians, under Colonel Baum, was dispatched on this mission—a distance of nearly forty miles. They were sure of meeting with trouble, for Stark, who could do anything with the New Hampshire militia, had hurried them to Bennington, and against the indomitable courage of this man, whom nature had made so rude and yet so great, the enemy were to dash in vain.

Without counting numbers, Stark advanced with his corps to fight this motley crowd, which the agents of England had scoured two continents to raise. Men who had been spoiled by civilization on the one side, and savages who had no conception of civilization on the other, were no match for those hardy settlers who owned the soil they cultivated. Four days after St. Clair's retreat, Stark had marched out into the village of Hoosick, five miles from Bennington, where, by one of those irresistible assaults, which neither Hessians, nor Tories, nor Indians, ever withstood, the marauders were swept from the field—scattered and pursued in all directions.

But towards sunset, Colonel Breyman, with another strong German party, suddenly appeared to renew the attempt to capture the stores. But every step they took was disputed by Colonel Seth Warner's Green Mountain boys, who, with their stalwart courage, deadly aim, and breathless activity, repelled the attack so successfully, and followed it up with such desperation, that of the two large bodies who had joined in the day's conflict, not a man but fell dead, or wounded, or a prisoner, except those who escaped by flight. The whole nation rang with the victory.

The disproportion of loss on the two sides was unprecedented; it had cost the Americans less than two hundred in wounded and dead, and there were no prisoners that day, except of the invaders. The moment Congress received the news, a vote of thanks was passed to the Green Mountain boys and the New Hampshire militia, and Stark was made a brigadier in the regular army.

OUR NAVAL AND COMMERCIAL MARINE—Continued.

supplied the nations on the shores of the Mediterranean. For more than half a century this trade remained an American monopoly. This was owing in no little degree to the build of their vessels, which could make faster voyages, with fewer seamen, and save time, also, in successfully outriding storms and buffeting rough weather. The models and rigging of their vessels, from the largest size down to the smallest smack, exhibited skill enough to account for the amazing success of their ventures.

Striking the next salient point, we come down to the Baltimore Clipper, whose history would be filled with romance and interest. The newcomers to this land, finding it overshadowed with timber, free to all, with thanks from the owner when it had one, for cutting it down, the supply of shipbuilding material was of course cheap and inexhaustible. Starting out, as Maryland did, under the enlightened administration of Lord Baltimore, and continuing under the liberal administrations of his successors, the port of Baltimore invited seamen from every part of the world. In that harbor was cultivated the art of shipbuilding on an original and admirable scale; and in distant countries wherever Baltimore clippers appeared, such was the reputation they had gained for short passages, strength of structure, and adaptation of build to the perils of the ocean, that they were looked upon with admiration, and purchased at high prices. Thus the Baltimore clippers introduced the era of superior American naval architecture. From this grew the great Marine which has contributed so much to the wealth and glory of the United States.

In after times came on Ezek Eckford, the American shipbuilder, who, although born in Scotland in 1775, served an apprenticeship in Quebec, and in 1796 came to New York, where he introduced important changes in the art of shipbuilding. During the war of 1812, he was called on to build a fleet of vessels of war on the northern lakes, which he accomplished with amazing rapidity, cutting his timber from the surrounding forests, and transporting the equipments from the seaboard. As early as 1822 he constructed the *Robert Fulton*, which soon made the first successful voyage by steam to New Orleans and Havana. After many of his American triumphs in building war-vessels for various European and South American powers, he built in 1831 a splendid sloop-of-war for Sultan Mahmoud, and being invited to enter that service as naval constructor, he took up his residence in Constantinople and organized there a grand navy-yard, but died after he had laid the keel of what would doubtless have proved the best line-of-battle ship that had then been built. Before him in time, Fulton himself had led the way, as the most original naval constructor of whom the world had had any knowledge. We have in another portion of this volume endeavored to do justice to the memory, the genius, and the services of Fulton, not only to this country, but to the world; nor may the day ever come that we pass his tomb, or mention his name without reverence and honor.

Next in order of original American naval constructors, comes the beloved name of George Steers, who, not satisfied with combining all that was known in naval architecture, led the way into new fields, and in building clipper-ships, yachts, and ocean steamers, on principles that philosophy and experience have proved to be true, as was not only demonstrated by the triumphs

OUR NAVAL AND COMMERCIAL MARINE.

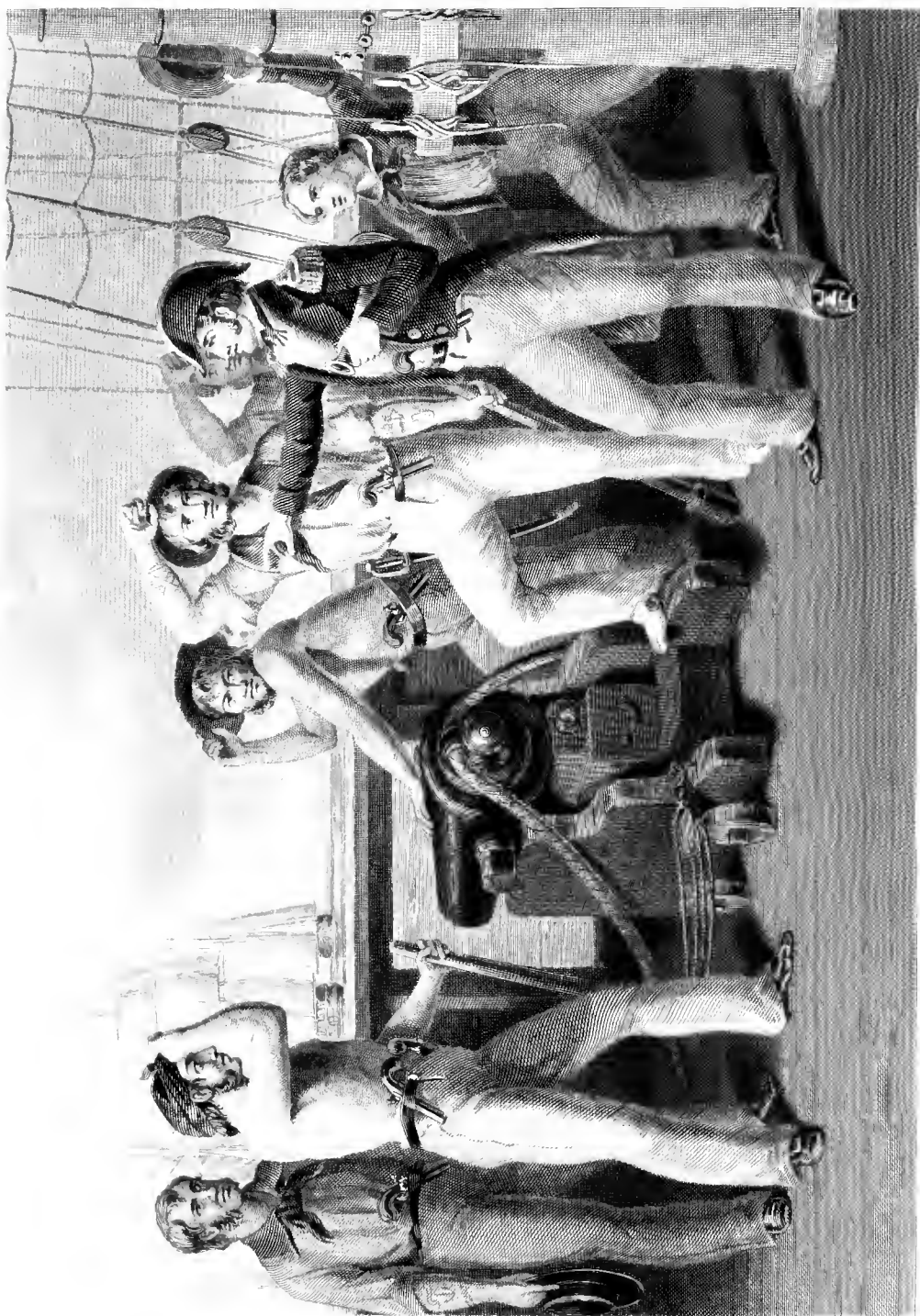
of his vessels, but left his successors helpless to depart from his models. Cut off, alas ! too quick in the midst of his brilliant career, and carrying with him to his tomb the tributes of a thousand loving hearts, as well as the gratitude of the merchants of his country, he worked a revolution, beyond which the world has not yet gone. In 1851 the Collins steamers which had shortened time on the ocean between the two continents, found themselves unable to continue the great strife then going on between them and the Cunard steamers, without generous aid from the Government. When Mr. Collins presented his memorial to Congress, showing that his vessels had made twenty-nine voyages across the Atlantic with far greater average speed than had ever been known, thus compelling the Cunard Company to build stronger and fleetier ships, especially to maintain the departing supremacy of England on the sea, it was with difficulty that a meagre appropriation could be obtained. He and his friends had already exhausted their large means in this grand effort. When Steers began the construction of the Collins ships, every step was a costly experiment. Neither models, machinery, nor builders could be had from England, for, to win the victory, they had to be superior, and England had already built the best ships she could ; to beat her, Steers had to build better. So hazardous and costly an experiment, when crowned with success, would seem to have been viewed with generous encouragement from the Government whose mails it carried, and the failure of the enterprise would have involved the losing of her maritime position. When it was considered that the undertaking came directly in competition with the long experience of England, and with steamers acknowledged to be the best under her flag, either for commercial or naval purposes, and her ablest naval constructors had candidly confessed that the Collins steamers were unrivalled in strength, models, and appointments, it seems strange that the necessary subsidy which they asked from the Government while they were doing its work, should have been niggardly withheld. It was in vain to say that the unaided enterprise of American merchants could be expected to compete on the ocean with a rival company aided by a generous subsidy, which had been the determined policy of the British government, and from which it has to this hour never departed—to sustain her ships at all hazards. While it was simply rival sailing packets to which no government made appropriations, we soon excelled the English, driving them from the ocean. When steamers had to be substituted for the old work, Collins and Steers had to encounter every obstacle which lies in the path of pioneers. They had to cut a new road ; to manufacture larger and more powerful machinery than had ever been made ; they had to pay higher prices for material and labor than were paid in England, and to expend half the appropriation from Congress in effecting insurance on their ships, which was greatly increased by their magnitude, but without which they could not have successfully encountered the most formidable, experienced, and resolute seafaring nation on the globe. And yet the Government, besides possessing an independent, safe, rapid, and regular means of transmitting its despatches and agents, had at its instant command the most efficient vessels for war purposes afloat ; and they could be called into requisition at the first signal of danger. Not the Government only, but the whole nation was profited in its naval construction by the Collins experiments in models, strength, machinery, and implements for building ; and in the training of engineers, mechanics, and seamen, for its future use. Moreover, the achievements of

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

the Collins line reflected honor upon the Government among foreign nations, and put forth no mean agency in bringing us to the very front of the civilized world. The whole country also reaped advantages from these bold enterprises, especially as our merchants acquired confidence in their security for life and treasure on the ocean in all the steamers, which they had never felt before. Many of the States, too, by contributing materials for building and sailing those vessels; their mechanics and laboring men receiving the highest remuneration for labor; ship-builders and engineers being in that school of instruction in naval architecture, which resulted among its first fruits in competing at the World's Regatta, where the *America* left everything in her wake. However cordially the honors of those victories were accorded to us by England, she evidently felt deeply chagrined not only that new expense must be incurred in building more powerful steamers, but there was hazard in the experiment. Her only hope was in large appropriations from her government, and a mighty effort to regain her undisputed supremacy of the ocean. One of the Lords of the Admiralty held this language: "The only hope England has left of regaining her undisputed supremacy of the ocean, is that the Government of the United States will not appropriate money enough for the Collins line to keep it from going down, or that American merchants will not feel themselves able to sustain it."

The result was sad enough. The Collins steamers had wrested from England her tenacious and accustomed grasp of the ocean. The British government determined to sustain the Cunard mail steamers, as a principle of wise national policy, as a nursery for the navy, and as the cheapest mode of keeping a naval force ready till wanted. Here was the wisdom and foresight of her policy displayed, because she made no distinction between national power and maritime supremacy. She was not contending for an empty honor; she was struggling to keep in her hands the commerce of the world. At that time our free eagle had spread his wings from Plymouth Landing to the Pacific coast, and was screaming for the dominion of the sea.

When the first shot was fired into Fort Sumter, the tonnage of the United States exceeded that of Great Britain. Our Government had withheld the necessary aid to sustain our steam navigation, and England, taking advantage of the hour of our weakness and domestic trouble, did all she could, without incurring actual warfare, to build and sustain a fleet of corsairs to sweep our commerce from salt water. The arbitration at Geneva awarded the miserable pittance of fifteen and a half million dollars for the damages she inflicted. She paid it, reluctantly it is true, because she could not escape the impartial verdict which enforced it. But she had the sweet solace of knowing that she had crippled our commerce for many years. Combined with all this, to deepen the curse, the blindness and fanaticism of the protectionists in the United States dealt the final blow, by prohibiting us from purchasing ships that could be made for half the money in foreign nations, and loading down the materials of shipbuilding with so heavy a tariff, that to build ships any longer ceased to be possible. Here we have been for years in the humiliating position of sitting helplessly with our gaze fixed from the harbor of New York, where whole fleets of European steamers are starting on ocean voyages, all bearing foreign flags, and yet we complain of the decay of our foreign commerce, and the loss of the carrying trade of the world.



COM. PERRY ON LAKE ERIE.

THIS important naval engagement was fought near the western end of the Lake, September 10th, 1813, between the British fleet under Captain Barclay, and the American, under Lieut. Commander Oliver Hazard Perry, and may be ranked among the most brilliant naval battles of the War, since it gave us the command of the waters on our northern frontier. Perry had been ordered to equip a squadron at Erie, which ran the blockade on the 12th of August, and reaching Put-in-bay near Sandusky, he discovered the enemy in the offing on the morning of September 10th, and went to meet him. The English squadron consisted of six vessels, mounting 63 guns, carrying 502 officers and men. Perry's fleet consisted of nine vessels: two of them only, the brigs Lawrence and Niagara, were regular vessels of war, the others being simply traders. He carried 54 guns, and 490 officers and men. The advantages were on the side of the English in the beginning, for before Perry got close enough to use his heavy armament, the long range guns of the enemy opened on his flagship with such effect, that by half-past two o'clock, of the 101 officers and men on board, all were disabled but 18. His guns were silenced, and his ship was sinking. His only hope was to reach his other principal vessel, and springing into a boat with his flag and a few good oarsmen, they pulled, under a heavy fire, for the Niagara, which lay half a mile to windward. Passing straight through the enemy's line, opening from both sides a raking fire, in seven minutes Perry forced the British commander to a surrender with his flagship Detroit, and the Queen Charlotte, Lady Provost, and Hunter. The Little Belt and the Chippewa tried to escape, but were overhauled and captured. The first act of Perry, was to write a despatch in pencil on the back of an old letter, resting it on his navy cap, to General Harrison:—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop." The loss was about equal—130 on either side, the British commander being wounded. The engagement had lasted about three hours; but the victory which had been lost, was regained by the American sailor during that fierce onset of seven minutes. It restored to the Americans the supremacy of those waters; Detroit was evacuated by the British, and the broad State of Michigan was released from English occupation. The victors were rewarded by Congress, Perry and Elliott receiving gold medals, and the other officers and men corresponding rewards. On the anniversary of the battle in 1858, the corner-stone of a monument to the naval heroes was laid at Put-in-bay Island.

APPOINTMENTS TO PUBLIC OFFICE.

THERE is no country where so small a proportion of its educated mind is brought directly into the service of the commonwealth, as in the United States. Very few superior men turn their attention in early life in this direction; and fewer still are trained up in the service of the State, at home or abroad. Americans seem to think that without any previous preparation they are qualified to enter, at a moment's notice, upon the difficult and untried duties of public stations; whereas under other governments it is deemed as necessary to prepare men for a diplomatic career abroad, or for administration or statesmanship at home, as it is to prepare men in military and naval schools for serving their country in battle on land or on sea. No man thinks of leaping suddenly into the arena of the law, nor does anybody but a quack attempt to practise the healing art without preparatory studies. In fact, there is no trade, profession, or pursuit in life, for which men of sense consider themselves competent, without adequate preparation.

The great Art of Statesmanship, however, seems to form an exception to these rules in this country. A very large portion of the American people consider themselves competent to the administration of public affairs; and nothing is more common than for men who have either had no experience that gave discipline of mind or maturity of judgment, or who, even with such experience, had betrayed most lamentably their own incompetence, to aspire to public places, to perform whose duties well would exact talents which are rare in any sphere, and peculiar adaptation for the duties to be discharged. The standard of statesmanship in America is low: there is more political quackery here than in any other enlightened State. Men are appointed to office with no preparation for the places they fill; and no adequate conception of the nature or obligations they assume. There are few offices in the gift of the people, the Governors of States, or the President himself, which are not regarded, and have not been bestowed, *as a reward for political party-service*. The peculiar qualifications of an individual for any particular post, seldom enter into the estimate of his claims. The number of votes he commands in his district outweighs all other considerations.

The result is inevitable. Incompetent persons are called to office, and it very rarely happens that those men are elevated to places of trust and power, who are best qualified for them. During the first two months of any new administration, five hundred applications are made for diplomatic and Consular appointments, among whom it would be really difficult to select the requisite number endowed with even respectable qualifications to represent the nation abroad. Not one in twenty understands the language of the country to which he proposes to be accredited; many applicants for Consular offices come from remote districts, with the crudest ideas of commerce. Among many prominent applicants for foreign missions are men whose manners would misrepresent the ordinary politeness of the agricultural population; men of slender intelligence, destitute of all refinement, narrow in their political views, and utterly destitute of every element of diplomacy or statesmanship. But these applicants prove very formidable, because of their local political strength in far-off districts. It is a great pity that persons of this description should not know in time, before they find themselves involved

APPOINTMENTS TO PUBLIC OFFICE.

in inextricable difficulties, and are compelled either to throw up their commissions, or leave their posts, returning no oftener than the regulations of the foreign service absolutely require.

No other nation acts on such a policy, nor do their representatives furnish a counterpart to our own. A man who might preside with dignity upon a supreme bench at home, who might make an excellent postmaster or an exceedingly useful administrator of the government in some department with the duties of which he was entirely familiar, or might soon become so, generally regrets his folly when he finds himself placed in stations foreign to his taste, of whose duties he is profoundly ignorant, and of which he gains experience only at a heavy and mortifying cost. It seems strange, indeed, that in this respect our government should have adopted a policy so entirely at war with its usages and customs in every other department. If physicians were appointed district attorneys, or merchants major-generals, or captains in the army commodores in the navy, or lawyers surgeons of fleets, there would be a general outcry against such preposterous and unprecedented favoritism.

Hitherto the natural and inevitable result of so unwise a policy, has been to discourage gifted men from even offering their services to successive administrations, in connection with its representation abroad. We thus advert to the painful fact, that many of our accomplished countrymen have been deterred altogether from entering public life; while it is within the knowledge of all our readers that in almost every district of the country there are men whose talents and acquirements and general culture would fit them to ornament various stations under the government, have neither pressed their claims nor allowed them to be pressed by those who are familiarly acquainted with them. Whenever such men have, either directly or through their friends, applied for public employment, they have almost universally been jostled aside for party politicians, whose appointment might secure a few more votes at home, while the hazard is boldly encountered of sacrificing public reputation abroad. We have confidence enough in the intelligence, the integrity, and the patriotism of American citizens, to believe that they would like to go to the ballot-box to impress by their votes the sanction of their approbation upon that kind of policy that would bring into the service of the State the best, and most enlightened and able minds of the country. There are certain posts to which, until recently, even the hardihood of hardened politicians has not ventured to press unqualified men. We speak now of the Supreme tribunals of the United States. In the history of our Supreme Court, in the Circuit and the District Courts of the United States, where, in the administration of national law upwards of one hundred men are continually employed, it has been a very rare circumstance to find any President who had made an appointment of a man who was believed at the time to be clearly incompetent for the place he was chosen to. The administration of national law has been regarded as something too important and sacred to be trifled with. And yet it would seem that it were not a smaller matter to choose men to represent us in foreign countries, who are the guardians of our interest there—the protectors of our commerce, of our citizens, and of their property, as well as the conservators of our good name, and the representatives of our ideas and our principles—to choose men who represent the best standard of our manners, intelligence, science, commerce, and civilization.

THE MASONIC FRATERNITY IN THE WAR.

THE beneficent influence of this great and humane institution, which has constituted a body-guard for humanity as it has travelled down to us from the ancient ages, was never, perhaps, so widely or deeply felt at any period as during the ragings of our unfraternal, and consequently unmasonic, war.

Masonry has never had a motto dearer to the hearts of its brothers than "*Peace on earth, good will to men.*" It loves justice and country, and can draw the sword for both. It did it in the late war, as it had in other wars. But it put forth herculean efforts to avert our great trouble. Correspondence, appeals, counsel, invocation—all were tried before the rupture came. Conventions met, North and South, East and West; everywhere the patriotic, the true, the brave, and the unselfish communed together; and at one time we believed that our great fraternity of more than a quarter of a million men could arrest the tide of disunion and quell the storm of political madness and sectional hate. But the storm was too loud, the night was too dark. We were on the breakers!—we struck! among the saddest hearts in the country, the very saddest beat in our bosoms.

But we were not alone. The gloom that clouded our spirits cast its shadow over every nation. The Old World sent back its cheering messages and hailed us in our sufferings. Wherever the news of our national disasters was heard in foreign countries, it called forth expressions of sympathy from uncounted thousands of our brothers, whom we never saw, and never should see till the Grand Architect finally called us to sit together in his upper Temple.

To those who know this brotherhood only by popular report, or external signs and emblems, it may be said that its great object is *the elevation and happiness of our fellow-men*,—all brothers, because all children of the same beneficent and almighty Father who bids us walk together in unity and love on the earth, till we meet again in another life.

It should not seem strange that the members of such a commonwealth, on whose encampments the sun never goes down, and in whose canopy the stars shine forever,—a commonwealth that is limited to no clime and hemmed in by no mountains or oceans,—whose citizens, without regard to language or sect, always meet on common ground and greet each other as kindred, ready to put one's life in the other's stead, all aspiring to the noblest life we can live,—it should not seem strange that a different tie should bind us together than binds other men.

Many a time in scenes of carnage which marked the prosecution of our civil war, did the widow's son find help, and slaughter was saved. And when the war closed, no class of men, North or South, entered with more earnestness or alacrity on the great and noble work of restoration.



Washington Irving

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Born in New York, April 3, 1783. Died in New York, November 28, 1859.

IN the Republic of Letters, there are some names, like Lord Bacon's, which inspire reverence—others, like Byron's, admiration—Shakespeare, the literary miracle-worker of the ages, kindling all the emotions by turns, and blending them into idol-worship for genius. Scott never lets the heart of his reader grow cold, and the charm of Goldsmith will never be broken; but the writings and the character of Irving have kindled affection in the bosom of the whole English-speaking world—a world which now embraces the best half of the human race—a language which blends the chief elements of power of all the other tongues, and the one which promises to be the most enduring. It was no disadvantage to any of the authors we have mentioned, that they wrote in this all-conquering language of the future; for any attempt to translate their writings into another tongue, has, so far, defied the possibilities of scholarship, as the transmutations of baser metals into gold has defied the powers of alchemy.

Irving was a voluminous writer, and of necessity courted the fate of all men who write many books; for from the mass, however good they may be, the willful world will choose the few it likes best. "The Sketch Book" at once entranced England and America. It was a book of the heart, winning the young, and solacing the old. Although it was rejected by Murray, and Constable, in spite of the warm commendation of Sir Walter Scott, and the first volume went through the press at the author's expense, its subsequent popularity demonstrated the fallibility of publishers' judgments, and the infallible sagacity of the reading world. It was indeed impossible that a work containing "Rip Van Winkle," and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," should fail to win fame for any writer. But soon afterwards, Murray was very glad to advance a thousand guineas for "Bracebridge Hall," and a little later, fifteen hundred guineas for "Tales of a Traveler;" and still a little later, three thousand guineas for "Columbus"; after which, on both sides of the Atlantic, he could command his own price. Living in comfort, independence, and chaste luxury to a mature age; working with none of the fever of French madness, nor the cold sobriety of English plodding; always choosing subjects suggestive of the delights of humor, and the pleasures of the beautiful, his style was as pure as the waters of a mountain trout-stream—as sparkling sometimes as its dashings through picturesque scenery—breathing the enchantments of song, but satisfied with the homelier garb of prose. The choice of his home for life, revealed the character and the genius of the man, as

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

completely as his readers learned it from his books. He purchased an old Dutch mansion in the very scene of the region of Sleepy Hollow; the house itself being the original castle of Baltus van Tassel, surrounded by the scenery and associations which had charmed his youth, and which even now, when revived on the stage, transport ever-crowded auditories. The early death of Matilda Hoffman, had thrown a sombre sadness over his heart, which consecrated it to celibacy. And yet, so far was this chilling disappointment from driving him to misanthropy, that he involuntarily chose the only word in the nomenclature of the rich language he understood so well, and at "Sunnyside" he spent the rest of his life. Dispensing hospitality to friends, pursuing letters with the diligence of the scholar, the fervor of a poet, of the blandness and delicacy of a woman, all sanctified by the blendings of the sweetest charities which a divine humanity ever can inspire.

Unnumbered thousands, in passing the old cemetery over the lordly Hudson, in catching a glimpse of the chaste monument that marks his sleeping-place, involuntarily recall the words of Collins on the burial place of Thomson—

"In yonder grave your Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave:
The year's best fruits shall duteous rise
To deck the poet's sylvan grave."

INTRA-MURAL INTERMENTS.*

THIS day will mark a period in your history—this dedication will be an event which will be long remembered. When the last hours of this century are sounding, a few gray-headed men will come here, and hold a sacred festival, to recall an event which will have happened fifty years before; and as they walk slowly around the green mounds and time-worn monuments which will then ornament these now virgin fields, they will lean trembling on their staves, and tell some happy groups of children, playing among the graves, what happened on this day. Some of those future trembling gray-haired men have this morning mingled their youthful voices with the music of the birds, who have already made a fresh consecration of this leafy temple to the praise of the great Creator.

In the solemn act of dedicating a Sepulchre like this, we seem to be standing in the presence of future generations—to be surrounded by the guardian angels of those who will come here for a resting-place—to be basking under the beneficent light of the all-seeing eye of the Universal Father.

But although I wish not to escape from this solemn consciousness, yet it may not tinge my words with gloom; for images of life and beauty always come over my fancy when I think of burying loved ones in a garden, as the Saviour was buried, where sweet flowers send their fra-

* Extracts from an oration pronounced at the dedication of Mountain-Grove Cemetery (Bridgeport, Conn.) in 1852, by C. Edwards Lester.

INTRA-MURAL INTERMENTS.

grance all through the air, where the rich grass grows luxuriantly, where waving boughs spread their sheltering arms over the sleeper, and the kind birds chant his requiem. And I may and do thank you withal, for the partiality which assigned me this duty, since I rejoice to lend even my poor aid to what I esteem one of the greatest and most salutary reforms of our age—that of establishing everywhere Rural Cemeteries, for the burial and protection of the dead. There are other reforms, about which men may and do differ; but there can be no contention here. And yet the great work of founding Rural Cemeteries in the neighborhoods of all our cities, towns, and villages, has but just begun.* The heart of the nation is not yet stirred on this subject, but it soon will be, and to the very centre. In this country it does not take long to produce results; conviction is flashed on the minds of men by the same electric conductor which carries intelligence. Before a generation goes by, the inhabitants of our cities and large towns will recoil from the mere thought of burying the dead amidst the homes of the living, as one recoils from the touch of an adder. Even now, every person of keen and rapid perception, regards the practice with horror. In Bridgeport this good work has already been done.

You have erected to yourselves in this beautiful Thanatopsis, a monument which will insure the gratitude of your children, and excite the admiration of all coming time. The traveller, who once hurried through your city, will hereafter stop an hour to visit Mountain Grove Cemetery; and he will bear away with him new images of taste, beauty, and refinement, and higher sentiments of humanity and religion.

But I am admonished, by the fatigues incident to all such occasions, to come at once to the main subject; and I shall, with great brevity, speak of the objects and advantages of Rural Cemeteries.

I. THE PROTECTION OF THE LIVING—Is, perhaps, the most palpable; it is, certainly, an imperative motive for their establishment. Medical men have long known and felt the fatal consequences to the living of interring the dead amidst their habitations. Among the nations of antiquity, the dead were interred without the walls of cities. The Roman law prohibited the burial or burning of the dead within the gates of the Eternal City.

Two years ago I went through the Columbaria, the great rural cemetery of Rome, where so many of her illustrious families were buried. It was seven miles beyond the gates of the city. There was discovered a few years ago the tomb and the body of Scipio, still preserved, with the diamond ring on his finger, after a lapse of twenty centuries. So, too, with Athens, whose great cemetery was built outside the city; and so, too, with Jerusalem. Hence, the New Testament tells us that the saints, who came out of their graves at the crucifixion of our Saviour, went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many. Such was the unvarying custom of antiquity. Such, too, for the most part, has been the practice of modern nations. Great Britain and the United States, however, have proved lamentable exceptions. And how so fatal and disgusting a custom could so long have prevailed among the Anglo-Saxon race, has

* It should be remembered that a quarter of a century has passed since these words were spoken.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

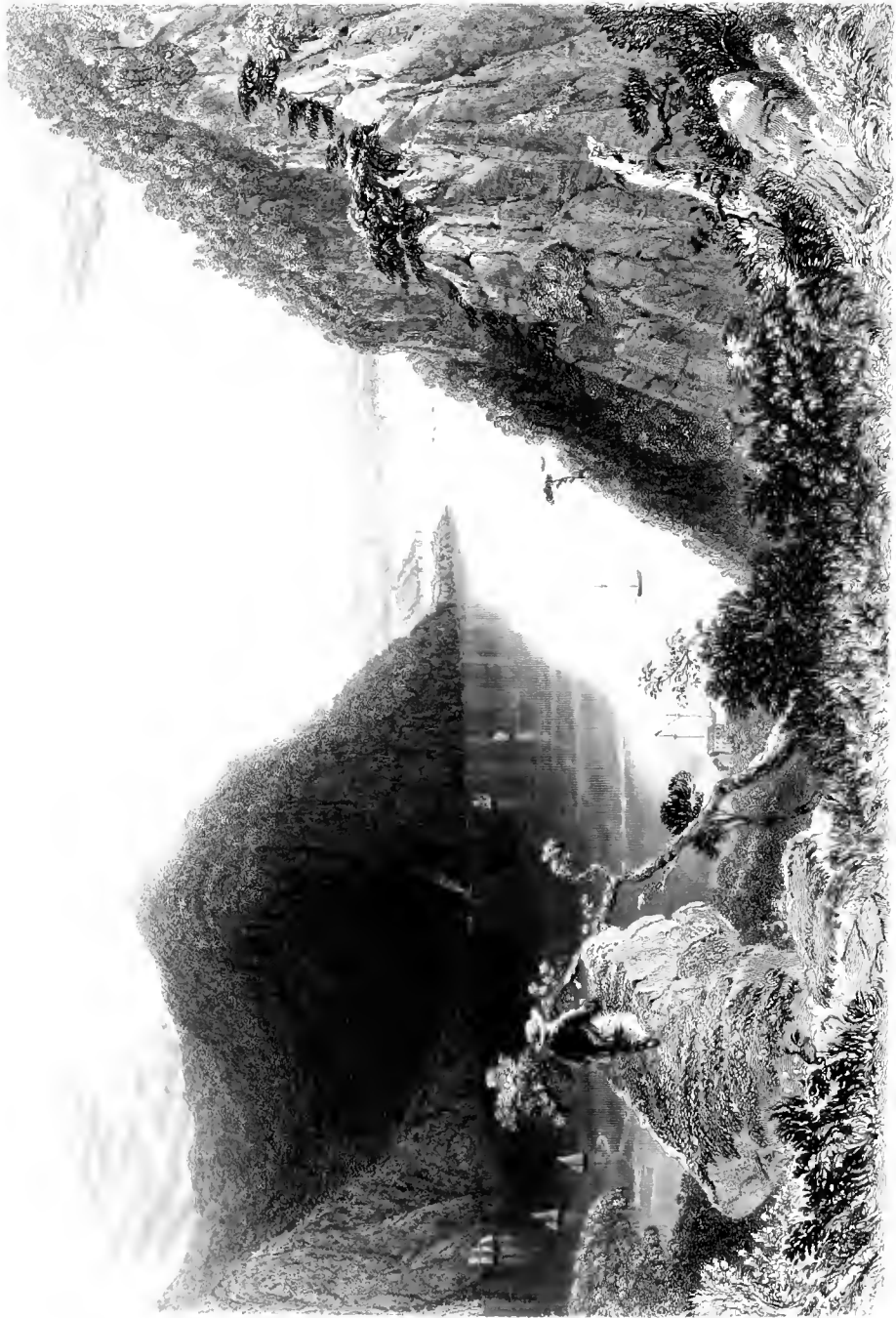
excited the curiosity and surprise of the world. But the custom cannot last. The world has been shocked by astounding developments recently made in Paris, London, and New York, of the fatal consequences of Intra-mural Interments.

A few months ago the *London Times* said :—We can widen streets, flush sewers, enforce ventilation, sweep away heaps of abomination, and in many respects, make the condition of life in the metropolis more favorable than even in the rural districts. All our endeavors, however, will be in vain, so long as we are liable to have our atmosphere tainted with the putrid exhalations of dead bodies. Sir Benjamin Brodie, in his examination before the parliamentary committee, informed them that the gas evolved from putrid bodies is chiefly sulphuretted-hydrogen—a gas so noxious and so deadly, that the admixture of one part of it with 500 parts of atmospheric air, is instantly fatal. It was proved before the same committee, that frightful mortality raged in the immediate neighborhood of all the burial-grounds in the city of London ; and a law is now before Parliament, prohibiting burials within the limits of any city or populous town in Great Britain.

A similar law is also awaiting the action of the Common Council of New York, where the reports of committees, to whom numerous memorials against city burials have been referred, and also of the city inspector, prove beyond a reasonable doubt, that thousands of lives have been sacrificed by the deadly custom of which I speak. I could array before you a train of well established facts on this subject, which no man of common sensibility could listen to without a succession of shudders ; and be it remembered, this principle holds true, even of the village graveyard. Where the dead are buried among the living, the living must breathe the foul and poisonous gases which are ceaselessly escaping. We shall, many of us, I doubt not, live to see the time when we would no sooner bury the dead in our midst than we would keep them in our houses, or expose them in the open streets.

2. THE PROTECTION OF THE DEAD.—Hitherto we have shown little respect to the ashes of the departed, for we have given them no protection—no security. In all our crowded cities, and in many of our country churchyards, thousands have been buried whose graves are lost—and when we are called to perform the melancholy duty of removing the bones of an ancestor, or a friend, filial piety often mistakes the object of its search, and garners the remains of strangers. I will not here depict those revolting details which would best illustrate the subject. I will merely say, in general terms, which will not be contradicted. In the Report of the Special Committee of the Common Council of New York, on the subject of intra-mural interments (after speaking of one of the large graveyards of New York), the coroner said that his investigations resulted in the discovery of trenches, about 100 feet long, 20 feet deep, and 7 feet wide. Into these trenches the coffins are placed in layers, and not covered with earth until the trenches are filled. Hundreds, if not thousands, of these coffins were exposed to public view. This took place above the ground, and was easily visible ; but what takes place below the ground evades the public eye. The close proximity of coffins, the tiers above tiers, the strata of the dead, the heartless dismemberment of bodies by the spade of the digger,

Continued on the Second page following.



VIEW NEAR ANTHONY'S NOSE.



ONE of the most imposing of all the many picturesque scenes on the Hudson. It is a lofty, rocky promontory, whose summit rises nearly 1,300 feet above the river, and with the jutting point of the Donder-Berg a mile and a half below, gives the Hudson there a double curve, and the appearance of an arm of the sea, terminating at the mountains. Such was the opinion of Hendrick Hudson, as he approached this point from below. Little is known of the origin of the name. Irving makes his veracious historian Diedrich Knickerbocker say: "It must be known then that the nose of Anthony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda, being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass—the reflection of which shot straightway down hissing hot into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel. This huge monster, being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavor except about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone—and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people. When this astonishing miracle became known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that time."

This bold promontory is surrounded by localities which witnessed many of the most striking and important events of the Revolution. At the base of the mountain on the opposite side of the river, stand Forts Montgomery and Clinton, captured by Sir Henry Clinton in October, 1777.

Many a bloody tragedy was witnessed during the long struggle for the possession of West Point—the Gibraltar of the Hudson—and all readers are familiar with the failure of the plot for its surrender by the traitor Benedict Arnold.

INTRA-MURAL INTERMENTS—Continued.

as new abodes are excavated for the recent dead, the breaking of coffins, the intermingling of the remains of different individuals, the impossibility, after a few months, of telling where any particular body sleeps—if sleep it may be called, amidst such disturbance and unrest—the inability of ever removing any remains, for want of identification; these and other details are the secrets of the grave, which are seen only by the eye of the grave-digger, and are not blazoned to the public.

Nothing is more self-evident than that there can be no security for the dead, in crowded and growing towns—for in all cities it has become almost a daily-witnessed spectacle, to see graveyards “cut through,” for opening new streets, or digging cellars, or by other circumstances incident to the growth of population.

I will not dwell upon the subject, for there is nothing so shocking to the sensibilities of a Christian man as the thought of such irreverence and outrage on the human form—a form made in God's image, for whom the Son of man suffered and died, and which he will one day clothe with immortality.

But these worse than barbarous practices are fast giving way to the spirit of humanity, taste, and religion. Men are beginning to learn that if their bodies would rest quietly in their graves when life is over, they must make provision for a sepulchre while living. Hence, Rural Cemeteries are being laid out and embellished in every part of the country. The laws of the different States throw their protecting ægis around the hallowed spots; they cannot be assessed for taxes, nor sold for debt—they cannot be disturbed forever. The great lesson is at last being learned by Christians which the Saviour taught the world 1800 years ago—that the body of man is sacred as well as his soul, and that Christ died for both. This ennobling and sublime revelation of Heaven adds to the form of the poorest and obscurest child of earth, a dignity which was never conferred by princes—and a sacredness which should shield it from profanation.

Like the other sublime truths of Christianity, too, it appeals to man's better nature—it is adapted to the highest and most earnest aspirations of the soul; for, amidst the sufferings and the sorrows of earth, who has not sometimes, when the image of death came full on the vision, sent forth from his weary heart a sigh for rest, which the poor, broken-hearted Henry Kirke White breathed in those touching lines, where he says, as he looked on a quiet, rural spot:

“ Here would I wish to sleep. This is the spot
Which I have long marked out to lay my bones in;
Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot! The sultry sun,
From his meridian height endeavors vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage; while the zephyr
Comes wafting over the gently rippling stream,
And plays about my wan cheek!

* * * * *

INTRAMURAL INTERMENTS.

Here are the dead respected. The poor hind,
Unlettered as he is, would scorn to invade
The silent resting-place of death. I've seen
The laborer returning from his toil,
Here stay his steps, and call his children round,
And slowly spell the rudely sculptured rhymes,
And, in his rustic manner, moralize—"

And what spot on earth's green bosom wakes so many tender and holy feelings, as a sweet landscape-garden, where the ashes of the departed are so peacefully sleeping? It divests death of all the false terrors with which we have clothed it. It spreads over the tomb the gorgeous and cheering drapery which was flung by the hands of the Redeemer around the resting-place of his brother-man; and, looking up through its glorious foldings, we

"See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom—
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty, immortal, awakes from the tomb."

If, then, the Bible be true, and the creed of the Christian came from heaven; if this mortal shall put on immortality; if over the tomb of man Christ hath inscribed these words, "He is not dead but sleepeth"; if the Saviour himself was buried in a garden and angels stood sentinels to protect his tomb, why should not we imitate that touching example and guard the sepulchre of a friend with vigilance, and clothe it with the vestments of beauty? If death be the gate to heaven, why should we not adorn it with flowers? The greatest of England's lyric poets, in painting the land of the blessed, has borrowed all his imagery from the Hebrew prophets:

"Oh! the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight,
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight."

"There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow,
And rocks, and brooks, and hills, and vales,
With milk and honey flow."

I confess that neither from experience, observation, the Christian faith, or the promptings of my own heart, can I draw a single image of gloom that casts a shadow over a rural cemetery. To my fancy, it is a place of sweet recreation to the meditative soul; these sacred enclosures where faith, with her white wings, may sit brooding with her eyes full of prayer, and where a hallowed sanctity shelters in her arms so kindly the departed. It is a poor and pitiful alarm which hovers over many of our present moments like a phantom of coldness, and darkness, and torpor. Let us have everywhere places where the living may come and commune with the dead, list to their solemn voices, hearken to their eloquent tones with benediction and soft imploration. Let their earnest calls teach us to plume our souls for a flight into the sweet celestial country. With velvet verdure let the green hills be crowned, and the purest flowers

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

breathe forth their delicate aroma, and let there gather here all the lavish decorations which art and nature can skillfully weave together. Here let the sculptor bring his classic gifts, and call from the marble forms harmonious thoughts divine. Then tenderly will lie the silvery shadows on the green homes of the dead—cloud-mantles of ineffable lustre, woven as by hands invisible. The bright sun will glance smilingly amid the polished statues. In moonlight eve the air will seem vocal with echoes from the unseen land. Hearts once filled with life, tumultuous and beating with hope, then will speak, in the quiet of death, to living hearts, and teach this great lesson, that they truly live, while we are but shadows and echoes.

These beautiful grounds have been dedicated, and they are hereafter sacred. But the work of consecration will go on for ages. Every heart that comes here in sadness, to commit the form of a cherished one to the earth, will make the spot still more holy. Every sigh of sympathy and tear of sorrow will impart a fresh consecration—for, where a human being has breathed a hope or prayer, or wept, or loved, or suffered, the spot where he stood became sacred. Long after we are gone this future city of the dead will be visited by our successors, and to these holy mounds and vales will be borne, one by one, the good, the brave, and the beautiful.

Hither will come the venerable pastor to lay a fallen sentinel of Zion and inscribe on his tomb those inspired words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." And in this kindly earth will the young mother lay her sweet babe with many tears, and over its little monument write, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven;" and she will bring the earliest spring flowers to plant over its tomb. And here, too, will the no longer anxious but sainted mother come herself, at last, to sleep by the side of her tender babe. I will not dare to say what inscription her bereaved children, who carry the blessings of heaven which her evening prayers have called down, may put on her monument, for I have yet found none holy enough to inscribe over the resting-place of that gentle and exalted being who rocked me in my infancy, and left me her blessing when she died. I only know that she is my guardian-angel now! And here in the undisturbed solitude of some future evening will be seen, not many years hence, a travel-worn stranger, who has come from the glittering coast of the Pacific, laden with gold, but poor in heart, to find the spot where his aged mother is sleeping, and over the new-made grave he would barter away all his treasure, if he could once more hear that tender voice, as it sounded in his ear when she gave her boy her last blessing. There are friends, too, in the world who would die for one another; such an one will sleep here, and his companion, years gone by, will bend over his mound at sunset, and lingering still for another farewell, will whisper the melting words of Collins over the grave of his friend Thomson, near the church at Richmond, on the banks of the Thames—

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun Night has veiled the solemn view;
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

Continued on the Second page following.



Dr. Otto Klinker

DE WITT CLINTON.

Born in New York, March 2d, 1769. Died in New York, Feb. 11, 1828.

DESCENDED from an ancestry which had long been illustrious, and invested with the glory that belongs to the founders of States, his fathers had offered their best blood and treasure for the political life and freedom of the New World. Inferior to none of that long line which he passed, in walking through the gallery of his ancestors; with a love for study; a complete classical education; thorough training in the law, and with a comprehension great enough for all art, science, and government, he had an instinctive yearning for the progress of his country, and a prophetic forecast of its future greatness. In his thirty-third year he closed his term of brilliant services in the Senate of New York, and was sent to the Senate of the United States. Resigning that position to become Mayor of New York City, and long holding that office, he rose to the first distinction in the State, and was regarded as the most probable successor of John Quincy Adams, when his career was suddenly terminated by death.

His services to his countrymen in the various trusts committed to him were so numerous and so great, that we cannot here find space even to record their titles. Among the most eminent, was his devotion to the interests of Popular Education, and his controlling and inspiring agency in the construction of the Erie Canal. He had looked upon the St. Lawrence flowing off into the fog-enshrouded regions of Newfoundland, and he lived upon the green banks of the Hudson. He determined to bring these widely separated waters together; and he persevered, and lived to carry out the mighty enterprise of excavating a channel nearly four hundred miles long over the bosom of New York, through which the waters of Lake Erie were poured into the Hudson. Its joyous tide came down, and the magnificent river received this tribute of pride. The men of the metropolis looked upon a boat which had been launched on Lake Erie, and was now receiving on its deck, in the City of New York, an exultant party of internal improvement men.

About the same time, the waters of Lake George and Lake Champlain, those mirrors which lie like visions of beauty among the mountains of our northern frontier, sent down by another canal their tributes, and one by one artificial channels of navigation were opened, which brought the wealth of the continent to the feet of New York. The nation caught the spirit breathed from the genius of De Witt Clinton, and from that day may date a new era in the physical development of the resources of the whole country.

INTRA-MURAL INTERMENTS—Concluded.

The genial meads, assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

And long may it be ; but it will come at last, when a consecration, more tender, perhaps, than all these, will be witnessed. There are beings too beautiful to live long on the earth. I have thought that Heaven sometimes lends its angels to us, and they borrow the sweetest forms of the earth to inhabit for a few years, winning, loving, sanctifying all around them ; and that every day they grow more frail, gentle, and spiritually beautiful ; and at last when some poet of " St. Agnes' Eve " breathes his adoration, she who must not be worshipped, returns to heaven. Her grave will be the sweetest spot in Mountain-Grove, and over it, in the moonlight, will the poet of St. Agnes recall the only words ever written which express the sentiment such a scene could inspire—

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
But shepherd-lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen ;
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And deck thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Oh, 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed ;
Beloved, till life could charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead.

Yes, hither shall they all come to moisten these mounds with tears of sympathy, and confide to these groves the holy plaint of love and sorrow. All, all will come, and to all the spot will

INTRA-MURAL INTERMENTS.

henceforth be sacred. But all will be sure of sympathy, except one. He will be "the stranger within thy gates," who died in the midst of his journey, with his eyes turned towards his beloved Argos. The Oriental nations have a tender blessing to bestow on all they part with, whether friend or stranger—"May you die among your kindred." I hope that some quiet nook of this cemetery will be dedicated to strangers who die in your midst. There should be such a spot in every cemetery—it should be beautiful—and sooner or later, over all its graves, some one will come to weep over the dust you knew nothing of, to plant a flower and breathe for you a prayer which Heaven will be sure to listen to. The "stranger's God" will bless that green spot, and those who dedicate it to the repose of the wanderer who died away from home. And you may sweeten the bitterness of his dying hour, by breathing in his ear those soothing words of Bryant—

——— And what if those withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure,—all that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,
Shall one by one be gathered by thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

In leaving these hallowed grounds, let us bear with us the great moral of the scene—

So live, that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

ANCIENT AND MODERN EXPRESSES.

IN travelling across the continent of Europe as we used to thirty years ago, in the lumbering French diligence, the light *malle-poste*, or the still lighter private *coupé* by post-horses, despite beautiful scenery and picturesque old ruins, the always-smooth roads and the ever-recurring scenes of departed empires have much the same effect upon the traveller, if he be a

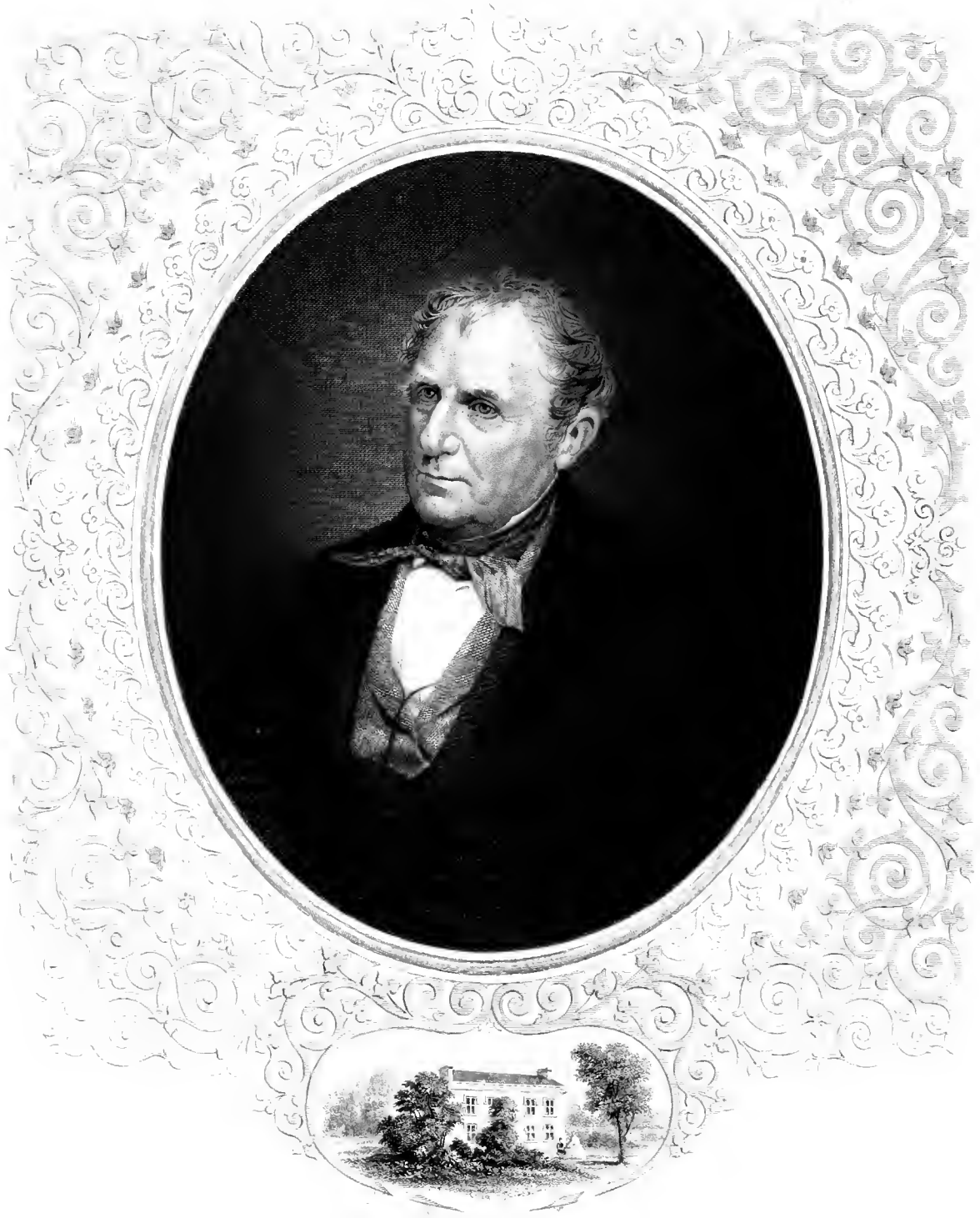
AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

man of sentiment, as the half ideal morning reverie after the night's sleep; or an hour of dreamy repose in a deep American forest, when the autumnal sun is looking kindly down through the Indian-summer atmosphere, and you watch every yellow maple-leaf as it comes falling to the earth by the laws of inevitable decay. Who has not, reclining in such a forest, felt every nerve leap at the sudden crack of the hunter's rifle, or the elastic bound of the frightened buck as he dashes on, scathed or unscathed by the shot? Something like this is felt, when our traveller springs from his languid repose at the sudden blast of a bugle, the clatter of racing horses, the shout of the postilion, and the flashing by the window of an imperial courier from St. Petersburg, or Vienna. The startled *voyageur* springs to the window, and through the cloud of dust he sees the flashing trappings, the jockey-capped heads of the trim postilions; he hears one more crack of the whip, and it has dashed by him for ever, like the forest deer, or that illusion that flitted by him in his morning dream. Such was European travelling a generation ago. It is all changed now.

To one who watches the indices of this all-shaping age, in the movements of the American people, there is something more inspiring than in those old scenes. It is our unfettered freedom which has disturbed a thousand wildernesses by the roar of the steamboat and the whistle of the railway-engine. The exigencies of a great people scattered over a vast continent, where time is more than money, life, or fortune—have called into requisition a system of Expresses, which have far outstripped in speed and distance the flying couriers of Ancient Rome. We have extended our Republic faster than Rome; but at every step we have annihilated distance; and iron, electricity, and steam have brought the distant territory in a few years so near to the seaboard, that she feels the beatings of metropolitan life. Here, where the supreme power is wielded by all, and every avenue of light, speed, or utility is open to the common as well as to the greatest man, whatever grows rapidly, or sturdily, must expand and flourish in the atmosphere of Democratic equality. In walking by Trinity Church with a foreign traveller, some time ago, he asked us, "What significant object is there in this neighborhood?" We pointed to WELLS, FARGO & Co's, the AMERICAN, the UNITED STATES, and ADAMS' Expresses. No European Government could create such agencies. No sooner is a new railway opened than their parcel-cars are on the track next to the locomotive. Theirs are the men and the packages that always go through. Their agents are everywhere; their correspondence and communications encircle the earth.

They have received and brought over from the Pacific coast many hundred millions of gold. If a fraud is anywhere practised, if treasure or goods are robbed, or one of their messengers in any part of the world is struck down—a check is drawn for the amount, and the vast enginery moves on. No such spectacle as this was ever witnessed in the Roman Empire; and the Emperors of Austria and Russia are powerless to rival it.

The founders and pioneers of the Express business are most of them still living, the possessors of great wealth. To them the enterprise of the nation is more indebted than to any other class of our citizens.



J. Fenimore Cooper

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Born in New Jersey, Sept. 15, 1789. Died in New York, Sept. 14, 1851.

HIS father, Judge Cooper, owning a large tract of land near Lake Otsego in central New York, moved to it with his family in 1790, making the first settlement of Cooperstown. In that wild frontier region, the boyhood of the novelist was passed. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Yale College, but left in the third year, to enter the navy, where he served six years, attaining the rank of lieutenant. Marrying a sister of Bishop De Lancey in 1811, he resigned his commission to devote himself to literature as a profession. His first book, *Precaution*, was a failure, as it well deserved to be; on his first appearance in the literary world he stumbled over the threshold and fell flat upon the floor. But the failure did him no harm, for nobody ever heard of the work till long afterwards, when he had won, not only a more brilliant reputation than any of his countrymen had then achieved, but in two broad fields of romance left himself without a rival in the world. The great success in the *Spy*, was followed by the *Leather-Stocking Tales*, which exhausted the forest, when he took to the ocean, eclipsing in both fields whatever had been written before, and banishing from them all but the most audacious adventurers.

Mr. Cooper wrote about a hundred volumes. Ten or twelve of them will live as long as the American woods wave their green foliage to Heaven. He shed a glory as well as a gloom over the sufferings and endurance of the pathfinders of our empire. He has made many a spot sacred over which the ploughshare is now driven by men who read his Novels, and even Scott did not hesitate to say, that Cooper had written the best sea stories produced in any language. He has been translated into all the modern tongues of Europe; he is read on the banks of the Seine, and on the shores of the Danube. His works are found on the shelves of Russian scholars at the base of the Ural Mountains. The Spaniards accorded to him the honor of their universities, and the Italians know his writings by heart. It was not many years after the *Edinburgh Review* had asked, "Who reads an American book?" that the following tribute to the genius of Cooper appeared in the same periodical:—"The empire of the sea has been conceded to him by acclamation; in the lonely desert or untrodden prairie, among the savage Indians or scarcely less savage settlers, all equally acknowledge his dominion. Within this circle none dares walk but him."

FOREIGN CRITICISM.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, in his "North America," says:—In speaking of the literature of my country, we are, I think, too much inclined to regard the question as one appertaining exclusively to the writers of books—not acknowledging, as we should do, that the literary character of a people will depend much more upon what it reads than what it writes. If we can suppose any people to have an intimate acquaintance with the best literary efforts of other countries, we should hardly be correct in saying that such a people had no literary history of their own because it had itself produced nothing in literature. And, with reference to those countries which have been most fertile in the production of good books, I doubt whether their literary histories would not have more to tell of those ages in which much has been read than of those in which much has been written.

The United States have been by no means barren in the production of literature. The truth is so far from this that their literary triumphs are perhaps those which, of all their triumphs, are the most honorable to them, and which, considering their position as a young nation, are the most permanently satisfactory. But though they have done much in writing, they have done much more in reading. As producers they are more than respectable, but as consumers they are the most conspicuous people on the earth. It is impossible to speak of the subject of literature in America without thinking of the readers rather than of the writers. In this matter their position is different from that of any other great people, seeing that they share the advantages of our language. An American will perhaps consider himself to be as little like an Englishman as he is like a Frenchman. But he reads Shakspeare through the medium of his own vernacular, and has to undergo the penance of a foreign tongue before he can understand Molière. He separates himself from England in politics, and perhaps in affection; but he cannot separate himself from England in mental culture. It may be suggested that an Englishman has the same advantages as regards America; and it is true that he is obtaining much of such advantage. Irving, Prescott, and Longfellow are the same to England as though she herself had produced them. But the balance of advantage must be greatly in favor of America. We have given her the work of four hundred years, and have received back in return the work of fifty.

And of this advantage the Americans have not been slow to avail themselves. As consumers of literature they are certainly the most conspicuous people on the earth. Where an English publisher contents himself with a thousand copies, an American publisher deals with ten thousand. The sale of a new book which in numbers would amount to a considerable success with us, would with them be a lamentable failure. This, of course, is accounted for, as regards the author and the publisher, by the difference of price at which the book is produced. One thousand in England will give perhaps as good a return as the ten thousand in America. But as regards the readers, there can be no such equalization. The thousand copies cannot spread themselves as do the ten thousand. The one book at a guinea cannot multiply itself, let Mr. Mudie do what he will, as do the ten books at a dollar. Ultimately

there remain the ten books against the one; and if there be not the ten readers against the one, there are five, or four, or three. Everybody in the States has books about his house. "And so has everybody in England," will say my English reader, mindful of the libraries, or book-rooms, or book-crowded drawing-rooms of his friends and acquaintances. But has my English reader examined the libraries of many English cabmen, of ticket-porters, of warehousemen, and of agricultural laborers? I cannot take upon myself to say that I have done so with any close search in the States. But when it has been in my power I have done so, and I have always found books in such houses as I have entered. The amount of printed matter which is poured forth in streams from the printing-presses of the great American publishers is, however, a better proof of the truth of what I say than anything that I can have seen myself.

But of what class are the books that are so read? There are many who think that reading in itself is not good unless the matter read be excellent. I do not myself quite agree with this, thinking that almost any reading is better than none; but I will of course admit that good matter is better than bad matter. The bulk of the literature consumed in the States is no doubt composed of novels—as it is also, now-a-days, in this country. Whether or no an unlimited supply of novels for young people is or is not advantageous, I will not here pretend to say. The general opinion with ourselves I take it is, that novels are bad reading if they be bad of their kind. Novels that are not bad are now-a-days accepted generally as indispensable to our households. Whatever may be the weakness of the American literary taste in this respect, it is, I think, a weakness which we share. There are more novel-readers among them than with us, but only, I think, in the proportion that there are more readers.

I have no hesitation in saying, that works by English authors are more popular in the States than those written by themselves; and, among English authors of the present day, they by no means confine themselves to the novelists. The English names of whom I heard most during my sojourn in the States were, perhaps, those of Dickens, Tennyson, Buckle, Tom Hughes, Martin Tupper, and Thackeray. As the owners of all these names are still living, I am not going to take upon myself the delicate task of criticising the American taste. I may not perhaps coincide with them in every respect. But if I be right as to the names which I have given, such a selection shows that they do get beyond novels. I have little doubt but that many more copies of Dickens' novels have been sold during the last three years, than of the works either of Tennyson or of Buckle; but such also has been the case in England. It will probably be admitted that one copy of the "Civilization" should be held as being equal to five-and-twenty of "Nicholas Nickleby," and that a single "In Memoriam" may fairly weigh down half a dozen "Pickwicks." Men and women after their day's work are not always up to the "Civilization." As a rule, they are generally up to "Proverbial Philosophy," and this, perhaps, may have had something to do with the great popularity of that very popular work.

Of the literature of the United States, speaking of literature in its ordinary sense, I do not know that I need say much more. I regard the literature of a country as its highest

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

produce, believing it to be more powerful in its general effect, and more beneficial in its results, than either statesmanship, professional ability, religious teaching, or commerce. And in no part of its national career have the United States been so successful as in this. I need hardly explain that I should commit a monstrous injustice were I to make a comparison in this matter between England and America. Literature is the child of leisure and wealth. It is the produce of minds which, by a happy combination of circumstances, have been enabled to dispense with the ordinary cares of the world. It can hardly be expected to come from a young country, or from a new and still struggling people. Looking around at our own magnificent colonies, I hardly remember a considerable name which they have produced, except that of my excellent old friend, Sam Slick. Nothing, therefore, I think, shows the settled greatness of the people of the States more significantly than their firm establishment of a national literature. This literature runs over all subjects. American authors have excelled in poetry, in science, in history, in metaphysics, in law, in theology, and in fiction. They have attempted all, and failed in none. What Englishman has devoted a room to books, and devoted no portion of that room to the productions of America?

NEW ENGLAND.

PERCIVAL.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast !
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host !
No slave is here ; our unchained feet
Walk freely as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore ;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave ;
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled ;
But souls like these such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the morn when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight !
Oh, 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore ;
Thou art the shelter of the free ;
The home, the port of liberty,
Thou hast been and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest ;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed ;
All who the wreath of freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine
Are blessed.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land ;
They still shall find our lives are given
To die for home ; and leant on Heaven
Our hand.



LAKE GEORGE.

THIS picturesque sheet of water has held a conspicuous place in our history for more than a hundred years. It was the channel of communication between the Hudson and Canada. During the French and Revolutionary wars it witnessed the struggles of the largest armies that had fought on this Continent—chief of which was the storming of the French castle at Ticonderoga, under Gen. Abercrombie, on the 5th of July, 1758.

It was one of those balmy summer days when our climate seems to find its paradise on the magical shores of Lake George, where the deep blue of the northern heavens is softened into Italian loveliness by the blending of purple and gold in the west at sunset. The Lake stretches away to the north, and on its rippleless bosom rest, at sunrise and sunset, pictures of the mountains so perfectly photographed, that the eye can hardly discern the line that divides the landscape of earth from the scenery of heaven.

On the morning of the 5th of July, at daybreak, Abercrombie's armament, carrying 15,000 men in 900 small boats, and 135 whale-boats, with their artillery mounted on rafts, embarked for Ticonderoga. It was the largest body of troops that had ever assembled in this hemisphere, and it was a gala spectacle. Numberless banners streamed over the broad flotilla, flashing with brilliant uniforms, and gay with exultation, while strains of martial music rolled over the bosom of the silver Lake, losing themselves in echoes murmuring among the purple mountains. After passing Rodger's Slide, a desperate and victorious struggle came on the following day, when Howe, the young British commander, fell. Pressing forward with the main body of his troops in face of the enemy's fire, Abercrombie attempted to scale the fort in the old style of British valor. But a brave struggle of four hours proved of no avail against Montcalm's impregnable position. The assailants retired to the Lake, leaving 2000 of their best troops wounded or dead, and slowly the shattered expedition retraced its way over the calm waters, when the vanquished leader sat down in despondency, overwhelmed by the greatness of his disaster.

In that expedition were Putnam, Stark, Schuyler, Lee, Pomeroy, Gridely, Woodhull, and hundreds of others who were taking lessons in war that were not to be forgotten in the campaigns of the Revolution, when it opened seventeen years later.

PROTECTION FOR LIBRARIES.

ESTABLISHED Libraries in the United States now number upwards of three thousand; and it is safe to say that not a score of them are secured by fire-proof buildings. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear, as we so frequently do, of their destruction. Nor do we even hope that this great evil will for a long time find a remedy, although a considerable number of munificent bequests have lately been made for this purpose; and like every other good work, when it once starts in this age, it will grow large and strong as time imparts to the effort its impressive sanction.

But there is another evil of hardly less magnitude in the same connection, whose cure is entirely within our reach. We can preserve the most precious things which every Library holds, from destruction, and at so trifling a cost that it seems unpardonable not to do it.

As a rule, the chief value of every Library and art-gem collection, consists in a *few* books, MSS., historic records, documents, and objects of special worth, which if lost, could never be restored, or only at great expense. These objects occupy but little space, and could easily be protected. It is amazing that a man, and a scholar, like Edwin Forrest, whose sole passion was for the Drama, and who during a life-long dedication to it, had at vast expense gathered altogether the richest and most valuable collection of dramatic literature in all languages to be found in America, and equalled by very few in the world—a collection which, like his entire estate, he had during his whole lifetime, consecrated to the cherished object of his heart—the founding and endowment of a Home for Actors, and a perpetual School for the Drama—should have for years kept that collection in a common dwelling, exposed to the hazards of fire, no better protected than ordinary furniture. And furthermore, that he should never have taken the precaution to get a fire-proof safe, which at a trifling cost, would have preserved that priceless copy of the first folio of Shakspeare, (there are only two others in the world), which cost \$5,000 long ago, and which can now never be replaced. And not only this, but some hundred or more almost equally valuable volumes, many of which were the only copies extant—all collected at so great an expense, and with so much vigilance, enthusiasm, and learning—illustrated by rare engravings, notes, and annotations of eminent scholars and actors! Such calamities can neither be sufficiently lamented or condoned.

This is a striking, but not an isolated instance of unpardonable negligence. Even the Congressional Library was brought to ashes a few years ago, and its rarest and best things injured or destroyed. It has been so with the Public Libraries of States, Universities, and Schools of Learning, while the vast number of valuable private collections of the country, now rapidly increasing, and being enriched from year to year, are one and all open to the indiscriminate ravages of fire—that merciless destroyer of the treasures of this Continent. We trust that a protecting Providence may watch over the priceless collection of Mr. Lenox, until it is safely sheltered by the solid walls of the enduring edifice he is erecting in Central Park.

But there are thousands of other Libraries scattered all over the land, all of which possess some objects of special value, choice volumes, MSS., correspondence, deeds, titles, be-

PROTECTION FOR LIBRARIES.

quests, gems of art, &c., all of which grow more valuable every day, and all of which will be needed by the students and historians of the future. In the sacred names of Learning and Humanity let us preserve them. The dangers to which works of special value are now exposed in our Public Libraries prevents many possessors of such things from donating them to such institutions; nor must their managers expect the general encouragement they would otherwise receive, until they can offer better assurances for the preservation of such choice gifts as would enrich and embellish their collections.

We have long felt very deeply on this subject, and as far as we could tried to impress this feeling on the public. But we wish to attempt something more.

We have made thorough inquiry among the chief safe-manufacturers of the United States, at what cost perfectly secure fire-proof safes could be made for Libraries, without the greatly increased expense of elaborate work, of burglar locks, &c., which are entirely unnecessary for our purpose; the chief object being to secure the greatest amount of fire-proof space, for the least money. We have ascertained that quite a capacious safe can be had of any of the chief New York safe-makers for \$200 or \$300.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

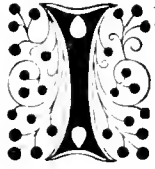
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WASHINGTON AN ABOLITIONIST.



IN a letter to Robert Morris, dated April 12, 1786, Washington says :

I can only say that there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do, to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery. But there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is, by legislative authority ; and this, as far as my suffrage can go, shall never be wanting.

Writing to Lafayette, May 10, 1786, Washington says :

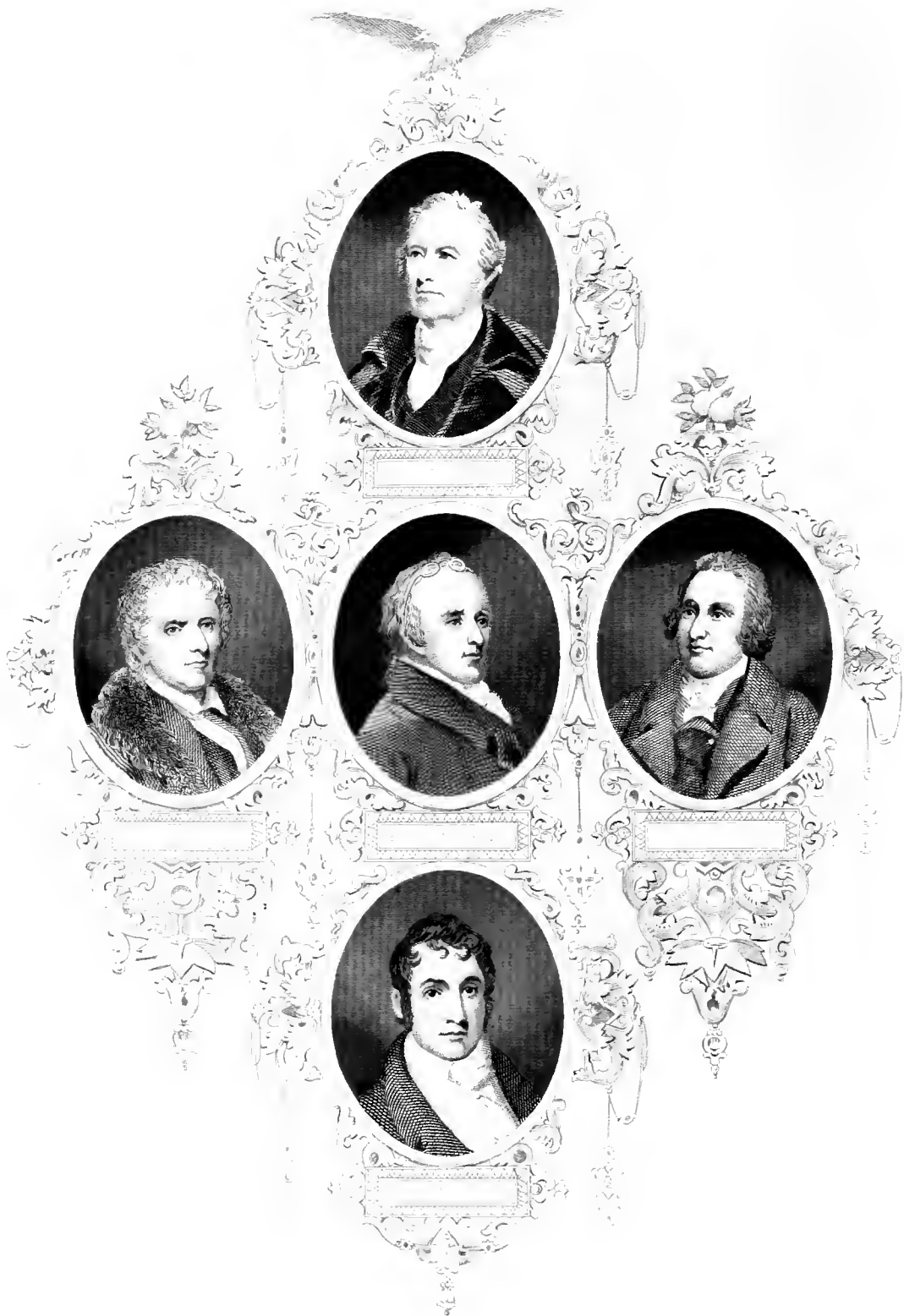
The benevolence of your heart, my dear marquis, is so conspicuous upon all occasions, that I never wonder at any fresh proofs of it. But your late purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. *Would to God the like spirit might diffuse itself generally in the minds of the people of this country !* But I despair of seeing it. Some petitions were presented to the Assembly, at its last session, for the abolition of slavery, but they could scarcely obtain a reading. To set the slaves afloat at once, would, I really believe, be productive of much inconvenience and mischief. *But by degrees it certainly might, and assuredly ought, to be effected, and that, too, by legislative authority.*

To John F. Mercer, Sept. 9, 1786 :

I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, *it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law.*

Washington's will, dated July 9, 1799 :

Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold in my own right, shall receive their freedom. * * * And I do moreover most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the survivors of them, to see that this clause respecting slaves, and every part thereof, be religiously fulfilled, at the epoch at which it is directed to take place, without evasion, neglect, or delay, after the crops which may then be on the ground are harvested, particularly as respects the aged and infirm ; seeing that a regular and permanent fund be established for their support, as long as there are subjects requiring it, not trusting to the uncertain provision to be made by individuals.



EMINENT CITIZENS.

JOHN TRUMBULL.—Born in Connecticut, June 6, 1756. Died in New York, Nov. 10, 1843. The greatest historical painter of America. He served in the Revolution on the staff of Washington. An artist from his youth, he studied under Benjamin West in London, and left an imperishable fame as the painter of the "Declaration of Independence," the "Surrender of Lord Cornwallis," the "Surrender of Gen. Burgoyne," and the "Resignation of Gen. Washington," which are among the choicest treasures of the Capitol. His other principal works are in the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven.

BENJAMIN RUSH.—Born near Philadelphia, December 24, 1745. Died there, April 19, 1813. One of the most learned American physicians, and the author of a series of works on medical science which commanded universal esteem. He was one of the most distinguished signers of the Declaration of Independence; physician-general to the army of the Revolution; one of the founders of Dickinson College; president of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery, vice-president of the Philadelphia Bible Society, and the American Philosophical Society; and from 1799 till his death, treasurer of the United States Mint.

WILLIAM PINCKNEY.—Born in South Carolina, in 1703. Died there, in December 1766. He was one of the three sons of Thomas Pinckney, the founder of the family in America. His services to the Province of South Carolina, as master in chancery and commissary-general, commanded universal respect and gratitude. He was not only a great lawyer, but a broad statesman, and an incorruptible patriot.

DANIEL BOONE.—Born in Pennsylvania, Feb. 11, 1735. Died in Missouri, Sept. 26, 1820. He is the most illustrious type of the race of American pioneers. The story of his life is filled with daring and adventure. Trained from boyhood to the hardships of the forest, he became the file-leader of the Virginians, who passed the mountains, and introduced civilization into Kentucky. The reader will observe that in addition to his large portrait on another page, he appears here with other illustrious Americans who constitute the group.

JOHN EAGER HOWARD.—Born in Maryland, June 4, 1752. Died there, Oct. 12, 1827. He was one of the bravest officers of the Revolution, and fought in many of its battles. He was Governor of his State from 1789 to 1792; and United States Senator from 1796 to 1803.

CALIFORNIA—'49 & '74.

A SHORT time ago the Society of California Pioneers, or "49ers" as they are called, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of California—our Pacific demi-semi-centennial. The event is very suggestive, and marks an era in the history of our great and real West, if not in the history of the nation itself. In '49 gold had just been discovered. Scores, hundreds of men in all parts of the country were seeking by every means of travel the golden shore. The disappointments, the blasted hopes of many a hardy pioneer, constitute a sad chapter in the history of American *conditores imperiorum*. The Pacific Coast was then practically unknown. The gold-digger sought only with his "rocker and long-tom" for the root of all evil. Then almost the only industry was the search for gold. Supplies of all kinds for food, drink, and clothing were imported not only from the different parts of the United States, but every other country in the commercial world contributed a share of the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life to the California miner. The land seemed a desert, without promise for the future save in its mines. The soil seemed illy adapted to minister to the wants of its inhabitants, the beauties of its climate were unknown, and the whole region to its best friends appeared to be a place of sojourn but for a day and a night, if fortune smiled. But the facts of '74 surpass in all ways the hopes of '49. Its mines since then have yielded over \$1,500,000,000. Their product in 1873 was \$82,000,000, and during the last ten years, from 1863 to 1874, they have furnished for export \$691,000,000, or an average of \$69,000,000 yearly. What a record! And yet from the extremes of North and South in the great West we hear and read of undeveloped mines. The recent Black Hills Expedition only corroborates what has long been known, and doubtless the richest mines in the country are yet to be discovered in the southern range of the mineral belt. Miners now realize that hard work under scientific, not speculative guidance, is the road to wealth through gold-mines. New inventions like the diamond drill, the Burleigh steam rock-drill and air-compressors for ventilating mines, improved machinery, and a systematic and scientific method of working, have now taken the place of the crude processes of '49. The result is seen in the yield of 1873, the largest ever mined in the same length of time. The yield of 1874 will probably exceed that of 1873 by some \$10,000,000. Recent developments on the Comstock lode, showing larger and richer deposits at greater depths, make many men believe these mines to be still in their infancy, although, when we record the fact that the Crown Point and Belcher mines have in the past four years mined \$45,973,200, or \$5.473 for every inch of ground on the vein, we must acknowledge they are pretty sturdy infants. Recently, in Bohemia, a shaft was deepened to 4,000 feet in one of the silver-mines. At this depth very rich deposits were found, showing that there, as in California, metalliferous veins do not always "peter out" at the bottom.

Iron and coal are found in different localities, in great abundance and close proximity, only requiring proper means of communication to develop another source of wealth. Lead is also found in abundance, generally mixed with silver, the poorer ores being treated in San

Francisco and Sacramento City, the richer ores in Pittsburgh, Newark, and other cities, where they are worked with more care and greater economy. Before the discovery of quicksilver on the Pacific slope, the Almaden mines of Spain furnished the principal supply; moderate quantities, however, being found in Austria and Hungary. Of late the Spanish supply has been greatly lessened; and in consequence the California mines have been called upon for an export as well as a large home demand. Without this valuable product, the mineral wealth of California would be comparatively useless, as it is the affinity of quicksilver for gold, silver, tin, lead, and other metals which enables the expert to separate the different products. California furnishes over one-third of the quicksilver product of the world.

Crude borax is found in Nevada and California in large quantities. Our supply until recently had been drawn from England, where it was monopolized by one very wealthy firm. Eighteen months ago the article of refined borax was sold in the New York market at 32 cents, gold, a pound; but now, in consequence of the home development, it is sold at 13 cents, currency, and instead of importing we are now shipping refined borax to Europe and other parts of the world. Copper, salt, sulphur abound, and, like many other natural products, only await development to become the basis of large and important interests.

Twenty-five years ago California imported her flour. This year she has 20,000,000 bushels. The export surplus of her harvests requires over 600 ships to carry it from her shores.

California wool is well-known throughout the manufacturing world as of the best and finest production. The Angora goat, heretofore raised only in Asia, has recently been introduced in California, where the climate seems adapted to the animal, and its wool is finer and longer than when grown in its native country. Cotton has already assumed quite a prominent place in the agricultural industries of the State, and is on a sure footing. The fibre is superior, rarely suffering from the frost or other climatic causes. One planter in Merced County raised a crop yielding over \$30,000, each acre giving about 1,800 pounds. Silk will also become a very important interest. It has not developed as cotton has, but enough has been done to demonstrate that its final success is only a question of time. Tobacco-raising has also made rapid development, and not only is the home demand supplied, but agencies for the sale of manufactured tobacco have been established in the principal Eastern cities, the quality being inferior only to that of Havana. The quality of hops grown in California is very fine, and being easily raised, will be exported largely. The wine crop this year will probably exceed 10,000,000 gallons, insuring a large amount for export. At present many of the native wines seem harsh and crude, probably from improper selection of vines and treatment, but when experience has perfected the manner of manipulation, the wines will compare favorably with the wines of Europe, and native wines come into general use. The fruits of California are already well-known in our market. Dried fruits will hereafter enter largely into our daily use. One drying establishment in operation prepares thirty-five tons in twenty-four hours by one machine.

The raising of stock—cattle, sheep, horses, &c.—is destined to become a very profitable occupation. Turning from minerals and field products to manufactures, the woollen manufactures of California turn out some of the finest and most expensive blankets and heavy

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

woollens which are known. Sugar refineries, glass factories, distilleries, breweries, machine shops, furniture manufactories, tobacco manufactories, agricultural implement shops, smelting works for lead and silver, shot manufactories, paper mills, and type foundries, are successfully carried on, and the wilderness of '49 has been transformed into the prosperous State of '74, which with its exports could command, were trade free, imports of the products of the industries of all nations. The banking capital of the State amounts to \$100,000,000, and its savings-banks hold for depositors \$55,000,000.

A desert in '49, a garden in '74, could we but look into the future of California, what should we see? Its mines pouring out an annual product of \$100,000,000, its harvests of cereals feeding the populations of the west coast as far as Cape Horn, those of Mexico and the South American States, if not of China and Japan, and its manufactures seeking the same markets. Chinese and Japanese laborers fill a lower place than our own population care to occupy, and provide a better solution for the industrial problem of California than the wisdom of the nation has yet found for her political problem. Free-Trade, it is manifest, is for California the first and most imperious of all her necessities—the very path of Empire.—*The New York World*.

THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA.

From this hundred-terraced height
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years;
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my Long-Ago
Moves about the moveless base
Far below my resting place.

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling Westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within *Farewell dear England* sighing
Winds without *But dear in vain* replying,
Gray-lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying
No! It shall not be!

Jamestown, out of thee—
Plymouth, thee—there, Albany—
Winter cries, *Ye freeze: away!*
Fever cries, *Ye burn: away!*
Hunger cries, *Ye starve: away!*
Vengeance cries, *Your graves shall stay!*

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,
Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings—
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air—
War, and his most noise lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords—
Error, Terror, Rage, and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea,
No! Thou shalt not be!

Hark!
Huguenots whispering *yea* in the dark,
Puritans answering *yea* in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrannous heart of Denial,
Patience and Labor and solemn souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorous death of the Night,
Toil, when wild brother-wars new dark the Light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

Now Praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now Praise to Man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was: I am: and I shall be—
How long, Good Angel, O how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

Music, from this height of time my Word unfold:
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart behold:
Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

SIDNEY LANIER.



MEMBERS OF FED. CONVENTION.

ROBERT MORRIS.—Born in England, January 20, 1734. Died in Philadelphia, May 8, 1806. He was the financier of the Revolution ; the first merchant in America. He signed the Declaration of Independence, and gave his whole soul to the cause. When Washington could get money nowhere else, he saved him from miscarriage during the darkest hours of the war. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and a Senator of the United States. He was the first choice of Washington as Secretary of the Treasury, but recommended Alexander Hamilton, who was appointed.

OLIVER ELLSWORTH.—Born April 29, 1745. Died November 26, 1807. A Princeton scholar, and a lawyer, he became a member of the Continental Congress, and of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution, and one of its most illustrious members. He was pre-eminently the father of the Judiciary system of the United States. A Senator in Congress from 1789 to 1796, Washington appointed him Justice of the Supreme Court, over which he presided with great distinction. John Adams made him minister to Paris, where he proved himself an able negotiator. He was one of the ablest jurists America has ever had.

JOHN RUTLEDGE.—Born in South Carolina, in 1739. Died there, July 23, 1800. He reached the foremost rank at the bar, and was the strongest man the South sent to the Stamp Act Congress. As a member of the Continental Congress, Governor of his State, member of the Constitutional Convention, and an Associate Judge of the United States Supreme Court, he rendered the highest services.

JOHN DICKINSON.—Born in Maryland, November 13, 1732. Died in Delaware, February 14, 1808. Studying law in Philadelphia, and at the Temple, London, he acquired distinction as a member of the first Colonial Congress, whose resolutions he drafted, and as the author of "Farmers' Letters." He was a member of the Federal Convention for framing the Constitution.

RUFUS KING.—Born in Maine, in 1755. Died in Long Island, April 29, 1827. Thoroughly trained as a lawyer, in the Continental Congress in 1785 he introduced a resolution for the immediate abolition of African slavery throughout the United States. He was an eloquent and influential member of the Federal Convention. Frequently elected to the National Senate, and sent minister to Great Britain, he always displayed the characteristics of a great statesman, and left a most honorable fame.

COTTON CULTURE.

IN the United States, cotton-seeds, as stated in Purchas's *Pilgrims*, "were first planted as an experiment in 1621, and their plentiful coming up was, at that early day, a subject of interest in America and England." In the Province of Carolina the growth of the cotton-plant is noticed in a paper of the date of 1666, preserved in Carroll's Historical Collections of South Carolina. In 1736 the plant was known in gardens in lat. 39° N., on the eastern shore of Maryland; and about forty years afterwards it was cultivated in the County of Cape May, in New Jersey. It was, however, little known except as a garden-plant until after the Revolutionary War, at the commencement of which General Delagall is said to have had thirty acres of the green-seed cotton under culture near Savannah. In 1748 it is stated that among the exports of Charleston, S. C., were seven bags of cotton-wool, valued at £3 4s. 5d. a bag. Another small shipment was made in 1754; and in 1770 three more, amounting to ten bales, were made to Liverpool. In 1784 eight bags shipped to England were seized, on *the ground that so much cotton could not be produced in the United States*. The exports of the next six years were successively 14, 6, 109, 389, 842, and (in 1790) 81 bags. In 1786 the first Sea Island cotton was raised on the coast of Georgia, and its exportation was commenced in 1788 by Alexander Bissel of St. Simon's Island. The seeds were obtained from the Bahamas, the plant having been introduced there from Anguilla, one of the Leeward Isles. The first successful crop in the State was that of William Elliott in 1790, on Hilton Head Island. The excellent quality of the staple caused it to be distinguished from other cottons in the year 1805, and enabled it to command much higher prices. In 1806 it sold for 30 cents per pound, when other cotton was worth 22 cents. In 1816 it brought 47 cents, other cotton 27 cents. The great length of the fibre was unequalled, and the English manufacturers at first actually reduced it by cutting before spinning. The success of the crop caused many to engage in its cultivation, and some of the largest fortunes in South Carolina were thus rapidly accumulated. The extent of the region adapted to it was, however, limited, and the amount raised in 1805 was not exceeded by the crop of 1832, being about 8,000,000 pounds. The culture of the other varieties, the herbaceous and the hirsutum, or shrub-cotton, distinguished by their green instead of the black seed of the Sea Island, was rapidly extended in the last ten years of the eighteenth century throughout the Southern States, the product being known as the short staple or upland cotton. In 1791 the cotton crop in the United States was 2,000,000 pounds, of which three-fourths was raised in South Carolina, and one-fourth in Georgia. The exports amounted to 189,500 pounds. In 1801, 48,000,000 pounds were produced, and 20,000,000 pounds exported.

The United States exceed all other countries in the production of cotton, both as to quantity and quality. This is attributed not so much to soil as to climate. The plant is found growing as far north as 40°; but the belt within which its cultivation is attended with profit, lies between the Gulf of Mexico and the parallel of 36°, and the best cotton region extends about 100 miles on either side of the parallel of 32°. Although it may be profit-

COTTON STATISTICS.

ably cultivated in some of the Tennessee valleys, in some bottom-lands of northern Arkansas and southern Missouri, and a limited area in North Carolina, the cotton States, properly speaking, are South Carolina, Georgia, the northern part of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, the northern half of Louisiana, the southern half of Arkansas, and the eastern half of Texas. The yield of cotton per acre varies greatly, corresponding with the condition of the soil; it ranges in amount from 130 pounds on the uplands, to 400 pounds on the rich lowlands. The productive capacity of the soil is greatly increased by the use of fertilizers. The average for the total crop of the United States in 1872 was one-half bale per acre. There are two leading varieties of cotton cultivated in the United States—the upland from green, and the Sea Island from black seed. The upland, known also as the short-staple, is of Mexican or West Indian origin, and has received the designation upland to distinguish it from the produce of the islands and low districts near the shore. It constitutes the great bulk of the crop in the United States. Thus in 1873, when the total production of cotton amounted to 3,930,508 bales, the crop of Sea Island was 26,289 bales. The Sea Island (*G. arboreum*, or tree-cotton) is the finest and best kind of cotton produced anywhere, and commands the highest price. It will not flourish at a distance from the sea, and its cultivation is limited to districts along the shores of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Texas. The most favorable point for its production, in respect both to soil and climate, is Edisto Island, on the coast of South Carolina, south of Charleston. The soil is light and sandy, but a little above tide, and its fertility is increased by the use, as manure, of mud from the surrounding salt marshes. The average yield per acre is little more than half of that of the upland. The staple or filament of Sea Island cotton is long, silken, and delicate, which renders it highly valuable in the production of the finest yarns. It is never introduced into the coarser muslins, but is used for the most delicate fabrics, and very largely in the manufacture of the finest quality of cotton thread; and it is also consumed in large quantities by silk manufacturers, the fine, soft, and glossy fibre rendering a mixture with the thread of the silk-worm difficult to be detected.—*Appleton's American Cyclopædia*.

COTTON STATISTICS.—Previously to 1790, the United States hardly exported a bale of cotton. A little had been raised for domestic use before the Revolution, but the quantity was of no importance. In 1791 the trifling quantity of 189,316 pounds was exported, and in 1792, 138,328 pounds—not enough in both years to load an average-sized schooner. About this time Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin, by which the wool of the upland cotton is separated from the seed with facility, whereas before the process was so difficult that the cotton was hardly worth the labor of preparing it. The effect of this invention was immediately perceptible in the exports of cotton, which increased in 1794 to 1,601,760 pounds, and in 1795 to 5,276,300 pounds. By 1821 they had increased to 124,893,405 pounds, of the value of \$20,157,484, and at present the exports upon an average exceed 1,100,000,000

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

pounds, of the average value in our paper currency of \$200,000,000. The following table shows the annual production of cotton in bales in the United States for a period of fifty-four years:

Years.	Bales.	Years.	Bales.	Years.	Bales.
1821-22	455,000	1839-40	2,177,835	1857-58	3,113,962
1822-23	495,000	1840-41	1,634,945	1858-59	3,851,481
1823-24	500,158	1841-42	1,683,574	1859-60	4,660,770
1824-25	569,249	1842-43	2,378,875	1860-61	3,656,086
1825-26	720,027	1843-44	2,030,409	1861-62	4,800,000
1826-27	957,251	1844-45	2,394,503	1862-63	1,500,000
1827-28	727,593	1845-46	2,100,537	1863-64	500,000
1828-29	870,415	1846-47	1,778,651	1864-65	300,000
1829-30	976,845	1847-48	2,347,634	1865-66	2,193,987
1830-31	1,038,848	1848-49	2,728,596	1866-67	2,019,774
1831-32	987,477	1849-50	2,096,706	1867-68	2,593,993
1832-33	1,070,438	1850-51	2,355,257	1868-69	2,439,039
1833-34	1,205,324	1851-52	3,015,029	1869-70	3,154,946
1834-35	1,254,328	1852-53	3,262,882	1870-71	4,352,317
1835-36	1,360,725	1853-54	2,930,027	1871-72	2,974,351
1836-37	1,422,930	1854-55	2,847,339	1872-73	3,930,508
1837-38	1,801,497	1855-56	3,527,845	1873-74	4,170,388
1838-39	1,360,532	1856-57	2,939,519	1874-75	3,832,991

The above statistics show an average for the last three years of nearly 4,000,000 bales. Of this aggregate, on an average of the last four years, 1,200,000 bales a year have been consumed by the manufacturers of our own country. According to the valuable statistics of *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, Northern manufacturers took from the crop 896,860 bales in 1869-70; 1,008,956 bales in 1870-71; 977,540 bales in 1871-2; 1,063,465 bales in 1872-3; 1,177,417 bales in 1873-4; and 1,062,522 bales in 1874-5. Manufacturers in the Southern States took 90,000 bales in 1869-70; 91,240 bales in 1870-1; 120,000 bales in 1871-2; 137,662 bales in 1872-3; 128,526 bales in 1873-4; and 130,483 bales in 1874-5.


The United States produce more cotton than all the rest of the world together. The annual consumption of cotton in Europe and North America is now estimated at 2,700,000,000 pounds, of which 1,250,000,000 are worked up in Great Britain, 925,000,000 pounds on the Continent of Europe, and 525,000,000 pounds in the United States. Of this total of 2,700,000,000 pounds, over 1,700,000,000 pounds are grown in the United States, and less than 1,000,000,000 in India, Egypt, Brazil, and other countries. Great Britain is the destination of from two-thirds to three-quarters of all our exports of cotton, the greater portion of the remainder going to the Continent of Europe. Previously to 1861 more than three-fourths of all the cotton imported into Great Britain came from the United States, whereas upon an average of the last four years but little more than one-half of the British imports came from this country. A large quantity of cotton which is finally manufactured by the nations of Continental Europe, is first imported by Great Britain, and then re-exported to its final place of destination. The quantity for the last ten years has ranged from 220,000,000 to 389,000,000 pounds.—*Tribune Almanac for 1876*.



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GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

Born in Virginia, June 13, 1786. Died at West Point, May 29, 1866.

OME men's names are associated with objects that are enduring. Scott's military history opened with his night-victory on the Heights of Niagara, where the thunder of his cannon mingled with the roar of the cataract. His latest achievements were at the other extremity of the continent, within sight of the blue cone of Popocatepetl. His early victories on the northern frontier won for him, at the age of twenty-eight, the rank of Major-General, and they remind us of the early history of Washington, without the gloom or glory of Braddock's defeat. But his march to the capital of Mexico was attended with a splendor which pales the lustre of Cortez on the same victorious path.

His ancestry was Scotch. His grandfather, whose brother was slain on the field of Culloden, being involved in the Rebellion of 1745, emigrated to Virginia, bringing with him little, but a liberal education. After various and successful studies under the best masters at the College of William and Mary, he was admitted to the bar in 1806, and began the practice of law. His patriotism and military ardor being aroused by the attack on the Chesapeake, he joined the army in 1808, as captain of light artillery. On the declaration of war against England in 1812, he was commissioned as Lieutenant-Colonel, and ordered to Niagara, where the approaching tempest would first break. Hull's surrender had covered the army with shame, and the nation with gloom. The appearance of Scott on the frontier, was like the presence of Godfrey at the head of the disheartened Crusaders. The battle of Queenstown Heights, although a defeat, strengthened the National cause. The victory of Chippewa, wrested by superior skill and science, on a fair field, from the best troops of England, commanded the admiration of the veteran generals of the Old World. Twenty days later, the decisive victory of Niagara was gained, where Scott was taken from the field to the surgeons. When he could bear the motion of a litter, he was carried on the shoulders of the gentlemen of the country, to the Atlantic coast. Declining the office of Secretary of War, he was sent to Europe for the restoration of his health, and to perfect himself in the science of war. The battle of Waterloo had been fought, and Napoleon was on his way to his island prison. But he had taught nations the art of war. Gladly did the scarred heroes grasp the hand of their young brother from the West. He saw the chieftains of Europe, he visited their great battle-fields, and studied their system. Ever after, he

was the director of our armies. He did for us what Hannibal did for Carthage, what Napoleon did for France. From the closet, he sent forth books which became standard authorities in Europe. After bringing the Black Hawk War to a close, he was sent by General Jackson to South Carolina to guard, and, if necessary, to vindicate the integrity of the Union. In 1835 he repressed a rebellion of the Seminoles, and subdued the Creeks. He was confided with the delicate and important mission of preserving the public faith and honor during the troubles with Canada. That frontier witnessed only one of his civic triumphs; for in coming ages, his fame will rest more on the wars he averted, than on the battles he won. He was dispatched to the Southeastern border to remove the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi. A war was avoided; and while other generals might have extinguished it in blood, he did it by persuasive negotiations; and that entire nation voluntarily abandoned the land and the graves of their fathers. Again he was hurried away to the Northeastern boundary, where his diplomatic skill and supreme discretion, saved the two Anglo-Saxon nations from a sanguinary conflict.

His instructions finally carried him beyond the limits of the Republic to conduct the war with Mexico. He had to organize and discipline the army he was to lead. March 25, 1847, he took the castle and city of Vera Cruz; he fought the battle of Cerro Gordo the 18th of the following month, and in September entered the capital of Mexico. When our great civil conflict began, all eyes were turned towards the veteran commander to organize the military force of the nation, whose campaigns he could plan with supreme ability, although he was too old and infirm to take the field. He lived to see the last rebel sword broken over the grave of Slavery which had provoked the Rebellion. In his last days he retired to West Point, where, amidst the clustered trophies of his glory, the veteran hero calmly went to his repose.

"He sleeps his last sleep,
He has fought his last battle,
No sound shall awake him to glory again!"

WEST POINT.

DURING the spring and summer of 1778, the passes of the Hudson Highlands were much strengthened. A strong redoubt called Fort Clinton in honor of George Clinton, then Governor of New York, was erected on the extreme end of the promontory of West Point. Other redoubts were erected in the rear; and upon Mount Independence, five hundred feet above the Point, the strong fortress of Fort Putnam was built, whose gray ruins are yet visible. Besides these, an enormous iron chain, each link weighing more than one hundred pounds, was stretched across the Hudson at West Point, to keep British ships from ascending the river. It was floated upon timbers, linked together with iron, and made a very strong obstruction. Two of these floats, with the connecting links, are preserved at Washington's Head-Quarters at Newburgh; and several links of the great chain may be seen at the Laboratory at West Point.—*Lossing*.

HISTORY OF TARIFF PROTECTION.

EMBARGO, non-intercourse, and war, lasting from 1807 to 1815, created an artificial state of things here; or, perhaps, I should say, the United States was drawn into the distortion and perversion of industry and commerce which the great wars were producing in Europe. Manufactories of various kinds sprung up here to supply the wants of the people when cut off from the usual sources of supply by foreign exchange. They produced articles of inferior quality or design, generally speaking, but people had to be satisfied with them. In many cases, also, the products were dearer than those normally obtainable abroad. They were sustained by the artificial difficulties in foreign exchange and by the diminished profits of other industries which would have been more profitable here. In that year (1810) some effort was made to get more protection through duties, but nothing came of it. The same effort played some share in bringing about the war, which was a product of intrigue, and as needless as it was fruitless. One of the first war measures was to double all duties and prohibit the import of English products. During the war the prices of manufactured articles were very high. Manufacturers made great profits and factories were built in large numbers. In 1814 all the banks suspended specie payment, and then followed a reckless paper-money period which has never been equalled since. Prices rose higher than ever, and here we have again an illustration of the observation previously made, that our currency and tariff errors have been intertwined throughout our history.

The act of Feb. 5, 1816, continued the double war duties until July 1, but the general tariff act was approved April 27, 1816. The tariff was not at this time, nor for sixteen years after, a political question, but it is noteworthy that tariffs were passed in every Presidential year until 1832, except in 1820. All parties agreed, however reluctantly, in passing the increased duties, for fear of alienating the votes of the protected interests. In 1820 a tariff was proposed, but failed, because Mr. Monroe was to be re-elected without a contest. As yet, however, in 1816, the question was neither political nor sectional. New England generally opposed the tariff, but not universally. The South acceded to it for the sake of cotton. This article was then heavily taxed abroad, and some very cheap manufactures of it from China and India were largely imported. It was believed that the development of cotton manufactures here was the best way to make cotton culture lucrative.

In 1820, Mr. Baldwin, of Pittsburgh, introduced three bills, one for increased duties, one for taxes on auction sales, and one for cash payment of duties, which all failed to pass. In 1822 and 1823 other bills were introduced for increasing duties, which failed to pass. It was not until the great Presidential struggle of 1824 that another tariff crowned the seven-years' struggle. That act would not have been passed if it had not been for the political contest which was impending. Here we meet with the new factor of political intrigue, and also with those phenomena which arise from the extension and complexity of the system. This bill was dexterously combined to embrace strength enough to carry it. We also now find the South opposed to protection, as indeed she had been since 1820. The arguments employed were not new, but the issue was clearer and the debate was far better sustained from the Free-

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Trade side. This tariff passed the House by 107 to 102. New-England gave 15 votes for it and 23 against it. The Southern and Southwestern States gave two votes for it. The duties collected under it were, on an average, equal to a rate of 37 per cent.

During the period from 1824 to 1828 the political factor in the tariff controversy rose to chief importance. The administration of J. Q. Adams was exposed to the most vigorous and relentless opposition from the party which had formed around Andrew Jackson. The composition of the Jackson party coincided to a certain extent with the coalition which had passed the tariff of 1824. New England, as the Adams section, was, both politically and on the tariff, still more in a position to be neglected than it was in 1847. The South found its political combinations and its tariff interests inconsistent. The new tariff bill was introduced in February, 1828. Its central feature was wool and woolens. Hemp, iron, and molasses figured as before. It came forward, therefore, as a New England or Adams measure, and the Jackson coalition opposed it, but under the necessity of satisfying the Middle and Western States. The feeling in the South was already very bitter about the tariff legislation, and this new effort to push on the system, reckless of Southern protests, still further embittered the South. The West also took the position that it had as yet had nothing of this good, which, it was assumed, that the Government had to distribute, and it demanded that, if the system was to go on, it should have its share. Mr. Webster took the position for Massachusetts, that she had been forced into manufactures by the policy adopted in 1824, in spite of her protests, and she now protested that the investments into which she had been drawn should not be sacrificed.

The agitation of the Northern protectionists for the amendment of the tariff sank into insignificance in comparison with the discontent which the tariff caused in the South. The South was, of course, crippled by slavery, but it was undeniable that the complaint the Southerners made was just and well founded. They sold in a free market and bought in a protected one. They claimed that they had inherited the grievances of the colonies at the Revolution, and that they stood just where the colonists had stood at that time; asking why they should maintain a political connection in which the taxing power was abused for their oppression. When they were told that they must yield to the welfare of the whole, they replied that this was England's old argument, that the colonies should bow to imperial considerations. Thus the tariff controversy, pushed to extremes by the power of the majority, and in disregard of the pleas of the minority for justice, assailed our political system in its most delicate and most vital part—the integrity of the Confederation. The attempt of South Carolina to nullify the tariff act was not open disunion and secession. It was worse. It was an attempt to remain in the Union and yet reduce the Confederation to imbecility and contempt. Thus forty years after the first tariff with its eight per cent import on dutiable goods, we find that the system had steadily advanced; that the infant industries were as feeble and clamorous as ever; that the burden had been increased until it was now equal to forty-one per cent; that it had been elaborated into a system in which the lobby had been trained and educated; that it had corrupted politics and furnished capital for political schemes; that it had, on the testimony of those interested, done them no good; and that it had brought the Confederation face to face with its greatest danger, that of disruption.—*Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale College.*



GEN. SCOTT ENTERING MEXICO.

THE march of Scott's army from Vera Cruz to the Capital, presented alternate scenes of holiday journeyings through a well-watered region, loaded with tropical verdure, up to the base of the Cordilleras, with a series of conflicts which closed the eyes of pity over fields of carnage.

At last, the summit of those mountain ranges had been scaled, and from their sublime heights, where Cortez, three hundred years before, had looked down upon that ravishing scene of the great valley of Mexico once the seat of the Aztec empire, the Americans opened their eyes for the first time.

The great city lay at his mercy. But unlike many other great soldiers, he was inspired by the lofty sentiment of showing how a nation should act, which claimed a front place in the advancing columns of civilization. He presented an example of the manner of conducting a great and successful war, munitioned by all the means of conquest, but tempered by the generous spirit of a large humanity. After the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, which the madness of Santa Anna made inevitable, and when Scott could have entered the Capital without striking a further blow, he halted at Tacubaya, only seven miles from the city, waiting at his headquarters in the palace of the Archbishop some terms of honorable negotiations for peace which had been promised, till the infamous treachery of Santa Anna put an end to all further trifling.

The magnificent spectacle of the storming of the impregnable castle of Chapultepec had been witnessed, ending in the utter overthrow of the Mexican army. In reply to a delegation from the authorities of the city, who begged that the town might be spared, Scott said: "Your city is safe, if you make no opposition to our occupation." Worth and Quitman were ordered to enter the Capital and plant the American flag on the National Palace. It was done; and order was restored. Christian civilization, with its emblems of peace and power, had, for the first time been established in the history of that rich and gorgeous metropolis, and with a moderation and forbearance worthy of the commander-in-chief of a victorious, but a great Republic. The city swarmed out to receive a friend in the conqueror—churches and theatres were opened, and homes were made cheerful by a feeling of security seldom experienced by the population of a subjugated capital.

THE HARP.

THE melody of the Harp, in some of its many forms, has swept through all the ages. Its origin is lost in the dim twilight of Antiquity. It was born with Music, and hand in hand they have gone on their illuminated pilgrimage among all the nations. We derive the word from the Saxon *harp*; but nearly every celebrated people has claimed its invention. Moses tells us that "Jubal—the seventh in descent from Adam—was the father of all such as handle the Harp and organ." Among the Greeks, Mercury was "the sweet parent of the bending lyre," and no epithet more chaste or beautiful has been applied to the land of Homer, than "the land of lyres." But monuments have outlived history. Bruce discovered frescoes of the Harp near the ruins of Thebes, believed to have been executed under Sesostriis, at least fourteen centuries before Christ. These harps so closely resemble the modern, that at a glance they might be taken for those of our own times.

We can, however, trace its gentle mission clearer than its origin. It has held the highest sway and the most regal place of all musical instruments yet invented by man or lent by heaven. It soothed the frenzied soul of the lion-hearted King of the Jews, when played by David, the young poet-harpist of Israel. The sight of the Harps, which the stricken Hebrews had carried from the falling towers of Jerusalem, consoled their exile while they hung the beloved instruments, which they were not allowed to play, upon the willows as they sat down in their desolation by the waters of Babylon. It accompanied the voice of the Greek girl who sang her divine Odes in the enchanted chambers of the golden-souled Sappho. It was used as an accompaniment in singing their Psalms by the congregations of the early Christians. It waked the echoes of the Old Welsh mountains while the white-haired Harpers rehearsed the history of their nation in verse. It led the festivities of every palace, and lent its charm to every lady's boudoir, or troubadour's song of love. It sent its soft murmurs through the lofty arches of the stately cathedrals of the Middle Ages. It may well be called the Sacred Instrument, for it has always had its place in earthly temples for the worship of God, and in John's glorious vision of the celestial city, he saw its blissful inhabitants standing on the Sea of Glass with Harps of gold in their hands. It is the only instrument which links the melody of earth with the songs of Heaven. Let us hope that it may ere long be heard before every altar of Christian worship, and in every home of refinement and culture throughout this broad and beautiful land.

So we leave the solemn Pyramid-Builder, the Lyrist of Greece, the sweet Poet-Harpist of Judah, the Scandinavian Scald, the ancient Druid, the gay Troubadour under castle walls, the humble congregation of early Christians, and the dim aisles of Gothic Cathedral, the British Bard and the Scotch Minstrel, and come down to the orchestra, the church, and the home drawing-room, where we shall find the perfected Double-Action Harp of modern times, which as far transcends all its predecessors as the perfected American piano-forte surpasses the old harpsichord.

The glory of the Double-Action Harp belongs to Sebastian Erard, who had already, in

THE HARP.

1794, taken out a patent for a Single-Action instrument with seven pedals, but who by long and expensive trials at last succeeded in giving to the world the modern Double-Action Harp, of which its great master and best historian (Aptommas) says: "The problem was solved of investing each note with the power of representing three distinct sounds, by which the instrument was furnished with 15 complete major scales and 12 minor—27 in all! Through the genius and perseverance of these artists, an instrument was produced which perfectly filled the high expectations of the musical world, and a Harp was supplied which fully satisfied the exigencies of the established rules of the rudiments of musical notation."

As an orchestral instrument, it can no longer be dispensed with, for it fills a place in the music of all great modern composers which nothing else can. It does for a hundred other pieces what twilight does for scenery. While it blends harmoniously with all other instruments and voices, as the aroma of a flower-garden pervades the all-surrounding air, it never loses its own individuality. With the least noise, it sends forth the most melody.

But its highest and purest sphere is in the drawing-room, where the social circle gathers for the sweet charities of home, or the endearing language of passion is breathed from lips of beauty into the enraptured soul of love. It should be cherished above all by the gentler sex; for the beauty and associations of its classic form, the living sympathy with which its tender and passionate vibrations blend with the female voice in its illimitable realm of song, have in all ages made it the mightiest ally of woman.

No piece of furniture, no work of art, nor least of all is any other instrument of music so suggestive of the taste and refinement of the fair occupant, as a glance at the Harp standing in parlor or boudoir. Its very presence makes the atmosphere of the dwelling redolent of ineffable culture. Nor is there in the wide world so magical a former of the voice. It softens all its tones, it refines all its modulations. It need have no pitiful fears of its noisy rival, for fine-toned pianos are so rare, and fine players so much rarer, that the Harp standing by itself, without being touched, will respond like the *Æolian* to every undulation, in diviner melody to the music played, besides stirring by its graceful form, classic and tender *souvenirs*, which the piano can never awaken.

Who makes the best harps? This question is easily answered for Americans, for there is but one house in the country. Browne, of New York, a branch of the great London house (which has been established here for forty years, and now carried on by a member of the family, under the firm of Browne & Buckwell, 110 West Houston Street, New York), and Erard, of London, are the two best Harp-makers in the world.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH SHIPPING.

THE following tables exhibit, in the strongest light, the decadence in the foreign commerce of American shipping since 1860, and the great increase, during the same period, of British tonnage. Fifteen years ago two-thirds of the tonnage which entered and cleared at our ports, carried our own flag, and in British ports our flag was seen almost as often as British colors. The state of things is now reversed, British-built steamers and other vessels doing, we suppose, two-thirds of the foreign carrying trade of the world. The accompanying statistics will be found interesting.

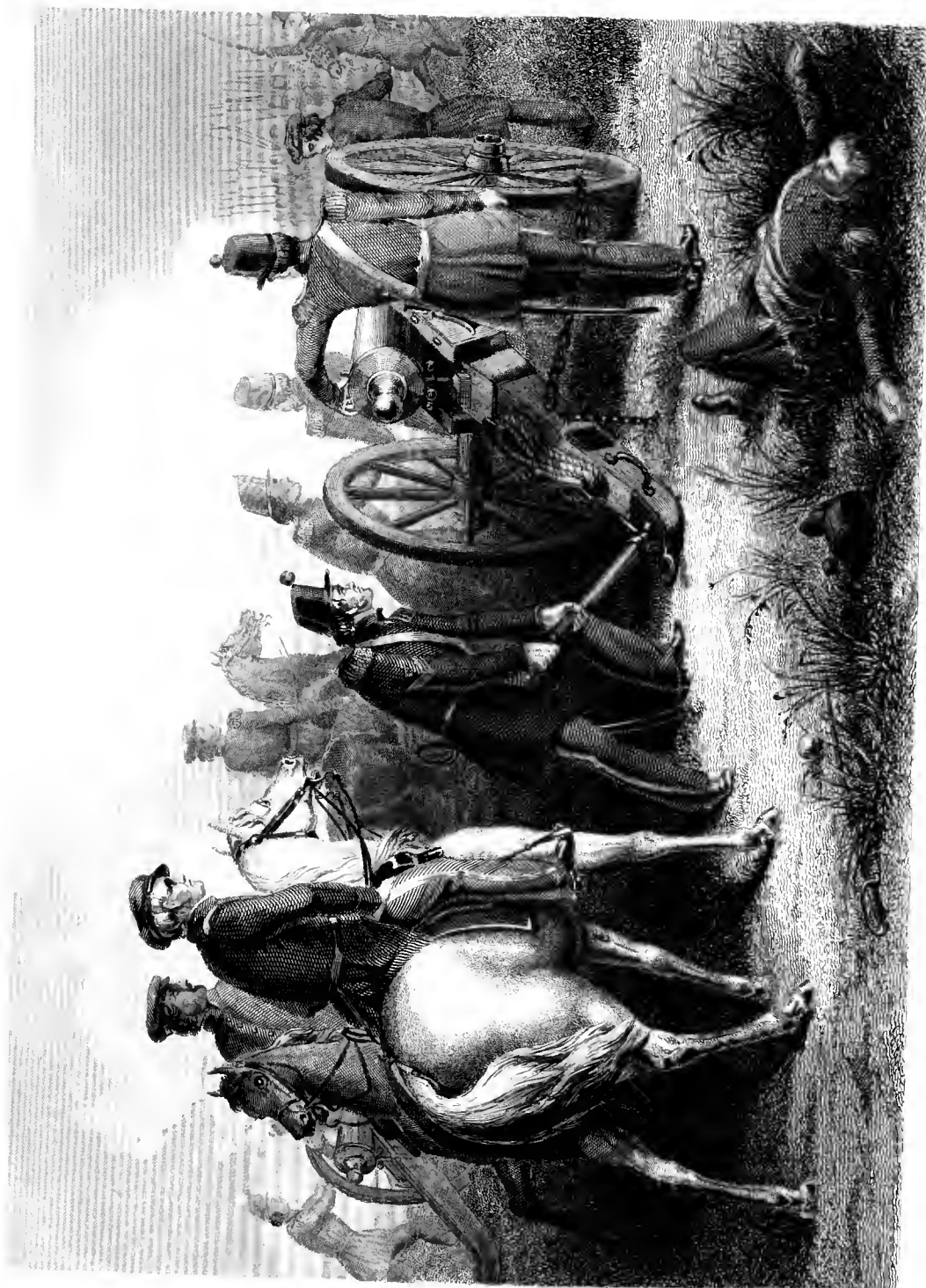
NO. 1.—TOTAL TONNAGE OF THE UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN VESSELS (SAILING AND STEAM) ENTERED AND CLEARED WITH CARGOES AND IN BALLAST, AT PORTS IN THE UNITED STATES, FROM AND TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Years.	ENTERED.			CLEARED.			TOTAL.			Years.
	U. States. Foreign.		Total.	U. States. Foreign.		Total.	U. States. Foreign.		Total.	
	Tons.	Tons.		Tons.	Tons.		Tons.	Tons.		
1857-8....	4,395,642	2,209,403	6,605,045	4,490,033	2,312,759	6,802,792	8,885,675	4,522,162	13,407,8371857-8
1858-9....	5,265,648	2,540,357	7,806,035	5,297,367	2,618,388	7,915,755	10,563,015	5,158,775	15,721,7901858-9
1859-0....	5,921,285	2,353,911	8,275,196	6,165,924	2,624,005	8,789,929	12,087,209	4,977,916	17,065,1251859-0
1860-1....	3,372,060	4,410,424	7,782,484	3,383,176	4,438,384	7,821,560	6,755,236	8,848,808	15,604,0441860-1
1861-2....	3,455,052	4,318,673	7,773,725	3,419,502	4,405,490	7,824,992	6,874,554	8,784,163	15,658,7171861-2
1862-3....	3,550,550	4,495,465	8,046,015	3,717,956	4,561,060	8,279,016	7,268,506	9,056,525	16,325,0311862-3
1863-4....	3,492,668	5,347,694	8,750,362	3,381,363	5,372,570	8,753,933	6,784,031	10,720,264	17,504,2951863-4
1864-5....	3,486,038	5,669,621	9,155,659	3,506,929	5,062,474	8,569,403	6,992,667	11,332,095	18,325,0621864-5
1865-6....	3,742,749	6,206,444	10,000,184	3,746,945	6,151,537	9,898,482	7,489,685	12,417,981	19,907,6661865-6
1866-7....	3,711,846	7,091,577	10,803,423	3,682,309	7,051,425	10,733,734	7,304,155	14,146,102	21,540,1571866-7
1867-8....	3,612,631	8,083,086	11,695,717	3,756,564	8,065,132	11,821,696	7,369,195	16,148,218	23,517,4131867-8
1868-9....	3,893,725	9,197,829	13,091,554	3,982,052	9,207,396	13,189,448	7,875,777	18,405,225	26,281,0021868-9
1869-0....	3,573,950	8,118,860	11,692,810	3,736,539	8,159,868	11,896,507	7,310,589	16,278,728	23,589,3171869-0

NO. 2.—TOTAL TONNAGE OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN VESSELS (SAILING AND STEAM) ENTERED AND CLEARED WITH CARGOES AND IN BALLAST, AT PORTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, FROM AND TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

Years.	ENTERED.			CLEARED.			TOTAL.			Years.
	British.	Foreign.	Total.	British.	Foreign.	Total.	British.	Foreign.	Total.	
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	
1858.....	6,439,201	4,522,499	10,961,700	6,452,204	4,896,677	11,348,281	12,891,405	9,418,576	22,309,9811858
1859.....	6,585,112	4,636,810	11,221,922	6,726,731	4,955,606	11,682,337	13,311,843	9,592,416	22,904,2591859
1860.....	6,880,009	5,283,776	12,172,785	7,025,914	5,490,593	12,516,507	13,914,923	10,774,369	24,689,2921860
1861.....	7,721,935	5,458,554	13,179,589	7,699,497	5,716,555	13,416,052	15,420,532	11,175,109	26,595,6411861
1862.....	7,856,639	5,234,451	13,091,090	8,090,221	5,354,128	13,444,349	15,946,800	10,588,579	26,535,4391862
1863.....	8,430,149	4,825,917	13,256,066	8,589,246	4,893,424	13,482,670	17,016,392	9,719,341	26,738,7331863
1864.....	9,028,100	4,486,911	13,515,011	9,173,575	4,515,923	13,689,498	18,201,675	9,002,834	27,204,5091864
1865.....	9,623,432	4,694,454	14,317,886	9,735,523	4,843,683	14,579,206	19,358,955	9,538,137	28,897,0921865
1866.....	10,692,102	4,920,068	15,612,170	10,563,624	5,086,656	15,650,280	21,255,726	10,006,724	31,262,4501866
1867.....	11,197,895	5,140,952	16,338,817	11,172,205	5,245,090	16,417,295	22,370,070	10,386,042	32,756,1121867
1868.....	11,225,917	5,396,758	16,622,675	11,434,507	5,623,797	17,058,304	22,660,424	11,020,555	33,680,9791868
1869.....	11,721,897	5,476,427	17,198,324	12,067,270	5,644,657	17,711,957	23,789,167	11,121,114	34,910,2811869
1870.....	12,380,399	5,732,974	18,113,364	12,691,799	5,835,028	18,526,818	25,072,180	11,568,002	36,640,1821870
1871.....	13,757,638	6,622,259	20,479,897	14,177,110	6,890,871	21,067,981	28,034,748	13,513,130	41,547,8781871
1872.....	14,173,289	6,842,126	21,015,415	14,545,801	6,939,899	22,485,610	28,719,090	13,781,935	42,501,0251872
1873.....	14,541,028	7,323,929	21,864,957	15,106,316	7,468,713	22,575,029	29,647,344	14,792,642	44,439,9861873
1874.....	14,833,944	7,534,566	22,368,510	15,256,039	7,804,408	23,060,447	30,089,683	15,339,274	45,428,9571874

—*Tribune Almanac for 1876.*



GEN. TAYLOR AT BUENA VISTA.

AFTER General Scott had entered the field, and the control of the whole army devolved upon him as commander-in-chief, Taylor's movements were seriously interrupted by an order to dispatch a large portion of his best troops to Vera Cruz, and to act only on the defensive. Scott could not have known that Taylor was left with hardly 5,000 men, of whom 500 only were regulars, in front of Santa Anna's army of 20,000. After a council of war, it was agreed that to act on the defensive was more likely to end in destruction, than to choose the field and determine the moment of engaging so formidable an enemy. Some ten miles from Saltillo, in a narrow mountain defile, on a plantation called Buena Vista, near Angostura, Taylor drew up his little army, and prepared for battle. The next day was, of all others, the one which Heaven could have chosen to give inspiration to the American army. It was the 22d of February, and the name of Washington was that morning on the lips of every American soldier. Confident of victory, Santa Anna halted within two miles of Taylor's army, and sent the following despatch under a flag of truce:

"CAMP AT EUTACADA, February 22, 1847.

"God and Liberty! You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout, and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from such a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you may surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character; to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up your mind, to commence from the moment that my flag of truce arrives in your camp. With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

"To General Z. Taylor, Commanding the Forces of the U. S."

The only reply was, "General Taylor never surrenders." Both armies prepared for an engagement—the battle-cry of our troops being, "The memory of Washington."

As the dawn began to streak the east the next morning, this memorable and sanguinary contest opened along the whole line. At successive points, one after another, charges of overwhelming numbers were made on the thin ranks of Taylor's army; but there was no sign of wavering, while well-managed field-pieces, and unerring rifles, and close sabre-work, thinned the Mexican ranks.

CAUSES OF DEPRESSION IN BUSINESS.

HURRYING to be rich, and living without work, are the two grand curses of America. Panics and crises are their handmaids. They alone are quite enough to account for the late financial panic, which, starting from Wall Street, spread terror through the country, and everywhere paralyzed the hand of industry in the midst of its toil. It was no visitation of a special providence—no mysterious or unaccountable calamity. It was the inevitable result of wrong-doing, and the consequences were entirely legitimate; just as legitimate and just as natural in this case, as in any other. Neither men nor communities can sow wind without reaping whirlwind; or tares without reaping a bitter harvest. Let us look facts straight in the face. Within a few years the habits of the American people have undergone a perceptible change, and for the worse. What farmer's son now holds the plow? How many rich men's sons will work as their fathers did? How many rich men's daughters will consent even to become thoroughly educated, or engage in any occupation that develops mind or body, or adds dignity or usefulness to life?

Who thinks now of living within a certain, assured income, or who is any longer satisfied with seven per cent.? How many young Americans now learn seamanship by going before the mast? How many learn trades and become foremen in factories and machine-shops, and afterwards masters? Who is doing the work of America to-day? Negroes at the South, and foreigners at the North; and be it never forgotten that the men who do the work of this country will hereafter own this country. In two generations, yes, in one, if things go on in the future as they have in the past, the original native-born American people will be a subject race. We shall become the helots of the North, as the poor whites of the South, who would not work because labor was degraded by Slavery, became the helots of that blighted but garden land.

No, the farmers' sons are all flocking to the cities. They will become clerks without growing into merchants; they will take agencies and travel; get into counting-rooms and never learn bookkeeping; they will race the streets to drum up customers; above all, get a Government office; in default of all, subside into curb-stone brokers, or billiard markers, or barkeepers in second-rate saloons, or anything under heaven except getting an honest living by steady, honorable work.

This is fine material to make sturdy, strong business men of! Not such the stuff that gave us the men who built up the once solid fabric of American life. From what quarter are to come our future Coopers, Andersons, Knapps, Grinnells, Ciscos, and the thousand other vigorous, hearty, clear-headed, hard-working, useful, honest men, who in their green old age are enjoying honors, health, wealth, and "troops of friends?"

The rapidly augmenting class of men who are determined to live without work; to trade and speculate on other people's money; to strike for a fortune, no matter who is hurt; at all hazards to dodge work and get rich quick; this is the fearful aspect which American society now presents. This is more than enough to account for the rapidly increasing num-

CAUSES OF DEPRESSION IN BUSINESS.

bers of defalcations in quarters least suspected ; which has honeycombed the whole system of business ; which renders it impossible to return to specie payments, which otherwise could be easily done at once, were it not for that accursed den of villains who have made Wall Street the gambling-hell of America. How hard it has been, even with an expanded currency, during the last few years, for honest and accomplished mechanics, inventors, and hard-working men of brains and muscle to get capital enough to start and build up a sure-paying business. There has been money enough all the time to establish Life and Fire Insurance Companies which were not needed, to make offices for incompetent, broken-down men, and to defraud the public. Any rascal could find money to open a gaming-house ; any bloated sot could find a backer to set up a gorgeous rum-hole, or brazen-faced woman a palatial "home of sin and shame." Yes, money for anybody who could offer the chance of sudden gains without work, no matter how deep and damning the curse inflicted on society ; and all the while not money enough could be found to open new branches of business, where skilled labor and clear brains should be guaranteed their honest reward.

How hollow and deceptive was the basis on which the suddenly acquired fortunes of the Wall Street and Railroad Rings rested ! Go ask a thousand of them who rioted in splendor at the watering-places past summers, and are beggars to-day. They are actually no poorer now than then. They had been parading other people's money ; they had none of their own ; they had never earned any. But it is, nevertheless, true, that the storm which leveled their tall heads, desolated the field of the working man, unnerved the hand of labor, stilled the hum of industry, and breathed mildew and death over the vital forces of American life. Would to God the blight had fallen only where the sin lay ! But the innocent suffered with the guilty. The factories are closed—the looms are still—the Savings Banks are sinking low—and the snows of three polar winters have fallen upon a million of cheerless homes.

If there were the faintest hope that we should take to heart the great lesson thus taught us, we should look forward to next season with the cheerful hope of a resurrection from the dead, clothed with a new life for a better future. Now let all good, sound, sane men who have money take it away from the base purlieus of gambling and speculation, and throw it into healthful channels of honest business, and call for the working muscle and the working brain of the nation to develop new arts, to add value to raw material, and widen the field of productive enterprise ; and while they are filling countless homes with cheerfulness and independence, let them have the noble satisfaction of feeling that they are surely and safely growing rich themselves, by building up society on a broader and stronger foundation, by adding through honest toil to the actual wealth of the nation.

THE SPECULATOR AND THE WORKER.

TOWARDS noon on the first day of the financial panic of 1873, we entered the gateway of old Trinity, and from its broad steps looked upon the black crowd that surged through Wall Street, and went rushing down to the Exchange. It seemed like a vast gathering of wild beasts, springing madly through the chaos of a half-formed world—or a huge mass of writhing serpents, suddenly disturbed by some great convulsion of nature, coming forth from their dens. And as they turned their strained eyeballs up to the calm, brilliant sky, every face pale with terror, or purple with revenge, they looked like hordes of human jackals preying upon their still bleeding victims. Never even in Dante's hell, was pictured so vast an army of human fiends. It was a sight so fearful we pray we may never look upon, or dream of its like again. Paris in her tiger days of the old Revolution could not have presented a more forbidding spectacle. Even blood could have added no fresh horror to the scene.

A few hours later we stood in the western gallery of the building of the Fair of the American Institute, on Sixty-second Street and Third Avenue, miles away from this sickening demon carnival of Mammon, and his worshippers and victims, looking down upon a fair scene of well-directed industry, embellished by ten thousand objects of beauty and utility. How calm, and yet how inspiring, the harmonious roll of untiring machinery sending up its grand anthem through the arches of that temple dedicated to progress and peace.

No army going forth to battle with all the enginery of war was half so magnificent in our eyes, as this calm array of glistening iron and steel. That lightning printing-press was more powerful than the rifled cannon; that mighty steam-engine wielded the force of a thousand battalions. And the crowning glory of all came with the sweet thought, that these illimitable forces had all been trained by the genius of invention into the service of the brotherhood of man.

The hard worker is the real victor now—as William Ross Wallace sings:

“ Let Napoleon's fire-heart thunder, only from a cloudy hoard;
Labor's son shall melt the cannon, and the plow outlive the sword.
Then for him prepare the temple, brace the arm and clear the brow;
After times will write the epic, let us *live* the epic now.”

And as Whittier says, in his *Lumbermen*:

O, our free hearts beat the warmer
For thy breath of snow;
And our tread is all the firmer
For thy rocks below.
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,
Walketh strong and brave;
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth Slave!

Lo, the day breaks! old Katahdin's
Pine-trees show its fires,
While from these dim forest gardens,
Rise their blackened spires.
Up, my comrades! up and doing!
Manhood's rugged play
Still renewing, bravely hewing
Through the world our way.



Richards

LEWIS CASS.

Born in New Hampshire, Oct. 9, 1782. Died in Michigan, June 17, 1866.

HIS ancestors were among the first men who leveled the forests of New Hampshire. His father, Major Jonathan Cass, joined the patriot army the day after the skirmish at Lexington, and on the fields of Bunker Hill, Princeton, Germantown, Saratoga, and Monmouth he fought for the independence of the struggling colonies. The son's thorough education began in the Academy of Exeter—that venerable school where so many great men received their first literary impulses. He not only acquired a knowledge of the classical languages, but formed habits of study which ultimately rendered him a ripe and elegant scholar, and a man of liberal learning. After teaching school some time in Delaware, where his father was stationed under General Wayne, he set out in his nineteenth year for the Northwest Territory, to found a new home. He crossed the Alleghanies on foot, and found himself in the heart of a wilderness whose solitude had then scarcely been disturbed by the axes of twenty thousand settlers. The boy-adventurer grew up with that Territory, and in fifty years saw it covered by five powerful States, and five millions of people. Studying law with Governor Meigs, and admitted to the bar in 1802, he rose to distinction, and was appointed by Jefferson marshal of Ohio, which office he filled with great ability till the war with England, when he resigned his commission, and at the head of the Third Ohio Volunteers marched to the front. He was the first armed man to land on the shores of Canada; and had his early successes been followed up by General Hull, a year's humiliation would have been spared to our armies. When that cowardly general ordered him to give up his sword to a British officer, he broke it in despair and indignation, and hurled the pieces at the feet of the invader. For his gallant services he was appointed brigadier-general in the regular army. In the campaign under General Harrison, he had his full share of the perils and glory. The victory of the Thames left General Cass the military guardian of Michigan, of which he became civil governor. Then began that long series of civil services which won for him the gratitude of the whole West. To his judicious counsels, legal attainments, persuasive eloquence, unwearied exertions, fearless adventures, numerous treaties with the Indian tribes of the Northwest—which secured peace and prosperity to those brave but fading races, and undisturbed progress to their conquerors—as well as to his generous patriotism and great personal purity of character, that vast region owes to Cass a greater debt than to any other man. As Secretary

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

of War under General Jackson, he won the greatest honors, and left the Cabinet in 1836 only at the desire of the President to enter on his mission to France, where he defeated the Quintuple Treaty, which was intended by Great Britain to secure for her assumed naval supremacy the sanction of the great Powers of the continent, thereby making a law for the ocean which would have given her the right of searching our vessels at sea. His Pamphlet on the "Right of Search" annihilated the scheme of the British ministry. On his return he was everywhere greeted with public tokens of regard from the nation he had represented, from institutions of science and learning he had honored, and from the great West with its advancing millions. In 1845 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, where he remained until near the close of his life, one of the brightest members of that illustrious chamber. During the days of trial which came upon us, he stood firmly by the ark of the Constitution, with Clay, Webster, Houston, and other magnanimous statesmen, who were worthy to have sat with our Fathers around the early council fires of the Republic, since they could not be tempted to give up to party what belonged to mankind.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FREEDMEN.

WHEN the difficult problem—What was to be done with four million Freedmen suddenly emancipated by the earthquake of a revolution, confronted us, and the Nation had to solve it, practical statesmanship inquired, not how the earthquake might have been prevented, but what was the best thing to be done. South Carolina had been the first to enter the war; she staked her all upon the issue, and as those who knew her best expected, she was the first to come forward in a manly spirit and accept inevitable defeat with its logical consequences. On the 6th of October, 1866, the author of this work addressed the following letter to his friend, the late Hon. James L. Orr, Governor of South Carolina, on the subject then uppermost in the thoughts of the best friends of the Nation. As it was kindly received and widely circulated, with the hope and belief that some good might come from it; and as it met the warm approval of Mr. George Peabody, who was then contemplating his munificent provision for education in the South, it may not be out of place here.

Your Legislature, in its recent short extra session, planted itself far ahead of any of the other States in "An act to declare the rights of persons lately known as slaves and free persons of color."

Those who did not understand the spirit of South Carolina were not prepared for so straightforward and magnanimous an act of legislation. Among all true men of broad views and generous impulses, that act was looked upon as one standing almost unprecedented in those qualities which challenge the admiration and respect of mankind.

I am sure you will accept what I have to say in this letter in the same spirit of frankness and generosity which you have always displayed in public and private life. I by no means presume to enlighten you in regard to any principles of public economy. I desire rather to

THE PROBLEM OF THE FREEDMEN.

have this letter considered as an expression of my own views on the great subject of which I speak, and from it the large circle of my private friends in the Southern States (very many of whom have addressed to me communications and letters of inquiry) may know what my views are; and I trust that I may feel safe in saying that if wise and good men have not in every part of the country yet reached such conclusions as I in the main adopt, there are hopeful signs that such a consummation is not far off.

The South is not the only portion of the nation which has got to accept the condition into which we have been thrown by the violence of revolution; but the whole nation must accept the issue that is pressed upon us.

Four millions of the African race are on our hands—they are on the hands of the nation—the whole nation was concerned in sustaining the institution of Slavery, and the whole nation has abolished it. The whole nation must take the consequences of its former existence, and of its final abolition. The question stares us in the face, What shall we do with four millions of the African race?

We may borrow light for the solution of this problem by looking at some of the principles that control the physical, the political, and the moral world; for no intelligent man will be so fanatical as to suppose that as individuals, as States, or as a consolidated Union of Commonwealths, we are to be exempt from those laws which control human actions and human fortune.

It is a well-settled law that where causes are powerful enough to produce results, the results will sooner or later come. Opposition may prevail for awhile, and the time, the manner, and the circumstances may be considerably modified by countervailing forces; but if the cause is adequate to the final result, that result is sure to be reached, whether it be in the material or in the moral world.

One of the best established principles in the political world is, that injustice toward a feeble race must end in harm to the oppressor. There can be no exception found to this rule in the history of nations. No system of wrong-doing, no matter on how large a scale it is practiced, can in the long run prosper; and violation done to a correct moral principle is as sure to produce reaction, as any attempt in the physical world to disturb the laws of nature. The natural course of things can be interrupted for a while by the exercise of sufficient power; but it is none the less true in the moral than in the physical universe, that the great law of equilibrium will be finally carried out.

The white race in America enslaved the black, and every agency which the subtle genius of man could call into play was invoked to make that Slavery enduring. The entire machinery of the Federal Government, wielded by a dominant and all-controlling party, pure principles of democracy, the entire ecclesiastical system, with all the sublime and humane doctrines of the Bible; all the subtlety of metaphysics, and every other agency which the genius of man could wield; all were invoked, all were combined, for the purpose of resisting the gradual abolition of Slavery, and all in vain.

This mighty power of resistance offered to the progress of freedom, Christianity, light and truth, seemed to most men likely to prevail for a good while longer. And it doubtless would,

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

had not this opposition become so violent that it threatened the overthrow of the Government. When it reached this point the rebellion was inaugurated. The moment it became evident that the country could not live half free and half slave; that Slavery itself was the grand, if not the sole cause of our political troubles; that either it or the Union had to go by the board, patriotic men could not long hesitate which should be abandoned, and which preserved.

The force that had been put forth to sustain, and even to extend and strengthen the institution of Slavery, had been so great, the tension had reached so hard-strained a point, that when any further strain became impossible, the crisis was reached; the bow broke; the pent-up fires burst forth, and the mighty laws of nature, asserting their sway, claimed a vindication. Every tortured principle resumed its natural activity, and every element in the political and social system mingled in the strife to regain its wonted position, and resume its just and proper relation to all the other parts to constitute a homogeneous whole.

In this explosion, as in all others, the violence expended itself upon those nearest by; engineers are expected to die when their machines blow up; the victims of the shipwreck are the passengers and crew; therefore it was natural and proper that when Slavery was shattered in the midst of a wild convulsion, it should involve the suffering of those who were most deeply concerned and most closely connected with the system. Multitudes in that case, as in so many others, became involved in the catastrophe as they had participated in the guilt or misfortune. But it was nevertheless true that those who suffered most deserved it.

It is not necessary in speaking of such events to talk like divines or moralists. There need be no preaching of sermons over it. All the results were natural; they all sprang from causes which, under like circumstances, would always produce like results; such sowing must bring forth such reaping; for nothing is better settled as a principle than that no being can with impunity long escape the consequences that spring from a violation of the laws of the system which involves him. A law must work out its own vindication.

The whole American people suffered, and are still suffering, in consequence of the whole nation being involved in the attempt of trying to give perpetuity on the same soil and under a common Government, to Freedom and Slavery. They could live together no more than life and death, darkness and light. The North buried half a million of her brave men, and burdened herself with a frightful debt; but the green grass already waves over those tombs, and the debt can be paid, for it is small compared with the ability to pay it. The South, however, suffered more deeply. To her it was a ruin all but complete. Not even in the violence of the first French revolution were so many lives, so many fortunes, so many treasures and hopes extinguished. Nor will the South cease to suffer continued, positive evils and miseries for some time to come; nor can she, during the present generation, by putting forth all her agencies for recovery, remove the legitimate evils she brought on herself.

But she may recover quickly in part, ultimately in whole. She will do it, however, by contemplating the causes of her present condition, and resorting to the remedies still left open for her, as quick as she can. She finds four millions of ignorant, and comparatively helpless,

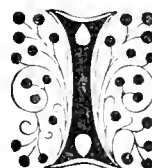
(Continued on the Second Page following.)



Wm. Lloyd Garrison

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

Born in Vermont, April 23, 1813. Died in Illinois, June 3, 1861.

N his early poverty and struggles in the pursuit of learning under multiplied obstacles and discouragements; in the native strength of his mind, the magnanimity of his disposition, the magnetism which makes friends and keeps them; in his yielding to the fascination of public life, and in generous devotion to the welfare of his country, Douglas offers a most strikingly characteristic type of the true American statesman. Standing in the midst of the illustrious company of post-Revolutionary statesmen—the youngest and most promising of all—and prevented from finally reaching the shining summit on which his eye had long rested, only by a premature death, he closed his career with so much honor, and was mourned in public and private life with such sincere affection, the future biographer will find in his life and character, one of the most attractive subjects our history can offer for the pen. He was so gifted and noble, that he passed through the fiercest forensic strifes of his time, without losing the respect of his antagonists, whose admiration he was sure to command. His life was a succession of struggles and victories.

When the memorable Presidential election of 1860 was approaching, sagacious observers of events foresaw that if the Democratic party could be saved from ruin, and successfully ward off public danger and trouble, it could be done only by the unanimous nomination of Douglas. As this could not be hoped for, and Lincoln had been nominated by the Republicans, Douglas cheerfully remarked: "So they had to come to Illinois for a President after all, and I shall shed no tears over the election of old Abe." Unquestionably they were the two greatest living Americans, and no man mourned more sincerely over the ashes of Douglas, than Abraham Lincoln. The reverence and love of the friends of both, have evinced their affection by rearing worthy monuments over their ashes. They were names not born to die.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FREEDMEN—Concluded.

people on her hands. Better by far, we all know, would it have been for all hands concerned to have had freedom in another way: but tired nature had waited as long as she could, and in this case, as in all others, the longer the repression the more fierce and unmitigated the penalties exacted.

So the South finds herself surrounded by four millions of men, women and children who were totally unprepared for sudden freedom, but who had to be thrown up by convulsion into liberty, or be extinguished in the ruin which would have swept both races to destruction. The South can never get rid of these four millions. Nor can those who hate the African race spare the time to wait for them to die off. If the war of races come on in the South through the malignity of the former master, and only one race can be saved, civilization will save the weaker; for the whole human race will spring to their defence, and if any extermination is to take place, it will be the extermination of those who still wish to defy the humanity of the age, and the justice of Almighty God. The nations are coming close together; one throb of sympathy for all oppressed classes now thrills the heart of a thousand millions. Great wrongs can no longer go exempt from punishment, and when men talk so idly of a war of races which would end in the annihilation of the negro in the South, they little dream they are using language far more dangerous at the same moment, than they did when they declared that if Slavery or the Union were to perish, the Union should be the victim.

What, then, shall the South do to make the best of her position? She can neither get rid of these four millions of people nor exterminate them; both are impossibilities. The nineteenth century is not going to allow four millions of people, who have committed no crime, to be swept from the face of the earth. Sooner than this should be done, ten millions of armed men, coming from all the nations, will make their solemn and dreadful intervention.

That treason in the South has gone unpunished by the strong arm of law, let the traitors thank the spirit of humanity which has risen in its sublime and controlling power over the late scene of atrocity, wrong and blood. It is no longer regarded as the duty of Governments to visit vengeance upon those who have wronged them. No man has yet been hanged, shot or beheaded for his crime of treason as a penalty meted out by due process of the sanction of law. A thing unheard of! Indeed, the very magnitude of the crime was so stupendous that the uplifted hand of justice fell paralyzed when told to strike; the calamity was so vast, the misery already wrought was so tremendous that the spectacle of the South, overwhelmed with misery, disarmed justice itself; the vengeance of man seemed to have no place in the presence of so widespread a desolation.

But the unatoned sin of the wrong-doer must still suffer the penalty, unless the wrong-doer seeks out the only remedy which the case can admit of.

Most clearly now the only way the white race in the South can save themselves is by saving the negro. He must be lifted up from his depression; his darkness must be illuminated; he must be educated, or he will work the ruin of the great community where he lives, and where he is destined to live and his descendants forever. They cannot be plucked out

THE PROBLEM OF THE FREEDMEN.

of their native soil. Such a thing was never heard of on so large a scale. They cannot be exported to any other part of the earth; nor will the humanity of the nineteenth century allow of their extermination. Only one thing is left; only one road is open; only one remedy can be found—the negro must be elevated or the white man is ruined. There is no alternative hereafter. Whatever the curse, it will light on the white man chiefly.

Then in sheer self-defence, the South must educate the negro, and the quicker she sets herself at work to do it the better. The South is poor without the help of its four million sable people. On them is she dependent for the restoration of her wealth, and its augmentation in the future. Ignorant men are no longer capable of contributing their share to the fruits of civilized life; the ignorant man has ceased to be useful to society. Ignorance cannot increase wealth, nor prosperity; ignorance breeds helplessness, waste, poverty, crime, destitution and ruin. Intelligence alone multiplies the power and usefulness of men—above all, of the laboring classes. There can be no ignorant labor hereafter. It will not pay. Intelligence to guide the muscle can now alone give value to its efforts.

So then, just in proportion as the education of the negro advances, just in that proportion will the prosperity of the South keep pace with it. They must march on together *pari-passu*.

What is the first step in the education of the negro? It is to give him the ballot; the right to vote alone completes a man's citizenship. He is not a citizen without this right or the guarantee of it in the future. There is no remedy for a man's helplessness while the power of the ballot is taken from him. His neighbor will not respect him because he will not fear him. To deprive the liberated negro of his ballot now, and in this country, is a higher outrage upon him by far than to have once clothed his limbs with shackles. It is a more flagrant violation of the principle of American Democracy than it ever was to have enslaved him in the beginning. The least reasonable of men will admit, the most atrocious traitor will not deny, that a certain amount of intelligence, a certain amount of property, a certain amount of good behavior, makes and does qualify the blackest of the black to vote. No Union man can deny that to have rendered service in the field as an armed soldier entitles the negro to full citizenship. None but those who sympathized with the expected dissolution of the Government, will wish to keep the Freedman degraded.

No! The negro, above all other men, must be a voter before you can begin his education. It is the first condition of his education. No man can be educated in a community where there is the stamp of ignominy, of inferiority, of helplessness, fixed so indelibly upon him. Bearing such a mark as that on his brow, he cannot lift it up into the sunshine of respectability or independence. The very worst conditions of his former servitude will cling to him still. There is no way of making a man free in America but to clothe him with all the rights of citizenship; and so long as he is deprived of the ballot he is robbed of all the rest—is inconsequential, the poorest, the meanest of all slaves. His soul cannot expand; his very mind cannot perceive any of the facts or things which constitute the elements of education so long as he has not the freedom of his fellows around him. This ought to be too clear to need illustration, too plain to require argument. We can have no sympathy with those who do not agree with us here. It is a false philosophy to assert that any educa-

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

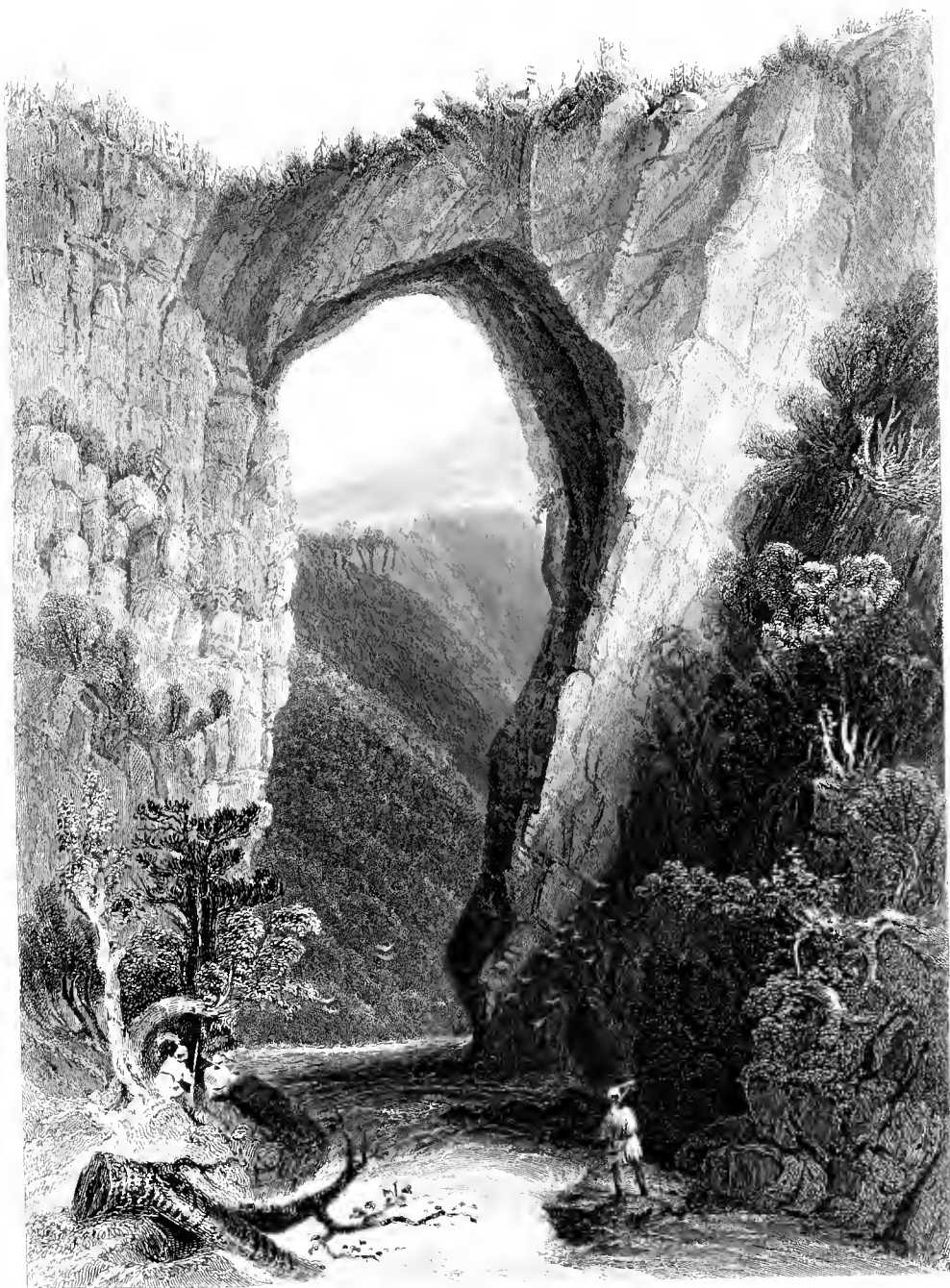
tion worthy of the name can begin with a man while he is stripped of the first attribute that belongs to citizenship. If there be a class in the community who more deeply need the right of suffrage than any or all others, it is those who are helpless without it. It is in fact their only weapon of defence. Behind that barrier their citizenship clothes them with sacredness; without its protection they have no rights that cannot be violated with impunity.

Let the whole South, then, like your own State, come forward and start right. Let it be understood in the beginning, that the first step toward her grand restoration shall be to accord perfect liberty and full citizenship to the Freedman. Then she will place herself in harmony with the new conditions that surround her; then will she be able to commend herself to the sympathies and respect of mankind; then will she find herself working harmoniously with the all-prevailing system that is now being inaugurated throughout all nations, of the right of suffrage.

Well will it be for the South if she understand this thing in time; for it is a lesson she must learn that the negro must have the ballot now, as it was inevitable six years ago that he must have his freedom. There may be indeed no such crimsoned scroll unrolled whereon the penalty of this will be inscribed; but to put it in the mildest form, the South never can get upon the road to secure and complete prosperity, while she is still clinging to the false system of legislating for class privileges and class oppression. With freedom for the negro from his shackles, he becomes a far more dangerous man to her without the ballot, than he was when clothed with fetters, and negro suffrage had not dawned upon the dream of the extremest optimist.

The South finds herself in the midst of new conditions, and she must comply with those conditions. She must conform to the exigencies of the case; she cannot long resist the pressure; she cannot prosper without the enlightened, skilled and cheerful labor of the colored race. Far easier would it have been for the North to have denied universal suffrage to the emigrants from the Old World. That could have been done with some degree of impunity for awhile, but nobody was so foolish as to try it. Nor can the South any longer afford to lose that share in the administration of the Federal Government, which she can have only by granting suffrage to the negro.

So far as the North is concerned, that doctrine is already being inscribed upon the banners of the great successful Union Party. If the Democratic Party is not now dead, it will soon go to its doom—well-deserved—if in violation of all its souvenirs in this and other lands, in this and other ages, it shall plant itself in opposition to the complete emancipation of the negro race. Since we are in the midst of an unfinished and incomplete revolution, why not do the work up thoroughly? All our trouble as a Government has arisen from our attempts to limit the application of the very principles upon which it is founded. We must revert to the principles which lie at the bottom of our system of Government. It is a system of equal rights; it is a system of universal suffrage. The foreign element, the sole one which ever crept into our system—Slavery—is abolished. Let us abolish its consequences.



NATURAL BRIDGE.

IT is one of the most remarkable of its kind known in the world, and has long excited the curiosity, and attracted the attention of travelers in search of the picturesque. It is 115 miles west of Richmond, the capital of Virginia, and 160 miles southwest of Washington. It spans the little stream of Cedar Creek, over which, from brink to brink, extends a massive rocky stratum, formed into a graceful arch. The surface is so nearly on a level with the surrounding country, that a passenger in a coach might cross it on the public road, without being aware that he was 200 feet from the bed of the stream.

The sides of the chasm rise up almost perpendicular, and are separated by a distance of full sixty feet. These walls are composed of solid rock of a highly silicious limestone, formed in massive strata which indicate no sign of having been worn away by the action of water, as many such natural bridges seem to have been ; and therefore geologists suppose that some mightier force must have been called into action at an earlier period, when that part of the State was disturbed by convulsions which displaced its strata to the depth of thousands of feet. Below the arch, several large forest trees are still growing near the edge of the creek, which do not reach half the enormous height to the arch above.

From the first exploration of Virginia, the Natural Bridge has been visited by distinguished persons, many of whom have left evidences of their presence by climbing the Cyclopean abutments as high as they dared, to chisel their names. For three-quarters of a century, the highest name cut was George Washington, who, as a young surveyor, made the most distant and curious explorations in the wilder portions of his native State. Alabama has also a natural bridge in Walker County, while California has several, which have excited, like many of the other features of her majestic scenery, the wonder of geologists and travelers.

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT.

*I.—HIS EARLIER ARTISTIC LIFE.**—On the morning of the twelfth anniversary of the conflagration of Moscow, a stinging winter day, while the boys were sliding down hill, and the sleigh-bells were merrily ringing through the beautiful village of Auburn, New York, a youngster about ten years old might have been seen, but probably was not, taking a clay furnace of ignited charcoal into a small bedroom on the ground-floor of a plain but comfortable dwelling-house. When the urchin had safely deposited his furnace on the floor of the apartment he left it in haste for the kitchen, and soon reappeared with a broomstick, which, on entering his bedroom once more, he forced through the door-latch, that he might be able to prosecute his undertaking without fear of interruption from any unwelcome visitors. The reader will soon discover that these formidable preparations betokened an enterprise of no little magnitude.

His father was an architect of considerable mechanical genius, and many of "the principal men" of the neighborhood were indebted to his taste and skill for the somewhat imposing mansions which drew the attention of passing travelers. Like all good fathers, when they can, he sent his boy regularly to the district-school. He had at a very early period displayed a taste for artistic mechanism, and most of his leisure hours and holidays were spent in his father's work-shop, from which he had sent forth sleds, wagons, wind-mills, saw-mills, of many different sizes, but of very beautiful workmanship, which gave him a reputation among the young folks of being the most consummate operator of this kind in the village. But a dangerous rival had appeared in the school, who threatened by his skill as a draughtsman of horses—on the slate—to eclipse the fame of the hitherto unrivaled constructor. But this artist's genius seemed to have a somewhat limited range, since he always made the same horse, although, by dint of hard practice, he had succeeded in representing that particular animal in a very respectable state; and since the versatility of his talent was not brought in question by his critics, he was luxuriating in the wealth of his fame.

The architect's son began to feel the stirrings of ambition, and he secretly determined to distance his rival on his own field. He collected all the pictures of horses he could lay his hands on, and began his studies on the slate. A common observer, however, could make little more out of these first attempts than oblong bodies with four uprights, evidently intended to represent horses' legs. But he gradually improved, until, with all his drawings, he began to draw on his rival. Not satisfied, however, with his success, he kept his secret and obstinately persevered, trying his subject in one position for a while, and then in another; but he

* This first portion was written in 1850 (mainly as it now appears), at the suggestion and request of some intimate friends of Elliott, for the purpose of preserving an *authentic* account of his earlier artistic life. After it had been emended and finished to our satisfaction, we had a limited number of copies printed for special circulation. This was nearly twenty years ago. It is hardly possible that a sketch so entirely authentic and sharply minute could be prepared at a much later period. A considerable part of the sketch was prepared by the author of this work for *Harper's Magazine*, soon after the death of the artist.

grew less and less satisfied with his performances, and thinking he had "gone to work at the wrong end," he cast aside all his picture-models, and *began to study from life*. He watched horses as they passed in the streets, went to the stables to examine their limbs and proportions; but he still found it "no easy matter to draw a good horse." "Why is it," he said, "that I can't draw one good horse in a month, while that fellow can draw fifty in a day?"

The mystery was not completely solved by him for years, for the good reason that its solution opens the whole arcana of art. Long afterward he discovered that while his rival had, by dint of sheer manipulation, succeeded in copying a horse standing still, without life or action, and succeeded commendably well, he had done it only as a mechanic; while he himself went to work on his ideal—a horse in motion, in any attitude; for the innocent young soul thought one attitude as easy to draw as another. He had done a great thing, however, in beginning *to draw as an artist*, little as he knew what he was doing. He had been making the horse his study, and not any particular horse in one particular attitude. The difference was as great between him and his rival as between the dunce who learns by rote to scan the first book of the *Æneid* glibly and the scholar who reads Tacitus with delight and Horace with enthusiasm. The one was overcoming only the difficulties of imitating a stiff, hard, unyielding form; the other was learning principles of art which would enable him to master *all* forms. But the dear boy knew not that he had begun as Giotto began: to draw the forms of the sheep he watched on the sunny slopes of the Tuscan hills; to represent life by lines without color. He was "out of patience with himself for his stupidity!" Long afterward he learned that he had lost his patience because he could not do in his tenth year what cost the old masters so much toil.

But light began to break in on the path of his studies. Gleam after gleam came out from his pencilings. He could at last draw a horse hitched to a post, or chafing under the spur, with swelling veins, snorting nostrils, and prancing feet. At last "it mattered little to him what his horse must do." He could make him do one thing as well as another. He had passed the Rubicon of Art, although he still knew so little what he had done. But judging of himself as he judged his rival, he "thought his horse could pass muster." Having now, as patiently as he could, endured the reproach of defeat for several weeks, the time which he had bided had at last come.

One evening he drew a fine, prancing horse, full of mettle, with flowing mane and tail, and laying his slate up carefully on the kitchen mantel-piece he went to bed. All night long squadrons of prancing horses danced on his vision. In the morning he took down his slate, and hurrying off to school before the usual hour, showed his drawing to one of his little friends, who had taken his part from the beginning, and asked him privately "how he liked it." The noble little sympathizer's eyes (we have always had a liking for that boy since we heard the story) grew as large as saucers—tiny ones. He could hardly trust his senses. He gazed intensely on the picture, seized the slate, and when he could contain himself rushed across the school-room, and thrusting it triumphantly before the face of the *still-horse* boy, said: "Now, old feller, make a horse like *that*—you can't do it." There was no retreat; he was in the lists with his rival. He was to have one day to copy the *prancing* horse. He tried

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

and failed. "Well," said the hitherto unrivaled draughtsman of *still-horses*, "now let him try *my* horse. I can't do *his'n*, and he can't do *mine*." This, too, was fair play. His antagonist also was to have a day. He did it during the ten minutes the school were at play. At noon the still-horse was shown. Even the still-horse boy acknowledged that "he had done it." Thus ended the conflict, and after that day young Elliott had as many horses to draw for his comrades as he had hitherto had of sleds, wagons, and wind-mills.

We have told this story in all its detail because it is a miniature history of the life of every true artist. We find such things in the lives of all great painters. But we must return to the youngster in his bedroom (which occurred some time later than "the horse trial"), for the chances are that before now his enterprise has got under way, nor should we be surprised if the furnace of ignited charcoal had already begun to work.

The boy shut up in that bedroom we need hardly say is the one who made so many laborious slate-studies on the horse. He had distanced all competitors in horses, and begun to extend the field of his operations. He abandoned the slate for India-ink and crayons. At last he resolved to make an essay in oil-painting. Keeping his own counsels, "that no one might laugh at him," he procured a rather huge canvas, with the requisite utensils, and we now find him shut up in that little bedroom, on that "bitter cold day," attempting to copy a picture in the History of England—"The Conflagration of Moscow." But this expedition to Moscow was likely to become to the young painter even more fatal than it had proved to Napoleon himself. The dinner hour came round, but he did not show himself. Some time passed, and his mother became anxious. A search was made for him everywhere. Having occasion to visit the bedroom, his mother found the door fastened. She ran to the outside window, through which she saw her son sitting in his chair, his head fallen down on his breast, apparently asleep. She rapped on the window and called, but received no answer. She forced the window open, when a sight of the charcoal furnace explained the mystery to the frightened mother, who "supposed that her Charlie was dead." She sprang through the window, and rushing to his side, shook him violently; but he showed no sign of life. And there on the chair before him stood "Moscow Burning," a rude but bold sketch, in which the idea of the artist was not to be mistaken. By his side on a little stand lay the open History of England, from which he had copied—his pallet and brushes fallen from his hands; and to all appearances the young artist had painted his first and last oil-picture. But the rush of winter air soon revived him, and in a few hours he was as well as ever.

This narrow escape was far enough from curing the boy of his passion for painting; but it taught him how much better is charcoal for sketching than for breathing. He afterward finished "The Conflagration," and a good judge who saw it said it was an astonishing production for a boy of his age, who had received no instruction whatever in art, and who had never before attempted to paint in oil. Elliott said of it: "It couldn't, of course, have been any great thing as a picture, but it was generally acknowledged that it made an excellent *firebrand*."

(Continued on the Second Page following.)



James H. Baker

JAMES K. POLK.

Born in North Carolina, Nov. 2, 1795. Died in Tennessee, June 15, 1849.

HIS immediate ancestors emigrated from Ireland in the early part of the last century. His father—a farmer—removed in 1806 to the Valley of Duck River in Tennessee. Graduating from the University of North Carolina in 1818, the subject of this sketch studied law, and was admitted to the Bar. He was soon sent to the State Legislature, and in 1825 was elected to Congress, where close attention to business, well known integrity, and superior abilities in debate, procured him the Speakership in 1835, being re-elected to that office two years later. Declining a re-election to Congress after fourteen years of service, he was made Governor of Tennessee. Advancing steadily in public esteem, he was elected President of the United States in 1844, by a small majority over Henry Clay.

Although Mr. Polk could not rank among the great statesmen who had preceded him in that high office, yet his administration was made memorable by important events which reflected upon it signal lustre. He was wise in the choice of his counsellors, and fortunate in their acts. Robert J. Walker—the ablest of all Hamilton's successors—carried through the revenue tariff of 1846, one of the wisest and most beneficent measures of the time. The Northwestern Boundary question was also peacefully settled with Great Britain. Texas had just been admitted, and the war with Mexico which followed, was conducted with so much energy and success under the superb generalship of Taylor and Scott in the field, and the almost unrivalled ability of Marcy in the cabinet, that the acquisition of a vast territory from Mexico, the immediate discovery of gold in California, and the mighty impulse thus given to the advance in population to the Pacific, all combined to render the administration of Polk one of the most memorable in our history. In the light of later events too much praise cannot be awarded to him for the distinct announcement, in the beginning of his term, that under no circumstances would he allow himself to be considered a candidate a second time. His conscientious devotion to public business had so seriously impaired his health, that he had only been in the enjoyment of the quiet of his home a few weeks, when his life terminated with the unfeigned regret of the nation he had so faithfully served.

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT—Continued.

It is pretty evident that ideas of art were now growing into shape in the mind of the boy, and we are not much surprised that he "made up his mind that, for better or worse, he would be a painter"—a resolution he seems to have adhered to pretty obstinately, until he has won for himself a reputation, in the acquisition of which, any man may have considered himself fortunate had it cost him a lifetime of unceasing toil.

About this time his father had employed two men of doubtful genius in that line "to landscape" the parlor of a house he was finishing, and they had gone on daubing the walls by the yard with all sorts of enormities in the shape of woods, waters, and animals, without much regard to the laws which the Almighty originally intended should control the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms. While these worthies were gone to dinner one day, Charlie, who was sure to know what was going on in the limits of the narrow artistic world around him, entered the room, and seizing up one of the pallets, sketched a bridge with a man walking over. He "worked quick and fled." When the men returned they honestly expressed their amazement and delight, and to their immortal honor "they allowed the bridge to stand, with the walking man." It may not have been a very great thing, and probably was so considered by the next proprietor of the mansion, for he had all the wall embellishments decently covered over with paper, not excepting "the bridge and the man walking over it"—which may be carefully uncovered some day. Stranger things have happened.

Charles L. Elliott used to talk with his young friends about art and artists, and "what would be the end of all this" they could not tell. Some of them, in a certain way, entered into his feelings, but many of his hours and days were left without sympathy, and he "was driven to books for comfort and company." He became a great reader, especially of two kinds—those that described battles, and those which spoke about artists. After exhausting his father's library he used to borrow from neighbors. Chance put him in possession of a large Biographical Dictionary, and he hunted all through its thousand pages in his eleventh year, and read a great many times over, its accounts of painters and sculptors, engineers and engravers, who had become famous in past ages. The miscarriage of his "charcoal picture" had not cured him of great subjects. He was fond of "battle-pieces, Scripture scenery, and heroic subjects." He copied in oil many of the pictures in the old Family Bible.

Some good instruction in art would now have been a world to him. But Auburn at that period had no artist's studio, and he had to work his way on in the dark. In his fifteenth year Elliott's father removed to Syracuse, which was then a hamlet with a handful of people. Heavy forest trees were then growing where churches, villas, and groaning warehouses now stand. Elliott's father had never troubled himself much about his son's paints and brushes. He considered it "a freak of boyhood that would give way to better things when the time came." But finding the freak likely to last longer than he "calculated," he determined to put a stop to it, or at all events train up the lad to some occupation more likely to keep him out of the poorhouse.

So "Charles" was put behind the counter of a dry-goods and grocery store, in which his

father was a partner. "Now, Charles, you may make up your mind to give up your picture business." But it happened that "of all things in the wide world *that* was the very thing he had determined never to do—poorhouse or palace—come what might." Mr. Elliott *père* happened to be more proprietor of the dry-goods and groceries than he was of the painter; and customers who wanted to make careful inquiries on "the prices of Bohea tea, starch, cut-nails, New England rum, molasses, and Webster's spelling-books, and sich like," were left to solve their own problems, while Charlie retired to some garret, or out-of-the-way nook or corner of Syracuse, to copy an engraving of Inman's "Fisher-Boy."

Things were now going on badly. In about three months Mr. Elliott informed the young gentleman that he must enter the store of a very worthy Scotchman, where, as the father had no interest, the son "would be obliged to walk Spanish." He entered; but in about another three months the worthy Scotch merchant took Mr. Elliott *père* aside, and quietly expressed "some, yes, *serious* doubts about his son's ever making a *very* great merchant." Mr. Elliott himself finally began to fear that "those paints and brushes" would prove too strong for him, and he sent his son to an academy of some repute in Onondaga Hollow. Here he had to go through "a routine not much more to his taste than dry-goods and groceries," particularly when he had some "great picture" on hand—and once more a three months' trial had turned out a failure. His father became "satisfied that even academies were not the thing." "Charles had studied very little, and painted a great deal; but he *had* painted a landscape, embracing the academy, which pleased us all." This clause in the report of Charlie's term had its effect. A point of some importance in this narrative is, that this picture was what the painter long afterward spoke of as "my first sober attempt at delineation from nature, strictly speaking."

The academician went home, and found his father in a different state of mind. No change had perhaps taken place in his mind about the profitableness of painting pictures; but, like other sensible men, he "made the best of it," and was prepared to negotiate. Nothing more was said about "dry-goods and groceries" or "academies." These offensive subjects were not even brought up; and therefore something was likely to be done, since both "the high contracting parties" met on terms of equality. And here let us not be misunderstood. In all these trials and tests to which the father submitted the son he not only displayed true affection, but true common-sense. There is no error more fatal, nor one into which spirited boys so often fall, as to think they are born for something better than the common business of life. The world staggers under the curse of incompetency in all its high places. We have a hundred pettifoggers where we have one lawyer—a hundred daubers to one painter. It was a thousand to one that Mr. Elliott would not find in his son the all-excelling portrait painter. So we find no fault with Mr. Elliott. And it was doubtless the best thing for the boy—it was part of his training. If a young man has in him the passion for art too deep to be eradicated by opposition—an enthusiasm too blood-felt to be chilled by ridicule, rebuke, or rebuff—he will work his way. If he can not withstand and finally surmount such obstacles his blade is not made of Damascus steel.

Young Elliott's best and fairest test was now coming. His father had large contracts for

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

building. Architectural drawing was an important branch of the business, and when he made known to his son his desire to have his best assistance, it was faithfully pledged. The compact was fairly entered into, and honorably fulfilled on both sides. Partly as a necessary facility to his progress, and partly to gratify his taste, he was sent to a select school for two years, where he was contented, because he could follow congenial studies; and when his father wanted any help, artistic and well-executed drawings were always furnished by the willing artist. Discerning the irremediable bent of his genius, and wishing to divert it exclusively to architecture, he procured for him elaborate and costly works in that range of art, and so accurate and beautiful was every design and combination the builder called for executed, that he became proud of his son's talent, and was happy in the fact that he could turn these gifts to advantage. "Art seemed now not to be squinting quite so straight to the poorhouse."

During this period Elliott made a profound study of architecture and drawing in their application to practical use in common edifices—in chastening the proportions of dwellings, elaborating, and refining, and embellishments of porticoes, windows, mantels, reliefs, &c. He suggested many tasteful and valuable models for his father, which proved essentially useful. But this study soon lost what little charm it had for "the young man who was born to be a portrait painter." His "long thinkings about the future" ended in his asking his father's consent to come to New York "to learn to be a painter." This was at once granted, and the glad day of freedom came. He started, too, with as generous a provision as his wants required.

Here the young painter made his way at once with a letter of introduction to Colonel Trumbull, who had his studio at the time in the old Academy of Fine Arts, of which he was then President. The veteran painter examined all the candidate's drawings, and one or two of his essays in oil, and then "strongly advised him to give up all idea of becoming a painter, and to apply himself wholly to architecture." "I do this," said the Colonel, "for two reasons. You don't seem to possess so much genius for painting as for architecture; and you will make a better living in this country by the latter profession. America will yet be a great field for the architect, and you certainly indicate uncommon talents that way."

Elliott respectfully replied that "he had gratified all his architectural propensities up in the country, and was fully determined, and had been ever since he was ten years old, to be a painter, and live or die by that business." It was very natural for Trumbull, on the evidence before him, to give that advice; for young Elliott had bestowed little care upon anything but architectural drawing; and as these drawings seen by the great painter indicated extraordinary genius, he was fully justified in his opinion.

"Let me dissuade you, my young friend," replied Trumbull, "from this resolution by the history of my own life. I have devoted many years to my art, and from my career you can judge all you may hope for, even if you should be very successful. I have, it is true, received some commissions from Congress for national pictures, but this was only a piece of good luck. Aside from this, what shall I say? I have painted a great many pictures which

(Continued on the Second Page following.)



Frank Pierce

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Born in New Hampshire, Nov. 23, 1804. Died in New Hampshire, Oct. 8, 1869.

HIS father, General Benjamin Pierce, served throughout the Revolutionary war in his youth, and half a century later was twice elected Governor of New Hampshire. His son Franklin, after graduating at Bowdoin College in 1824, studied law, was admitted to the Bar, and began a practice so successful that he was soon elected to the Legislature, being twice chosen Speaker of the House. In 1833 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected for a second term, at the close of which he was transferred to the United States Senate, where he appeared as its youngest member, being barely of legal age. At the opening of the Mexican War, he volunteered in one of the first companies raised at Concord. Being soon commissioned colonel, and not long after as a brigadier-general, he joined the army under Scott, where he won by his gallantry and discretion, the confidence and praise of his Commander-in-Chief. At the close of the war he returned to Concord, resuming the practice of law, declining all political honors until the National Democratic Convention met at Baltimore in 1852. It being found impossible for either of the four great competitors—Cass, Buchanan, Marcy, and Douglas—to gain the requisite number of votes, at an auspicious moment the Virginia delegation brought forward the name of Gen. Pierce, and he was nominated by acclamation, carrying in the election all the States except four, against his illustrious rival Gen. Scott.

His administration was made entirely subservient to the interests of slavery, it being the shibboleth of the party which had staked all its fortunes on that barbarous institution which was now rapidly hastening to its doom. What public reputation for statesmanship was won by that administration, at home or abroad, was mainly due to Governor Marcy of New York, whose wise and dignified management of our foreign affairs ranked him among the great men of his times. Neither the abilities or aspirations of Gen. Pierce, nor the favors of fortune, secured for him any higher rank than that of a successful political partisan. So blindly was he wedded to African slavery, that from the beginning of the Rebellion he made no attempt to conceal his sympathies for the Confederates, thereby forfeiting what little hope he may have had of an honorable fame, and losing his last chance of being considered a patriot.

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT—Continued.

have been praised by connoisseurs, and amateurs, and artists; and yet you see hanging around this room nearly all the works on which I expended the principal energies of my artistic life. People come, and admire them, and go away; and yet here are nearly all the pictures of almost half a century of labor. I am now an old man, and time and disappointment have chilled my ambition. I have waked from the dream of life, and its reality, death, is looking steadily on me. My principal solicitude now is to make some good disposition of this gallery, which I think will yet have value even in the estimation of my own countrymen. I must take time to look about and see if I have friends enough in the world to give these pictures to."

"This was said," remarked Elliott himself, in narrating the facts, "with a sad feeling. He seemed to feel that the world had not done him justice, and I have long felt so myself. But, although I could hardly help weeping at the sight of the gray-haired painter, grown sad, and perhaps misanthropic by disappointment and neglect, yet it did not discourage me much. I thought the world would treat other painters better, and I was determined to run my chance. Seeing me resolute, he said 'he would transgress the rules of the Academy, which admitted students only during the winter, and allow me to visit the Antique Gallery. He had a good deal of leisure time, and would give me instruction in drawing, and furnish me the necessary apparatus.' I began immediately, and I am happy to say that he more than redeemed his pledge. I owe much to the good old man, and I shall always be proud to own it."

Elliott remained a considerable time with Trumbull, and applied himself with great industry and earnestness to correct drawing. His progress was evident enough. But still Trumbull, who, during the later years of his life, advised all young painters to turn cobblers, insisted upon Elliott's becoming an architect. "But," Elliott said, "do what I could for the old man, I could not agree with him." And he went to study with Quidor, a fellow-pupil with Inman under Jarvis.

"While I was with Quidor," says Elliott, "I spent most of my time in copying prints in oil, which, for want of a better market, I sent to the auction; for, being determined to support myself, it had now become with me most decidedly a question of bread and butter."

It was not long, however, before he began to paint portraits, at any price he could get; and although these early efforts could not of course indicate much knowledge of the practice or principles of art as taught in the schools, "yet" (as Inman once said to the writer) "there was in Elliott's portraits, from the beginning, an air of fidelity, earnestness, and truth; there was warm and genial expression, and a rich, glowing, generous coloring in his rude portraits which make them still charming to look at, even to those who are not familiar with his later masterly creations."

He said "sometimes during this period how glad he would have been if he could have had the opportunity of painting some things besides portraits—especially if he could devote some years to a careful, elaborate, and persevering course of study in the principles and the practice of correct delineation."

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT.

While in Quidor's studio with some four or five other young men who have since been heard from (among them Colonel T. B. Thorpe), Elliott went off on another "great picture"—"The Battle of Christina," drawn from "Knickerbocker's History of New York," in which Peter Stuyvesant and his wooden leg are very conspicuous characters. It is perhaps safe to say that even to this time that is the only great historical representation of that decisive battle, which terminated after ten hours of hard fighting without the loss of a man on either side!

After a year of hard work Elliott returned to pass a winter with his friends, painting, in the meanwhile, a great number of excellent portraits. The following spring he resumed his labors in New York, and with considerable success. In the intervals of his portrait painting he threw off two compositions of peculiar merit—"The Bold Dragoon," and a spirited illustration of Paulding's "Dutchman's Fireside," which were exposed for sale in a shop-window. Trumbull, who had not met Elliott since he left his studio, happened to see them while walking leisurely by "in the style of a gentleman of the old style." "Who painted these pictures?" he asked of the shop-keeper. "Elliott, Colonel Trumbull." "Where is his room?"

He hurried to the place, knocked, and entering uncovered with all the stateliness of the last century, said to the young artist: "You can go on painting, sir. You need not follow architecture. I wish you good-day, sir," and withdrew. Elliott never saw him again.

Banishment from the inspiring scenes of nature to a man who loved her so well could not last long; and "tired of the city and the city's ways, I determined," he said to a friend, "to go back into the country for a considerable period." And, fixed in this purpose, he returned to the region where his boyhood had been passed. There he lacked not employment; "and above all," said he, "I found more satisfaction in the honest way of doing things among old neighbors and friends than can be found in great towns, and I am satisfied I painted better pictures."

The next ten years he passed chiefly in Central New York—ten of the brightest and best years of his life. Elliott's love of nature was deep as the earnest, true man ever feels for anything, and tender, trusting, and filial as a child's. Nor did he cultivate this love of nature as a misanthropist, for his great heart was large enough for all that is true and generous. He once said: "There is something very great and inspiring in fine scenery; but what would it all amount to without the society of friends? After all, there is nothing in all nature like a fine *human face*. Portrait painting is a big thing when it *is* portrait painting."

While painting the portraits of the Faculty of Hamilton College, Elliott fell in with Huntington (afterwards President of the National Academy of Art), a young student, whose portrait he painted with great care—a picture which even now would not be thrown into the back-ground of any collection. The meeting of these two young men in that secluded place will hereafter furnish suggestive matter for the pen or pencil of some true artist, who, when the men now living have rested from their labors, will conjure up beautiful thoughts and glowing images to thrill the fancy and touch the heart of future times. Already the world loves both their names.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

It can hardly be known, while Elliott lives, how many portraits he painted during these ten years of country life; but (carefully and conscientiously as he always painted) the number must have been very great. We find, too, in comparing his pictures at the beginning and the end of these ten years, that he had made astonishing progress in his art. He was never stiff, or clumsy, or cold; but gradually grace, and ease, and warmth, and high feeling, stole into the forms on his canvas, until he reached the point—which every true painter and writer reaches on his road to excellence—when *all* things undertaken are ennobled, and forms of real beauty come forth clothed with celestial light.

Nor were those ten years of exile from the heated air of artificial life lost in any sense whatever. Nature sometimes asserts her right to nurse her great children on her own breast, and Providence comes to her aid. The schools cannot do much except for common men. Nature is the great teacher; from her the highest and deepest lessons are learned. But Elliott had learned those lessons; he “had staid in the country long enough;” he “needed the electric influences of metropolitan life;” he “felt that he could now go to New York with real pleasure and brush up,” “for I had begun to get lazy.”

But once in the metropolis he “had to begin his career anew.” His old circle had been broken up. Some of his patrons and friends had gone abroad, many “gone West,” and “not a few were dead.” But he got a studio, and went to work with a serious and fixed “purpose to do something *worth while* in art.” He sent some of his best portraits (“for,” said he, “by this time I had thrown aside everything but portraits—I wasn’t made for any thing else”) to the Academy, and had the satisfaction of knowing that an unbiased judgment had set upon them the seal of judicious and enlightened approbation. He now went on painting with industry and conscientiousness any and all portraits that were offered. But there was nothing in the man or his pictures of *the sensation style*. In the very depths of his honest soul he “hated the whole thing; only let us have fair play.” His reputation grew rather slow, but it was to be enduring.

He met with no great “success” till 1845, when his picture of Colonel Ericsson excited universal admiration. The best judges unhesitatingly said it was the best American portrait since Stuart.

The following year (1846) a considerable number of his pictures were sent to the Academy—among others those of Horatio Stone, the sculptor; T. B. Thorpe, Clark (of the *Knickerbocker*), and Thayer, which seemed to be regarded, especially by the best judges, as the finest work Elliott had yet done. The latter was one of the finest subjects the painter is ever favored with. In transparent honesty of likeness, in earnestness of expression, in geniality of feeling, in deep, rich flesh-tints which come out from fine faces around the fire-side of home, and, above all, in the spirituality of the man’s individual human soul, “the Thayer picture” (as everybody called it) created the same impression upon everybody. In the estimation of his own countrymen Elliott’s place was now defined. Competent foreign judges among us soon ratified the sentence of America.

(Continued on the Second Page following.)



J. Taylor.

GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR.

Born in Virginia, 1784. Died in Washington, Aug. 9, 1849.

IT is no disparagement to other States of the Union, to call Virginia the mother of the Gracchi of the Republic. The chivalry of her founders seemed to pass into the soil, and electrify her sons. From her generous bosom they drank heroism and love of country. She has molded the South, as New England has molded the North and the West; whilst the mingling of the descendants of the Cavaliers and Puritans, shaped the character of the men who are now laying the foundations of our great empire on the Pacific.

The youth of a nation is always its heroic age; but not always, as in our case, the age of statesmanship. The State which had produced Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Monroe—and above all, the greatest and best of men—was a fit place to give birth and inspiration to a citizen who was to wear the mantle of Washington. Taylor's ancestors left England two centuries ago, and settled in Virginia. His father was a Colonel in the Continental Army, and fought by the side of Washington. Emigrating in 1790, with his family, to Kentucky, when the boy Zachary was only six years old, the family home was planted in the midst of hostile tribes, where men never slept without looking at the priming of their rifles. An earnest military passion lurking in young Taylor's character, was nurtured by the romance of frontier life, and inflamed by the household legends of the Revolution. His education was plain, but substantial. It fitted him for the business of life. With an excellent judgment, shrewdness, stability, courage, and a magnanimous heart, made up his character. Fired, as was Scott, by that single shot from the Leopard into the Chesapeake, Taylor applied to Jefferson for a commission in the army. His first military success was at Fort Harrison, a weak stockade on the Wabash, in the heart of the Indian country. With fifty soldiers he was commissioned to defend the place. Repulsed in every attack, and foiled in every stratagem, the savages fired the fort at midnight. The screams of women and children, the blood-curdling howl of three hundred Red-men, and the desolating fire flashing against a thick forest and a black sky, developed the cool intrepidity of his character. He extinguished the flames, and held the fort till the shout of Colonel Russell's mounted rangers was heard through the forest, coming to his relief. President Madison sent him a commission of Brevet-Major, dated the same day.

In 1832 he rose to the rank of Colonel, and was sent to Florida, where, December 25, 1837, with five hundred men, and under the range of seven hundred Indian

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

rifles, he gained the victory of Okeehobee. It was the Montenote of his fame. He soon brought the Seminole War to a close.

Hitherto his movements had influenced only districts ; now they were to affect the fortunes of States. From the time he was dispatched to the Southwestern frontier in command of the Army of Observation, his achievements followed each other with almost unparalleled rapidity, and became a portion of our history. We have space only to record his victories : Palo Alto, May 8, 1846. Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1846. Monterey, September 12, 1846. Buena Vista, February 22, 1847.

If so many and such brilliant victories had been won by a Greek general, he would have been crowned with laurel, and National games instituted in his honor. If he had borne Roman eagles so far, the Senate would have decreed him a triumph. But the Olympiads are forgotten, and Rome has no more victories to celebrate. Gratitude was still, however, a National virtue, and the honors of our Olympiads are greater than those of the Greeks. There seemed to be but one way in which the nation could show its gratitude for the services of its patriot soldier. In the next election the people conferred upon him the supreme honors of the Republic. He was inaugurated March 4th, 1849. From the gate of the Capitol he announced his intention of conducting his administration on the principles of the early Presidents—that he would be the President of the nation, and not of a party. The pledge was received with exultation by every lover of the country. He chose one of the ablest cabinets that has surrounded any modern President ; but his life was cut so short, and so many unpropitious occurrences followed his death, that it required no repetition of the experiment of elevating mere soldiers to the Presidential office, to show the wisdom at least of relying upon well-trying statesmanship for the administration of civil affairs.

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT—Continued.

In recalling that year (1846) we can never forget how sad the world of art was made by the too-early death of Henry Inman. He had just returned from Great Britain with his executed commissions of the portraits of Wordsworth, Chalmers, &c. His works had commanded universal admiration, as the man had inspired the deepest love. He had none of the jealousies which so often mar the magnanimity of contemporary artists, and although the world was ringing with Elliott's praises, and he had not met him for many years, yet he said : "I must choose the first fine day to go to Elliott's studio—he is painting so superbly, and he is so fine a fellow." Inman's friends saw that his life was drawing to a close, although he did not seem to notice the shadow that was moving over his path. We all felt that it would have been cruel to pluck from his "hope-illuminated brow" those last golden beams which the genial sun was casting as he went to his setting.

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT.

Inman entered Elliott's studio, and gave him the thin white hand and loving look of the great-hearted artist, and sat down. Still looking at him with a tenderness all his own, he finally said, after much friendly and sunny talk: "My dear Elliott, when I shall have somewhat recovered my health and spirits we must exchange portraits. I have never been quite so well painted as I desire. Nothing will give me more pleasure than to paint yours, except to have you paint mine." They pledged each other that the first work they were to do after Inman got ready should be this courteous exchange of the fruits of their gifted pencils. It must have been a touching scene to them; for it is impossible for those two men not to have known that in that studio were then standing the first two portrait painters in America. Poor Inman pressed Elliott's hand kindly, and gave him his characteristic "Good-by," just as we do so carelessly when we expect to meet again in a day or two. Inman returned to his home, never to leave it again till we bore him in that wild winter day to his home at Greenwood.* The friends of art will never cease to regret that those portraits were never exchanged.

Elliott is now painting great pictures all the time. A word or two concerning the chief characteristics of his portraits, and inquire in what the power and charm of his genius for portraiture consist.

1. Extreme fidelity of likeness—this is the starting-point; without it there can be no complete portrait painting. When we look on one of Elliott's portraits we feel that he must have known not only the peculiarities of the person's face and form, but that he must have read intimately and genially the spirit of the character. In all his pictures we can trace the decisive points of the individuality—the prevailing expression.

2. But having observed that all Elliott's people, like Vandyck's, *look well*, we naturally ask, "How is this? all people are not good-looking." True, but it so happens that artists of reputation either *choose* good subjects, or, as Elliott once said, "People who want good portraits are generally apt to be good-looking themselves." Art, however, claims the right of portraying the best expression. It is the attribute of the pencil, as it is of love, to usurp those golden moments of enchantment, when every look is wreathed with fascination,

* HENRY INMAN.

A Pall of withered leaves sad fays are beating
Through the long shadows of the woodland dim,
While mourning sylphs, their golden tresses tearing,
Weep o'er the urn, and wail the funeral hymn.

In vain the lark her sweetest carol singeth,
Or blossoms woo him to the spangled shade;
The odorous bank where laughing cascade ringeth,
No more the student's favorite seat is made.

O'er the gay landscape where his fancy pondered,
Shall dusky clouds, lamenting, close around;
The flowerets droop, where'er his foot-prints wandered,
A mournful welcome to the silent mound.

For him no more shall Beauty's dark eye glisten,
The rainbow paint its colors on the sky;
The spirit's fled that fondly loved to listen
The Storm King rolling in his grandeur by.

The Artist's dead! The Gifted's task is ended—
The brush and canvas lie all useless now;
Life's picture's finished, *light and shade are blended*
By the Great Master to whom all must bow.

—Frank Wadell.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

when every smile breathes voluptuousness, when every glance flashes with a higher passion than the common observer sees.

There should be—and is there not?—some holy spot left in the heart of every man and woman from which something joyous, touching, loving, humane at least, and perhaps divine, will now and then come forth with a flash which, when genius holds the pencil, sets the canvas all aglow. Elliott used to say, "Every face almost *ought* to make a good picture."

We take it for granted that when Elliott painted a portrait he could not miss a likeness—nor a good picture. The first point is gained by accurate delineation—the rest follows by a skillful arrangement of position, light, shadow, and the artistic *blending* of all the accessories, and the *infusion* of the sentiment of the subject into the whole work. This brings the picture out on the sunny side of each sitter's better life. This charm belonged to Elliott, and his magnetic genius infused it into all he painted. When the man Elliott has painted, looks on his own picture, he becomes, in spite of himself, a better man. He is inspired with purer imaginations, tenderer sentiments, and loftier purposes. He goes away from the portrait more generous in impulse, purer in fancy, and more courteous in manner. In a word, there is something in Elliott's painting not unlike that *spirituelle aura* that pervades the writings and breathed from the form and manner of William Ellery Channing, who sanctified the atmosphere around him by the perfect human sympathy he everywhere inspired. We feel while we read the writings of the one as we do when we look on the portraits of the other. We go away, and as our better nature speaks to us from the inspiration given, we feel that the world is better, and life worth more than it was before.

II.—LATER ARTISTIC LIFE.—The foregoing sketch left Elliott on the threshold of his fame. Long years of patient toil were to fix the verdict of history. He had reached the point on which the eye of every true artist rests from the beginning of his career. Subjects came to him without seeking, and he could now enforce upon the tyrant of circumstances the despotism once imposed on himself. He could paint when and whom he pleased. "This was a great comfort to me," he once said, "for I never liked even the *thought* of slighting *any* picture, and I was glad to be placed beyond the *temptation*."

We need not enumerate even the best of Elliott's pictures; the world knows them by heart, as it does the names of Irving's and Cooper's books—a word tells the whole story. Elliott was throughout life a great, unspoiled child of Nature. He loved her in the depths of his soul. He communed with her there—there he heard her own language, and in his pictures he gave her utterances to the world. He loved all her works, but man the most. The human face, the noblest part of the human form, was the study and the worship of his life.

For twenty years now he lived a serene, cheerful, beautiful life. He painted many of the first, the fairest, and the best forms of the nation. Happy are the possessors of his works. Of him it may be said with truth, each of his portraits is an historical picture.

If the suggestion of his life-long friend Thorpe be carried out (and the world will demand it), that some of his pictures should be brought together in an Elliott Gallery for a while, the

(Concluded on the Second Page following.)



Millard Fillmore

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Born in New York, Jan. 7, 1800. Died in New York, March 8, 1874.

THE life of this statesman furnishes a fine lesson for young Americans, unfolding the cheering prospects which await all who apply themselves judiciously and diligently, even in the humblest stations, to the great purposes of life. Favoritism is the genius which, to a great extent, decides the fortunes of men under monarchies. But here, talent, fidelity, culture, and perseverance must ultimately win. Although history will not accord to Fillmore the credit of having become President, yet he fairly won the subordinate position; and when, by a mysterious dispensation, the Protector of the Republic removed a patriot general, and rolled upon Fillmore's shoulders the burdens of the State, he filled the post with admirable ability, and went through his Presidency with unflinching steps.

His great-grandfather was born in New England one hundred and seventy-five years ago. His own father removed to Western New York, where the boy Millard worked hard on the farm till apprenticed to a wool-comber, where he labored four years at his trade, spending his evenings in exhausting the treasures of the little village library. At nineteen, he found a generous patron in Judge Walter Hood, under whom he studied law. He rose at the bar, and was several times elected to the Legislature, where he advocated the abolition of imprisonment for debt. Over unrelenting opposition, that relic of a barbarous age was swept from the statute-book. Often elected to Congress, and becoming in 1841 Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, he gained great reputation. Calm and deliberate in judgment; dignified and genial in manner; accurate in forming estimates; gifted in illustration, and honest in purpose, he was seldom assailed, and never overthrown. After five years of uninterrupted labors at the bar, which gave him a competence, and established his reputation as a jurist, he was persuaded to accept the office of Comptroller of the State of New York.

In 1848, against his inclinations, he was elected Vice-President of the United States. Retiring with honor from the Presidential office, in which he had been sustained by one of the ablest of cabinets, he returned to Buffalo. After many years more of service at the bar, he still found leisure for foreign travel, intellectual culture, and the enjoyment of all the amenities of refined life.

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT—Concluded.

collection will be his apotheosis in the Temple of Art forever, while the fund thus raised will build him a tomb where sculpture may write his epic in stone.

III.—SOCIAL LIFE.—It was full of the light of love from dawn till sunset. His friends were all who knew him; his enemies! he had none. The loving and reverent old painters always traced the *halo* around "Mary's" head. The Rosicrucians held that each good person is surrounded by an *aura* which has something celestial in it. Where Elliott went, this aura seemed to go. It always came with him. Something of it seemed to linger when he went away. It was the magnetism of a fine soul, blended with the starry twinkle of white intellectual light—not of wit, which was too cold and ungenial for him. Once when a "man of genius" left the room after "scintillating away" for an hour, saying sharp things at the expense of most of his acquaintance, Elliott took my arm, and looking into my face with one of those rosy expressions which sometimes made his always handsome face look divine, said: "There! that fellow has gone; let's get on the sunny side of the hedge now."

Elliott was supremely happy in his home, with a wife who was his angel of love and tenderness till the last hour. He provided generously for that home, and with foresight and judgment put a solid thatch over the dwelling where those he loved can rest securely.

Of most men we are apt to speak of (in certain moods) "their better nature." Nobody ever made such a distinction in talking of Elliott. He had no *bad* nature. Like the finest fruit ripening in the Italian sun, one can hardly say which is the sunny side—so luscious is it all the way through. Its first petal opens on joyous air; its whole life is a blissful bath of sunshine. You have seen the large *mezzo-giorno* nectarine thus growing on the purple shore of Sorrento. And yet a stray leaf—albeit a sheltering one—had lapped over and rested on the fairest nectarine there, till some insect (the warm air swarming with them—*all little ones*) had stopped and staid there. It did not eat in far, only it did not *go away*, and it cast a shade over quite a space, and it made a spot there. But at last, just before the ingathering gardener came round, a breeze, stronger than usual, but kinder it may be too, detached that leaf, and sent it and the dead worm whirling off, and so the spot went away, only the scar remained. But who thought of that? In all the grove there had been but one such nectarine.

A triple curse on rum—so often the baneful inheritance of genius, whose path through the Gardens of Armida seems to be haunted by the infernal enchantress forever and forever!

But see how superbly this orb moved out from the clouds as he went to his setting. Elliott and I had both trod the enchanted ground—we had wandered in these upas gardens together. Years before, after I had seen half the friends of my youth go down, and my own feet were pressing the same verge, I had waked from the spell and thrown down the wine-cup. My example had saved some; my love others. But the one of all others in the wide world my soul longed for I could not win. And yet the white-robed angel of redemption was winging his blessed flight that way. I find this record in my "Life Sketch-Book: "

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT.

April 17, '68.—Called to see Elliott by appointment, to talk about the new art of coloring marbles through the entire mass, and if it were a lost art. Found him down in the saloon. He had been drinking more than usual. But his head was clear, and his heart overflowing with the richest and most generous humanity. He was alone. He listened for a few moments, and then putting his hand on my shoulder said, with a deep and tender voice: "My dear L—, I don't want to talk art to-day—I want to speak of something a great deal bigger than that! *I must stop drinking.* I have thought it all over. You know all about this business. I want to take the pledge. Can't you give it to me as a friend? It will be better so."

"I can, my dear fellow."

"Well, then, come up to the bar, and write it out here while I take my *last* drink. Mind, L—, write it *strong.*"

I wrote it. He came to the table, and slowly taking the pen and holding it a while, as he turned on me his deep, earnest gaze, said:

"Friend L—, *this is a big thing.* Think of *my* giving this up at my time of life! Now in my old age! And yet it must be done."

He deliberately signed his name.

"Now," he continued, "you witness it—put your name there, right under mine. Now make a duplicate of this;" which we both signed.

Putting his copy carefully in his memorandum-book, and buttoning up his coat, he drew a deep breath, and, as large, generous tears rolled, one by one, down on his breast, he said:

"It's done. Now, L—, stand by me, and it will all be well."

And so he began his new life. After a brief visit to his home at Albany he resumed his painting, and with almost incredible rapidity dismissed from his easel that series of his last priceless portraits, working hard till his work was done.

A genial writer in the *Evening Post* says:

"All the houses he occupied were models of cheerfulness. The last house he bought was formerly owned by his friend Palmer, the sculptor. His studio, in which he hoped to pass the evening of his life in quiet enjoyment, was never used. At the time when he returned, and his sickness approached, he would lie down on the sofa and look around his beautiful studio with tears. He felt that he would never paint again. About a week before he died his mind seemed to wander. On Saturday he had his pencil and pallet in bed with him, and had a vision of most beautiful colors. His last effort was to carry his pencil to his lips, as if to wet it, and then made the familiar motion with it in his fingers, as if he were painting, and then fell into a stupor from which he never recovered. For several days he lay totally without pain, and breathed his last as quietly as if an infant had fallen asleep."

"My God, Charlie, you must not die now!" This was the single loud plaint of unselfish sorrow that went up from a thousand of the best hearts in America. But his earthly task was done. "Home he'd gone and ta'en his wages." Apelles and Raphael, young Van-dyck and old Titian, were waiting for their younger brother—the all-excelling Portrait Painter of the New World.

His brother artists bore that casket from the National Academy of Art (his proper receiving tomb) to Greenwood—a fitting train of pall-bearers. But our fancy saw another and fonder procession in that evening's twilight flitting through the sacred groves of that peerless City of the Dead.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

WE stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning—simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not?" Forbid it, my countrymen! forbid it, Heaven!

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are and all you hope to be—resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman—the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave with the recollection that you have lived in vain! May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves!

The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs! May he who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here, to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy, and virtuous people! May he have reason to exult as we do! May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country.

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

—*Judge Story.*



Dr. von Holsten

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Born in New Hampshire, Jan. 18, 1782. Died in Massachusetts, Oct. 24, 1852.

THE father of Daniel Webster raised a log cabin in the wilds of New Hampshire at so early a period, that the smoke of its rude chimney curling over the frozen hills, was the last sign of a white man's habitation the hunter met, till he reached the rivers of Canada. To the ruins of that roof-tree, as to some venerated shrine, the great senator went during his life-time, on a yearly pilgrimage; and he took his children there to teach them the hardships endured by their fathers. For that humble cabin, the home of a great, free, self-relying man, its owner fought under the flag of England in the French War, and against her in the Revolution. With a respect for labor nowhere so deeply felt as in New England, he brought up his children to work, and their education began in the district school-house—that portico of the people—which the descendants of the Pilgrims bear with them wherever they go, as the Hebrews bore the ark of the covenant.

Daniel was the youngest but one of ten children. Early displaying uncommon talents, but feeble of constitution, he was chosen to be the scholar of the family; and while he was pursuing his education, he taught school winters to help pay his way through college. The powerful grasp of his mind fastened on every grain of science that lay in his path; while agricultural labors and vigorous rural amusements, kept up throughout life, finally gave him gigantic powers of endurance. At Dartmouth College he distanced all competition. Admitted to the bar in 1815, and coming into collision with Jeremiah Mason, and other great lawyers, he was compelled to put forth all his abilities, and by unsparing and profound studies, crowd the investigations of a life-time into days and hours. The next nine years was the period of his Herculean labors which fitted him for the trials and triumphs of his life. At the age of thirty he was sent to the Thirteenth Congress, where his speeches established his reputation. Leaving public life for the alluring field of Boston, he gave himself wholly to the law, and his argument for Dartmouth College in the Supreme Court at Washington in 1818, placed him in the first rank of American jurists. But the pride of Massachusetts, and the exigencies of public affairs, were ever after to force him to devote his time between the bar and statesmanship; and more brilliant occasions than the fortune of any other American orator ever awarded, were waiting on his genius. In the Convention of Delegates to revise the Constitution of Massachusetts, over whose deliberations the venerable John Adams

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

presided, Webster was the controlling spirit. A greater occasion was at hand. The last hour of the second century from the landing of the Forefathers, and the passover of the Pilgrims was come. From the consecrated rock by whose everlasting base the Mayflower first swung to her New World moorings, he pronounced an oration which was at once stereotyped on the heart of America, and it passed permanently into the literature of the world. Once more this representative of whatever was great in the character of Plymouth men, was called to interpret the heart of New England. Fifty years after the smoke of battle had rolled from Bunker Hill, the corner-stone of an obelisk which now "meets the sun in his coming," was to be laid. A vast multitude stood on the holy ground, with the heavens above their heads, and beneath their feet the bones of their fathers. Again, July 4th, 1826, just half a century after the Declaration of Independence, two patriarchs of freedom left their blessing on the nation, and died almost at the same hour. This greatest of our festival days, thus received a new consecration, and Webster commemorated the services of the ascended patriots.

As the expounder of the Constitution, and the defender of the Union, he became during the third period of the Republic, what Washington was to its liberty and consolidation in the first. Vast as were the powers he displayed, those who heard his reply to Hayne, in which he seemed to surpass the models of antiquity, felt that there were still within him fountains of elemental fire yet unstirred. The majesty of his presence, the various intonations of his voice; his manner always just as excited as his soul; the Doric substantiality of his mind, and the deep resources of his learning and imagination, stamped him the colossal intellect of America. His great soul passed into the heroism of the nation, by the side of the martyrs of the Revolution. We recall his image still when we think of the Mayflower rocking in Massachusetts Bay, or speak of Warren, "the first great martyr in our great cause." We remember his early history, when we look on the satcheled boy beating his snow-path to the district school-house of New England. He wrought himself during his lifetime so entirely into all that is holy and grand in national feeling and history, that even while living he stirred the same emotions of veneration and sublimity, as did the patriarchs of the Revolution, who had been long dead. Among the sepulchres of the illustrious departed, statesmanship, patriotism, and affection will forever turn to the tomb at Marshfield, with the steadiness of the sun in its revolutions. His noblest words were these:—"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union: on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent: on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, with fraternal blood. Let their last lingering glance, rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards'—but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—'Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

NOAH WEBSTER.

THIS great lexicographer has had more to do with the perpetuation of the Union than any other man. His dictionary is, without question, the best lexicon of the English language ever made; and there is every reason to suppose that it will hereafter constitute the chief authority for that tongue wherever it is known. The name of its author is already regarded with veneration by the scholars of Europe, while it is uttered with reverence in every district school-house on this continent. As it appears from Merriam's press, it will stand for the future; no considerable changes will be likely to be made in it for centuries to come. New scholars may make new discoveries, and future investigations will reward their toil in the progressive science of language; but no accident or change, no future studies or discoveries, will be likely to affect the fortunes of this book. Other lexicographers, starting in early life, with the fruit of Webster's enormous labors in their hands, may become illustrious in different departments of this illimitable science; but the fame of their great leader will outlive them all. There may and there will be, perhaps, as great statesmen in future times to serve the country as Jefferson, Hamilton, and their colleagues, and in some coming national trial men may be found who will fill responsible trusts as faithfully as our first President. But their fame will grow dim when their contemporaries are dead, while the names of Washington and his companions will grow brighter with the progress of ages. It seems to be one of the laws of Providence that the founders of nations shall never divide their glory with those who come after them. Moses and Lycurgus, Romulus and Alfred, have left none to dispute their fame. Of such men history will tolerate no rivals. It is nearly as well-established a law with the founders and fathers of learning. The name of Cadmus inspires as much veneration in the Greek scholar to-day as it did in the bosom of Plato, and it will be dear to the scholars of all coming time. No future dramatic poet will ever, even in his hours of madness, dream of usurping the throne of Shakespeare; no future astronomer will lay his profaning hand on the crown of blind Galileo; a second "Paradise Lost" has never been written; the world never will look for another "Iliad;" Gibbon has made a second "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" impossible; Blackstone will be authority on the bench while society holds together; another "*Génie du Christianisme*" will never be called for; Edwards has written his "Essay on the Will;" Cooper revised his "Leather-Stocking Tales" for the far future; Halleck has done for his "Ode to Marco Bozzaris" what Gray did to his "Elegy;" Webster is dead, and the last ornament has been added to his colossal system by the hand of the great builder.

There are many provinces in the illimitable field of empire, but the mightiest of all is in the intellectual world. He who controls the thoughts of men is their real master. If this be true in a general sense, it becomes doubly so in a special one. The maker of words is master of the thinker, who only uses them. Here is the field of the lexicographer. In this domain he reigns supreme. He stands at the fountain-head of thought, science, and civilization. He is controller of all minds; to him all beings who talk, think, write, or print, pay ceaseless, in-

NOAH WEBSTER.

voluntary, eternal tribute. In this sense, Webster is the all-shaping, all-controlling mind and guide of this hemisphere. But he is so in a still more special sense. He grew up with the nation, he was coeval with its early intellectual origin, and he will perpetuate himself with its most distant progress. Not a man has grown out of our soil who has not drank at this parent spring. There is not a man on the continent on whom Webster has not laid his all-forming hand. His principles of language have shaped every word that is now, or ever will be, uttered, here or elsewhere, by an American tongue. His genius has presided over every scene in the nation. It is universal, omnipresent. No man can breathe the air of the hemisphere and escape it. And the sceptre he wields so unquestionably has been worthily won. It was not inherited, it was achieved; it cost a struggle of more than half a century,—the struggle of a strong, clear head, an honest, brave, untiring heart. No propitious accidents favored his progress; no decisive casualties awarded the goal. The victory was gained after a steady trial of sixty years.

Look at a few of the indices of his progress; for in the advancement of mind there are certain reliable signs. Science, as well as machinery, measures its revolutions. After the wheels of our new ocean steamers have made a million of revolutions, the hand of the dial marks one. It was so with Bacon, Galileo, and Franklin: their books marked their progress through the unexplored ocean of learning. It was so with Webster.

America, then, the only free, and, in the future, the inevitably great nation of the earth, was just beginning her career; and Webster became her schoolmaster. There had never been a great or powerful country with a common, a universal language, without dialects, a unity in idiom and pronunciation. In our own times we have striking illustrations of this. The Yorkshireman cannot talk with the man from Cornwall. The peasant of the Ligurian Apennines drives his goats home at evening over hills that look down on six provinces, neither of whose dialects he can speak or comprehend. The European *Malle-Poste*, in a day's drive, takes the traveller where he hears a score of dialects.

This is the only great country which has but one language. Three thousand miles change not the pronunciation of a word nor the orthography of a letter. These nearly forty republics are without a dialect or an idiom. Everywhere, from the forests of Maine to the glowing savannahs of the Great Gulf, and far to the Pacific coast, there are a hundred races, but there is only one language. Around every fireside, at every desk, and from every tribune, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, is heard the same tongue. To Webster, more than to any or all other causes, this nation owes its unity of language. He has been to us greater than Alfred was to England. He has done for America what Cadmus did for Greece.

In 1783, Mr. Webster published his first part of a grammatical institute of the English language,—in other words, his "English Spelling-Book." More than fifty million copies of this work have been used in this country. During the long period he was maturing the dictionary, his entire revenue was derived from the profits of the Spelling-Book, at a premium for copyright of less than a cent a copy. It has been the guide of every American:—more than a million of copies were sold last year.



UNITED STATES BANK.



CHASTE and imposing structure—which at the time of its erection was the finest edifice in the United States. It occupies its proper position between the portraits of Clay and Webster, who were its mightiest champions. The first Bank of the United States was incorporated in 1791, under a charter to continue till March 4, 1811. Failing to get a renewal of its charter, it wound up its affairs with a premium of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to the stockholders above the par value.

It was again rechartered April 3, 1816, with a capital of \$35,000,000. It went into operation January 3, 1817, and at once put forth a conservative and steadying influence on the State Banks throughout the country, by which they were induced and enabled to resume specie payments. On the 4th of July, 1832, four years before its charter would expire, a bill to recharter the Bank was sent to President Jackson, which was returned with a message stating his objections; and as a majority of two-thirds of both Houses could not be obtained to pass the bill over the veto of the President, the Bank ceased to act under its charter on the 3d of March, 1836. But the stockholders and directors obtained a charter from the State of Pennsylvania, and under its franchise entered again upon business with the same capital. But it was managed with so little ability and discretion, that after having twice suspended specie payments, it was compelled by the Legislature to wind up its affairs, which was done by the honorable discharge of all its debts, but with a total loss of the capital of the stockholders.

The clear perceptions of Alexander Hamilton had discerned the necessity of a National system of finance, and under his administration no narrowness of party spirit could ever have corrupted a National Bank. But Hamilton had long slept in his premature grave, and given place to an inferior class of statesmen, who had no scruples in prostituting the financial power of the National Bank to party purposes. The last eight years of the existence of the rechartered Bank, were spent in a bitter, but unsuccessful attempt to overthrow General Jackson and the Democratic party. All legitimate banking purposes were lost sight of by the managers in this personal and political crusade. Sagacious and patriotic men rejoiced that the career of a corrupt institution was finally terminated; and the stranger who now looks upon the massive columns of the old bank edifice in Philadelphia, witnesses a monument to the wisdom of one generation, and the folly of another.

WEBSTER'S WORDS, JULY 4, 1851.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Fifty-eight years ago Washington stood on this spot to execute a duty like that which has now been performed. He then laid the corner-stone of the original Capitol. He was at the head of the Government, at that time weak in resources, burdened with debt, just struggling into political existence and respectability, and agitated by the heaving waves which were overturning European thrones. But even then, in many important respects, the Government was strong. It was strong in Washington's own great character; it was strong in the wisdom and patriotism of other eminent public men, his political associates and fellow-laborers; and it was strong in the affections of the people.

The extension of territory embraced within the United States, increase of its population, commerce, and manufactures, development of its resources by canals and railroads, and rapidity of inter-communication by means of steam and electricity, have all been accomplished without overthrow of, or danger to, the public liberties, by any assumption of military power; and, indeed, without any permanent increase of the army, except for the purpose of frontier defence, and of affording a slight guard to the public property; or of the navy, any further than to assure the navigator that, in whatsoever sea he shall sail his ship, he is protected by the stars and stripes of his country. This, too, has been done without the shedding of a drop of blood for treason, or rebellion; while systems of popular representation have regularly been supported in the State governments and in the General Government; while laws, National and State, of such a character have been passed, and have been so wisely administered, that I may stand up here to-day, and declare, as I now do declare, in the face of all the intelligent of the age, that, for the period which has elapsed from the day that Washington laid the foundation of this Capitol to the present time, there has been no country upon earth, in which life, liberty, and property have been more amply and steadily secured, or more freely enjoyed than in these United States of America. Who is there that will deny this? Who is there prepared with a greater or a better example? Who is there that can stand upon the foundation of facts, acknowledged or proved, and assert that these our republican institutions have not answered the true ends of government beyond all precedent in human history?

There is yet another view. There are still higher considerations. Man is an intellectual being, destined to immortality. There is a spirit in him, and the breath of the Almighty hath given him understanding. Then only is he tending toward his own destiny, while he seeks for knowledge and virtue, for the will of his Maker, and for just conceptions of his own duty. Of all important questions, therefore, let this, the most important of all, be first asked and first answered: "In what country of the habitable globe, of great extent and large population, are the means of knowledge the most generally diffused and enjoyed among the people? This question admits of one, and only one, answer. It is here; it is here in these United States; it is among the descendants of those who settled at Jamestown; of those who were pilgrims on the shore of Plymouth; and of those other races of men, who, in subsequent times, have become joined in this great American family. Let one fact incapable of doubt or dispute,

satisfy every mind on this point. The population of the United States is twenty-five millions. Now, take the map of the continent of Europe and spread it out before you. Take your scale and your dividers, and lay off in one area, in any shape you please, a triangle, square, circle, or parallelogram, or trapezoid, and of an extent that shall contain one hundred and fifty millions of people, and there will be found within the United States more persons who do habitually read and write than can be embraced within the lines of your demarcation.

But there is something even more than this. Man is not only an intellectual, but he is also a religious being, and his religious feelings and habits require cultivation. Let the religious element in man's nature be neglected, let him be influenced by no higher motives than low self-interest, and subjected to no stronger restraints than the limits of civil authority, and he becomes the creature of selfish passion or blind fanaticism.

The spectacle of a nation, powerful and enlightened, but without Christian faith, has been presented almost within our own day, as a warning beacon for the nations.

On the other hand, the cultivation of the religious sentiment represses licentiousness, incites to general benevolence and the practical acknowledgement of the brotherhood of man, inspires respect for law and order, and gives strength to the whole social fabric, at the same time that it conducts the human soul upward to the Author of its being.

Now, I think it may be stated with truth, that in no country, in proportion to its population, are there so many benevolent establishments connected with religious instruction, Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies, supported by public and private contributions, as in our own. There are also institutions for the education of the blind, of idiots, of the deaf and dumb; for the reception of orphans and destitute children, and the insane; for moral reform, designed for children and females respectively; and institutions for the reformation of criminals; not to speak of those numerous establishments, in almost every county and town in the United States, for the reception of the aged, infirm, and destitute poor, many of whom have fled to our shores to escape the poverty and wretchedness of their condition at home.

In the United States there is no church establishment or ecclesiastical authority founded by government. Public worship is maintained either by voluntary associations and contributions, or by trusts and donations of a charitable origin.

Now, I think it is safe to say, that a greater portion of the people of the United States attend public worship decently clad, well behaved, and well seated, than of any other country of the civilized world. Edifices of religion are seen everywhere. Their aggregate cost would amount to an immense sum of money. They are, in general, kept in good repair, and consecrated to the purposes of public worship. In these edifices the people regularly assemble on the Sabbath-day, which, by all classes, is sacredly set apart for rest from secular employment and for religious meditation and worship, to listen to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and discourses from pious ministers of the several denominations.

This attention to the wants of the intellect and of the soul, as manifested by the voluntary support of schools and colleges, of churches and benevolent institutions, is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the American people, not less strikingly exhibited in the new than in the older settlements of the country. On the spot where the first trees of the forest

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

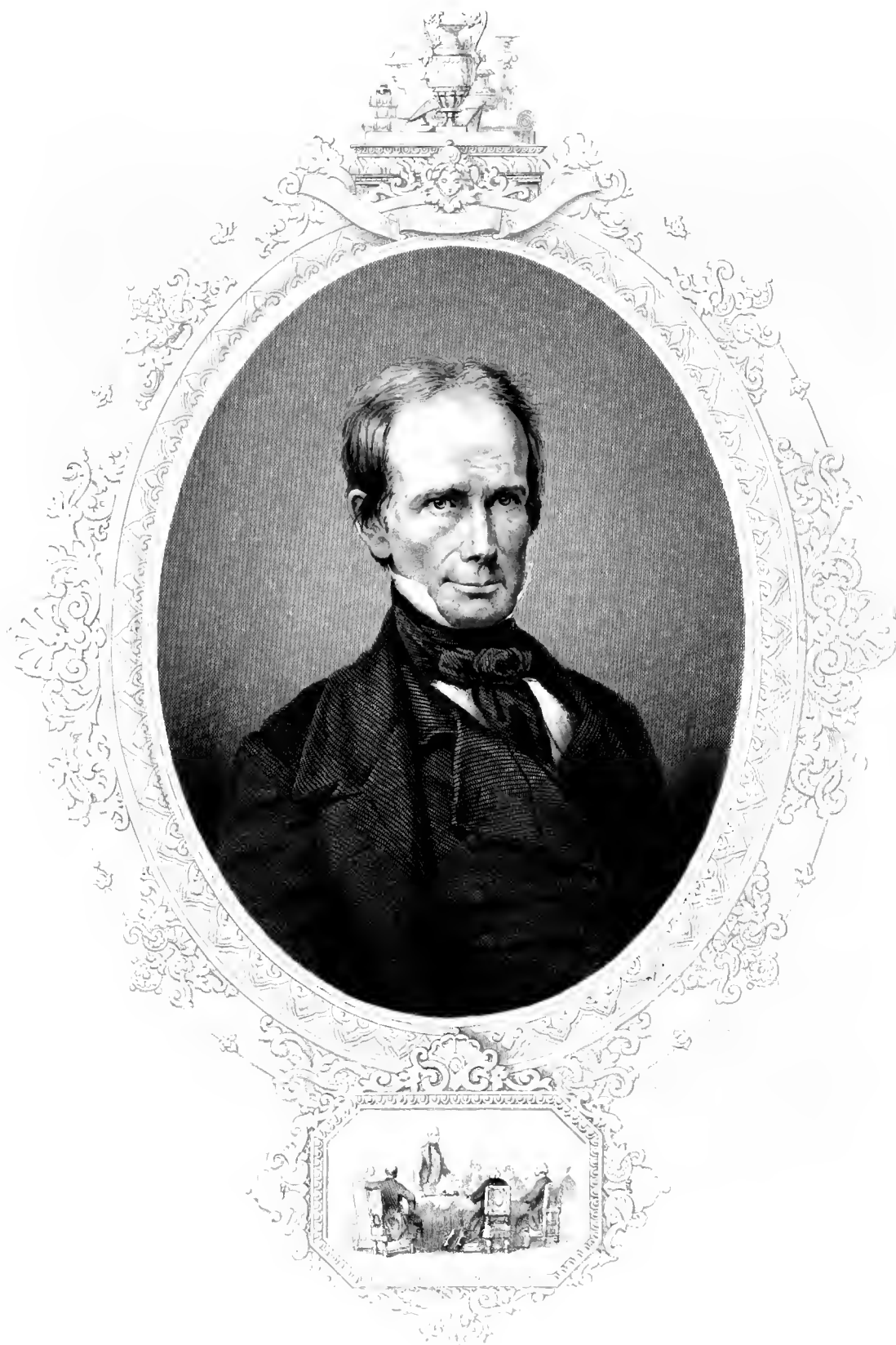
were felled, near the log cabin of the pioneers, are to be seen rising together the church and school-house. So has it been from the beginning, and God grant that it may thus continue!

MOUNT SHASTA IN WINTER.—In an account of his ascent of Mount Shasta, Cal., Mr. John Muir, the State Geologist of California, says:

"I watched the sky with great caution, for it was easy to see that a storm was approaching. Mount Shasta rises ten thousand feet above the general level, in blank exposure to the deep gulf-streams of air, and I have never been in a labyrinth of peaks and cañons where the dangers of a storm seemed so formidable as here. I was, therefore, in constant readiness to retreat into the timber. However, by half-past ten o'clock I reached the utmost summit. I spent a couple of hours tracing the outlines of its ancient lava-streams, extending far into the surrounding plains and the pathways of its ancient glaciers, but the wind constantly increased in violence, raising the snow in magnificent drifts, and forming it into long, waving banners that glowed in the sun. A succession of small storm-clouds struck against the summit pinnacles like icebergs, darkening the air as they passed, and producing a chill as definite and sudden as if ice-water were dashed in one's face. This is the kind of cloud in which snow-flowers grow, and I was compelled to begin a retreat, which, after spending a few minutes upon the main Shasta glacier and the side of the 'Crater Butte,' I accomplished more than an hour before dark, so that I had time to hollow a strip of ground for a nest in the lee of a block of red lava, where firewood was abundant.

"Next morning, breaking suddenly out of profound sleep, my eyes opened upon one of the most sublime scenes I ever beheld. A boundless wilderness of storm-clouds, of different age and ripeness, were congregated over all the landscape for thousands of square miles, colored gray, and purple, and pearl, and glowing white, among which I seemed to be floating, while the cone of Shasta above and the sky was tranquil and full of the sun. It seemed not so much an ocean as a land of clouds, undulating hill and dale, smooth purple plains, and silvery mountains of cumuli, range over range, nobly diversified with peaks and domes, with cool shadows between, and with here and there a wide trunk cañon, smooth and rounded as if eroded by glaciers. I gazed enchanted, but cold gray masses drifting hither and thither like rack on a wind-swept plain began to shut out the light, and it was evident that they would soon be marshalled for storm. I gathered as much wood as possible, and snugged it shelteringly around my storm-nest. My blankets were arranged; and the topmost fastened down with stakes, and my precious bread-sack tucked in at my head, I was ready when the first flakes fell. All kinds of clouds began to fuse into one, the wind swept past in hissing floods, and the storm closed down on all things, producing a wild exhilaration.

"My fire blazed bravely, I had a week's wood, a sack full of bread, and a nest that the wildest wind could not demolish, and I had, moreover, plenty of material for the making of snow-shoes if the depth of the snow should render them necessary. The storm lasted about a week, and I had plenty to do listening to its tones and watching the gestures of the flexilis fine, and in catching snow-crystals and examining them under a lens and observing the methods of their deposition as summer fountains."



H. Clay

HENRY CLAY.

Born in Virginia, April 12, 1777. Died in Washington, June 29, 1852.

AMONG the post-revolutionary statesmen of America, the mind which most deeply impressed itself upon our institutions, and gave direction to our home and foreign policy, was that of Henry Clay. His life was all spent in the service of his country in the highest fields of statesmanship, and crowned with every honor the Republic could bestow, except the Presidency, which could hardly have added new lustre to his name. Born the son of a highly respectable and educated, but poor clergyman, he always mingled with the masses on terms of equality, and became pre-eminently a representative of the people, sympathizing with their wants, pleasures, antipathies, fears and hopes. The industry of his boyhood aided in the support of a widowed mother. His youth was spent in the office of the Court of Chancery at Richmond, where his vivacity and genius attracted the attention of Chancellor Wythe, and other eminent jurists, who advised him to study law. Intense application admitted him to the bar before the age of majority; and lifted by the first tide of emigration beyond the mountains, he went with his mother and family to Kentucky. They settled near Lexington, where young Clay soon became known as the most powerful advocate in the West. On that genial soil, which has given birth to so many generous and great men, he sprang up like one of the giants from their mother earth. At the early age of thirty he was sent to the national Senate, but withdrew from that body for a seat in the lower House, as a more commanding position for his talents; for it was an epoch of intense excitement. Trampled upon by the belligerents of Europe, a strong hand in the House of Representatives was needed to guide our counsels. On his first entrance Clay was placed in the Speaker's chair, and became the acknowledged champion of the country. He roused her sleeping honor, hurled defiance at her haughty insulters, and called for war upon England. Enjoying the absolute confidence of President Madison, he and the country invoked the wisdom of the young statesman to guide the war which his eloquent appeals had created. When congratulated on its successful conduct and termination, Madison replied: "To the right arm of the administration, to the young Hercules of the West, the credit is due."

To the genius which had guided the war was confided, in great part, the negotiations which ended it. Although the youngest of the august synod of the chosen men of England and America at Ghent, one of the most skillful of his colleagues—

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Mr. Gallatin—declared that on every question Mr. Clay was always prepared with the best and most practical proposition. Peace restored, we find him again in the Speaker's chair, leading the deliberations of Congress, till President Adams and the compulsive voice of the country, in 1825, called him to the office of Secretary of State, which he embellished by surpassing diplomatic tact, and profound appreciation of the needs and the dignity of the Republic. As Secretary, he negotiated treaties with Russia, Denmark, Prussia, the Hanse Towns, Austria, Mexico, and the South American States. He struck a fatal blow at piracy under the name of letters of marque; he liberalized commercial intercourse by discarding the English rule of restricting foreign nations to the direct trade; he procured the intervention of Alexander of Russia with the Porte to liberate the Greeks; and with Spain his voice went further than the voice of all other men in procuring her acknowledgment of the independence of her American colonies. From the Secretaryship he was at once transferred to the Senate of the United States, and there he stood to the end of life, one of the chief guardians of the Republic, admired and revered; the champion of no party—the honored counsellor of all.

A glance along the brilliant path of his public life is enough to paralyze the hand of his biographer. What, then, can we say of him in a few words? We owe to him the first impulse to home manufactures; the spirit of internal improvements; the successful navigation of the Mississippi; much of the integrity of the Union, and her exalted position among the nations. The world is largely his debtor for the acknowledgment of the principle of free government in South America, and for uniting civilized nations more closely under a more Christian law. Genial, sympathetic and generous, he was personally the most beloved man that has lived in this country. He was born an orator. Tall and erect, dignified and courteous, with a pleasing countenance and a piercing eye; a voice trumpet-toned, deep, flexible, clear, and of vast compass, Oratory was never with him an embellishment, but a means of persuasion. He won in succession the titles of The Western Orator, The Great Commoner, The American Statesman, The Pacificator: and while lightnings were beginning to flash from that cloud of discord which lowered o'er the Union, his life seemed to have been prolonged by Providence, to add to his long career, the crowning glory of securing to his country the last peaceful years she was to see, before the madness of revolution whelmed her in an ocean of blood.

It is common in after ages for every nation to recur with special veneration to the lives of its founders. It is a natural and laudable sentiment, for in most instances, such honors are well bestowed. But the world has long been glad to join in our chorus of praise to the builders of our Nation; and among the successors of that goodly company, those foreigners who know our history best, are the most ready to accord the highest honors to the name of Henry Clay.

CALIFORNIA'S INFLUENCE.

EUROPE is beginning to perceive the consequences of the spread of our empire on the shores of the Pacific. The journals of England, and many of those printed on the continent, are taken up, to a considerable extent, with articles on this subject. Indeed, it is doubtful if any event in our history, since the Declaration of Independence, has put forth so much influence upon the Old World as the colonization of California. It was evident from the beginning, that the possession of the vast territory on the Pacific would affect the fortunes of mankind.

It would have been an acquisition of vast importance, even if no mineral wealth had been discovered in Oregon or California; but when the fact was announced, and came sustained by the weight of indubitable evidence, that those vast regions were teeming with infinite treasure, the importance of the acquisition became incalculable. This fact gave greater importance to California in Europe than in this country; for the nations of the Old World, which had grown rich from their colonial possessions, and particularly from their mineral products, attached ideas of larger importance to the gold and silver mines of the Pacific States than even we had ourselves. The idea of picking gold off the surface of the earth, or disembowelling it from its bosom, has always inflamed the cupidity of mankind. So far as Portugal and Spain are concerned, the mineral wealth they drew from their colonies in South America had a most deleterious, and, ultimately, a fatal effect. The consequences in their case was, that enterprise and industry were suspended at home, under the idea that gold, silver and precious stones would flow in from abroad, in such copious streams, that the hand of labor would no more be called on to try its muscles by toil, since the new-found El Dorados would remove the cause of labor from the human race. It is a curious fact, however, that Spain and Portugal could not keep the gold their colonies sent them. During the florid period of their glory, the main sources of their wealth consisted in their domestic manufactures, and their commerce with foreign nations. After the gold began to flow in from South America, these sources of home wealth were dried up, and the nations which were battling with the stern elements of colder climates, nurturing the growth of grains and fruits which scarcely learned to live amidst frosts and snows, finally, by their exchanges, compelled Spain and Portugal to give up the gold they had hoarded, in order to supply themselves with the luxuries, and even with the necessities, of life; for, strange as it may seem, it is capable of demonstration, that there is less aggregate wealth, at the present time, in the Spanish peninsula, than in any other country of the same fertility and population in the civilized world. Such were the fatal consequences of gold mines to those now enervated and impoverished countries.

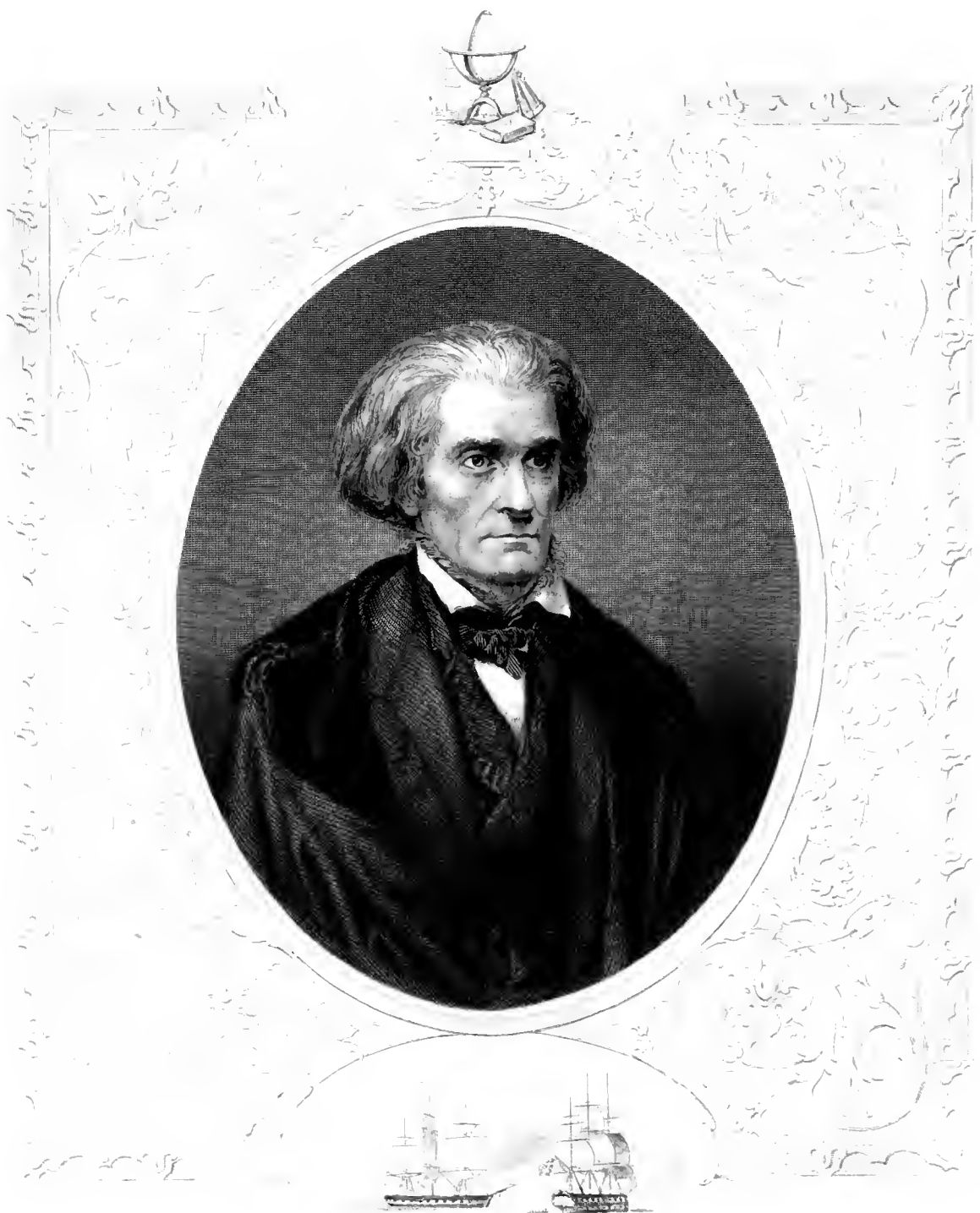
We are furnished with another striking illustration to the same effect, in the history of the States of South America. They were, it is true, early impregnated with the political ideas of this Union, and, from 1816 to 1825, they won and proclaimed their independence; but they were destitute of those sturdy elements of prosperity and progress which entered so largely into the success of the North American Republic. So long as they were able to dig from the

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT

bosom of the earth the glittering dust which enticed foreigners over the sea with the products of other countries, so long their territories remained uncultivated, and the barbarity and wildness of their prairies and forests yielded little to the hand of civilization; and hence the States of South America have been, for many years, compelled to purchase immense quantities of agricultural products and manufactures from the United States and from Europe. The moral and social condition of their people has been far inferior to that of the colonies and possessions of Great Britain, and even of France. Intellectual sottishness, moral depravity, and physical decay have characterized most of their people. We know that no small portion of this may be traced to the enervating effect of equatorial heat; but we cannot forget, at the same time, that some of the noblest achievements of mankind have been performed near the line of the equator. Several of the most powerful empires that have flourished on the earth, have grown up near the heats of the torrid zone. The great kingdoms of Assyria, Media, Persia, and Egypt, may stand for illustrations. Hannibal came from the blazing heats of Africa, to carry consternation to the gates of Rome; and all readers of history will remember how many years he defied the power of the republic of Romulus, and even bearded the Roman wolf in her own den. Some philosophical writers have gone so far that they have attempted to prove, that the heat of the tropics has been far more favorable to the development of intellect and of empire, than any other temperature. It is certain that very little has been accomplished in those countries where frost chains up the streams more than half the months of the year. What do we find in the history of Lapland, Iceland, or Labrador, that excites the interest of even common readers, if we except those pictures of the snow-life which the stunted inhabitants of those ice-houses of the human race lead.

We have briefly traced the effects of gold mining upon the men of Spain, Portugal, and South America. The question arises, whether we are likely to suffer from the same causes? We have no hesitation in saying that we are not, and we will give our reasons.


In the first place, there are conservative elements for the nations of modern civilization, which nations have hitherto never had. The mariner's compass has been the guide of commerce, and has multiplied the amicable relations of mankind. The printing-press, which has just begun to execute its mission, makes every intelligent man throughout the world a participator in the common fund of intelligence, which is unceasingly augmenting for the good of the world. Naval architecture has rendered the means of communication between distant nations so great, that civilization must, of necessity, diffuse itself wherever commerce goes. Canals, steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, and, above all, the spirit of liberty, which has been breathed upon the popular mind of the world during our own times, render it almost impossible that the world should retrograde in any respect. The day has gone by when the burning of an Alexandrian library can blot out the science of mankind, or even diminish perceptibly the literature or the books of the world. New impulses to progress, in every department of mechanic arts, are continually being given, and we see the fruit of these giant strides of improvement in the general progress of all nations.



Dr. C. C. Brown

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

Born March 18, 1782. Died March 31, 1850.

R. CALHOUN'S father was an Irishman, and his mother a native of Virginia. At the age of twenty-three he graduated at Yale College with its highest honors, and entered the law school at Litchfield. In 1807 he was admitted to the bar in his native State, and at once rose to eminence. After serving two sessions in the State Legislature he was elected, in 1811, to Congress. His first speech brought him conspicuously before the nation as a parliamentary orator, and from that time—a period of nearly forty years—few public measures came before Congress without feeling the electric shock of his genius. As chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, he reported and carried through the bill declaring war against Great Britain. In 1817, at the early age of thirty-five, he became the Secretary of War of Monroe's administration. He found that department chaos: he left it order. He adjusted unsettled accounts of fifty millions; he revived the Military Academy at West Point, whose palisade cliffs, once blackened by the footsteps of the American traitor, were afterwards redeemed by the heroic tread of a thousand young patriots. He began a complete system of maritime and frontier fortifications; he originated the Coast Survey, and laid the foundation of the Indian Portrait Gallery at the Capitol, where art generously gave her pencil to humanity to transmit to posterity the fast fading traces of the Red Men. In 1825 he was elected Vice-President of the Republic, and re-elected the succeeding term. Before it expired, he resigned his office at the call of South Carolina to become her senator, and that high place he subsequently filled, with a brief interval while he became Secretary of State. Every session of Congress was signalized by some speech of Mr. Calhoun's, which was read throughout the world. His great speeches are imperishable.

Born during the Revolutionary struggle he was taught to venerate Democracy, and that lesson became the guide of his life. In youth he laid himself on the altar of his country. But his life was a self-immolation to what he deemed the prior claim of his native State: he temporarily at least, exalted fealty to South Carolina over loyalty to the Federal Government. This was the stupendous mistake of his life. It was a mistake of judgment only; but it was fatal to him and his State. He never shrank from sacrificing the most dazzling opportunities of preferment, to his judgment and conscience. Spurning the livery of all parties, he never stooped for their emoluments. In debate, like the Damascus blade, bending and cutting

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

through, he could hardly be traced in the rapidity and glistening of his movements. He was always the advocate and protector of our commerce among distant nations. But gratitude for his unceasing advocacy of the great principles of freedom of commerce throughout the world, will outlive, with posterity, his political fallacies and aberrations. The day is coming, and he saw its dawning from afar, when the barriers which the inhumanity of other ages had interposed to the friendly intercourse of nations, will give way to the progress of light, and the prevailing sentiment of universal brotherhood. Mr. Calhoun paid the penalty—always exacted of those whose hearts beat for mankind, and whose eagle gaze pierces the future—since for the most part, he was misrepresented or misunderstood by his contemporaries. Few men have suffered more while living than he, from the indiscreet interpretations of his followers;—few of them understood him—none of them could interpret him. As an orator, his chief characteristics were clearness of analysis, simplicity and appropriateness of expression, and a subdued but lofty earnestness. In the tribune, his heroic, stern attitude, his iron countenance, compressed lip, and flashing eye, often filled his auditors with terror, and made his familiar friends almost dread to approach him. And yet he was the most generous of husbands, the tenderest of fathers, the most genial of friends, and the most humane and indulgent of masters. He was known to the world as an orator and statesman; and yet those who were admitted to the scenes of his domestic life, forgot the greatness of his public achievements, in the spotless purity of his private character, the warm charities of his home, and the fascinating glow of his classic conversation. The honors of the Senate and Cabinet never weaned him from his early love of books and rural pursuits. At every cessation of public labors, he fled to his plantation-home to receive tender tokens of affection from his family, and the most touching love from the beings dependent on him for support and protection. Letters had been the passion of his youth; they were the embellishment of his manhood, and the consolation of his age. Three obstacles stood between this great man and the Presidency:—the earnest and unconquerable independence of his character, which left him without a national party; the incorruptibility and integrity of his heart, which made him incapable of intrigue; the last—and most formidable obstacle in a disturbed and feverish age—in the metaphysical subtlety of his genius. He was not made to sway masses, but mind. He could not carry the hearts of the multitude by storm; but he electrified the souls of the few. In dragging to the dust the pillars of the Roman republic, Cæsar heard the shout of the mob at his heels, while Cato walked solitary through the Forum, and Brutus fell on his own sword.

Through good and evil report South Carolina stood firmly by her great statesman; and such a Commonwealth was worthy of such an advocate. The frosts of seventy years were on his head while he yet stood in the Senate; but they had not chilled the ardor of his patriotism, and his genius still glowed as brightly as ever.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF LITERATURE.

NCOME to add the final reason why the *workingman*—by whom I mean the whole *brotherhood of industry*—should set on mental culture and that knowledge which is wisdom, a value so high—only not supreme—subordinate alone to the exercises and hopes of religion itself. And that is, that therein he shall surely find rest from labor; succor under its burdens; forgetfulness of its cares; composure in its annoyances. It is not always that the busy day is followed by the peaceful night. It is not always that fatigue wins sleep. Often some vexation outside of the toil that has exhausted the frame, some loss in a bargain, some loss by an insolvency, some unforeseen rise or fall of prices, some triumph of a mean or fraudulent competitor, “the law’s delay, the proud man’s contumely, the insolence of office, or some one of the spurns that patient merit from the unworthy takes”—some self-reproach, perhaps, follow you within the door, chill the fireside, sow the pillow with thorns, and the dark care is lost in the last waking thought, and haunts the vivid dream. Happy, then, is he who has laid up in youth, and has held fast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love for reading. The true balm of hurt minds, of surer and more healthful charm than “poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world”—by that single taste, by that single capacity, he may bound in a moment into the still regions of delightful studies, and be at rest. He recalls the annoyance that pursues him; reflects that he has done all that might become a man to avoid or bear it; he indulges in one good, long, human sigh, picks up the volume where the mark kept his place, and in about the same time that it takes the Mohammedan in the *Spectator* to put his head in a bucket of water and raise it out, he finds himself exploring the arrow-marked ruins of Nineveh with Layard, or worshipping at the spring-head of the stupendous Missouri with Clarke and Lewis, or watching with Columbus for the sublime moment of the rising of the curtain from before the great mystery of the sea, or looking reverentially on while Socrates—the discourse of immortality ended—refuses the offer of escape, and takes in his hand the poison to die in obedience to the unrighteous sentence of the law, or, perhaps, it is in the contemplation of some vast spectacle or phenomenon of nature that he has found his quick peace—the renewed exploration of one of her great laws—or some glimpse opened by the pencil of St. Pierre, or Humboldt, or Chateaubriand, or Wilson, of the blessedness and glory of her own deep, calm, and mighty existence.

Let the case of a busy lawyer testify to the priceless value of the love of reading. He comes home, his temples throbbing, his nerves shattered, from a trial of a week, surprised and alarmed by the charge of the judge, and pale with anxiety about the verdict of the next morning, not at all satisfied with what he has done himself, though he does not yet see how he could have improved it; recalling with dread and self-disparagement, if not with envy, the brilliant effort of his antagonist, and tormenting himself with the vain wish that he could have replied to it—and altogether a very miserable subject, and in as unfavorable condition to accept comfort from wife and children as poor Christian in the first three pages of the *Pilgrim’s Progress*. With a superhuman effort he opens his book, and in a twinkling of an eye he is looking into the full “orb of Homeric or Miltonic song,” or he stands in the crowd breathless,

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

and yet swayed as forests or the sea by winds—hearing and to judge the Pleadings for the Crown; or the philosophy which soothed Cicero or Boethius in their afflictions, in exile, in prison, and the contemplation of death, breathes over his petty cares like the sweet south; or Pope or Harris laugh him into good humor, or he walks with Æneas and the sybil in the mild light of the world of the laurelled dead—and the court-house is as completely forgotten as the dream of a pre-adamite age. Well may he prize that endeared charm, so effectual and safe, without which the brain had long ago been chilled by paralysis, or set on fire by insanity!

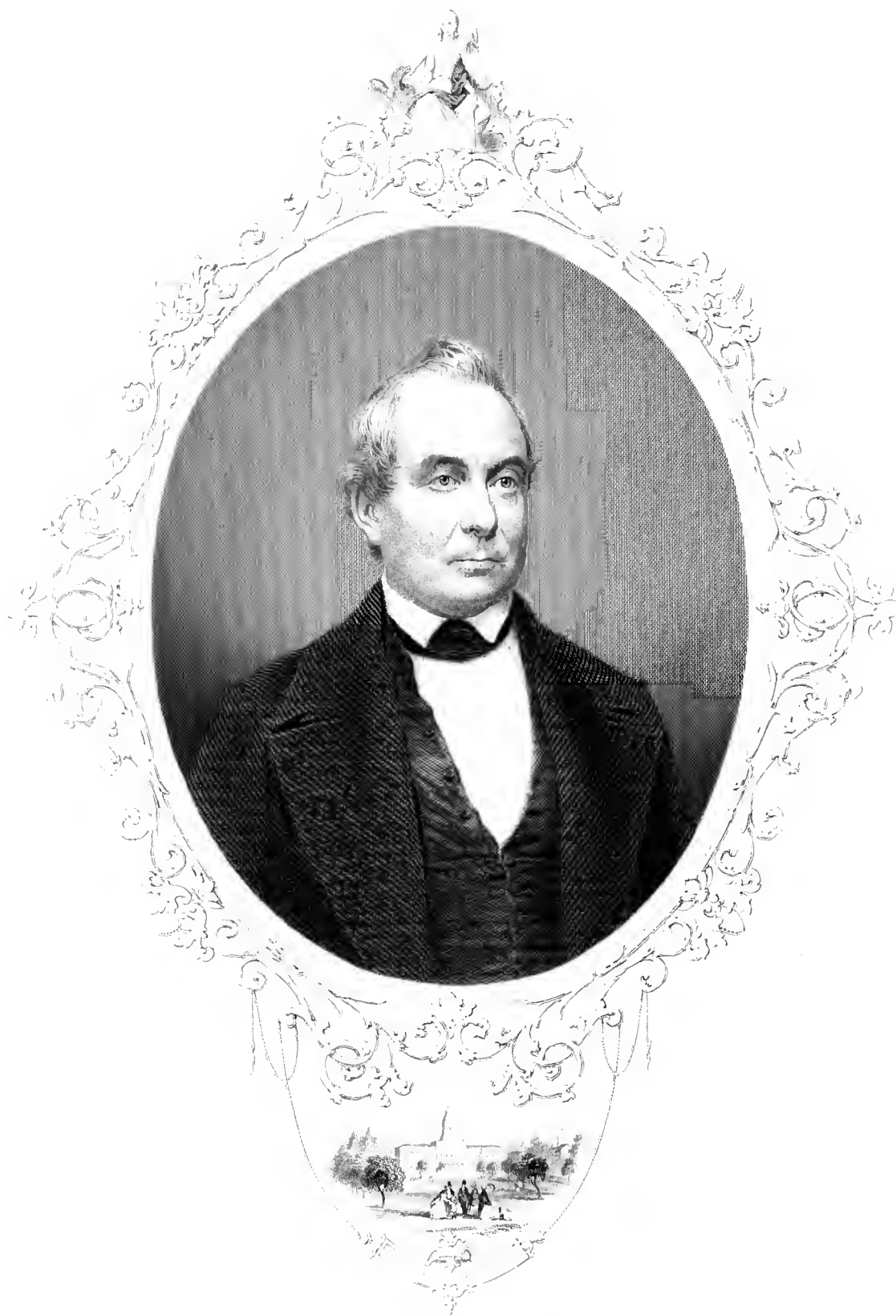
To these uses and these enjoyments, to mental culture and knowledge and morality—the guide, the grace, the solace of labor on all its fields, we dedicate this charity! May it bless you in all your successions, and may the admirable giver survive to see that the debt which he recognizes to the future is completely discharged; survive to enjoy in the gratitude and love and honor of this generation, the honor and love and gratitude with which the latest will assuredly cherish his name, and partake and transmit his benefaction.—*Rufus Choate.*

OUR HEROES.

THE heart swells with unwonted emotion when we remember our sons and brothers whose constant valor has sustained, on the field, the cause of our country, of civilization and liberty. On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the defiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable.

The Muse herself demands the lapse of silent years to soften, by the influences of Time, her too keen and poignant realization of the scenes of War—the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief of battle. But, during the ages to come, she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated priests she will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying Beauty, Sublimity, and Truth, in all the glowing forms of speech, of literature, and plastic art. By the homely traditions of the fireside,—by the head-stones in the churchyard consecrated to those whose forms repose far off in rude graves by the Rappahannock, or sleep beneath the sea,—embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth. By their names, their character, their services, their fate, their glory, they cannot fail:—

“They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Eclipse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to FREEDOM.”—Gov. John A. Andrew's Inaugural Address.



Wm. H. Smith

SILAS WRIGHT.

Born in Massachusetts, May 24, 1795. Died in New York, Aug. 27, 1847.

IN our times, when the calm lustre of civic virtue has been dimmed by the glare of military achievements, so serene a life as this citizen led, did not at once fix the attention of his countrymen; nor was he fully appreciated while he lived. But when death fell on him, the nation felt how great a citizen Rome had lost. Thus whatever is purest and greatest is sure to be most enduring.

Silas Wright was descended from an ancestry of New England workingmen. His father was apprenticed to a tanner, and never was at school a day. But under the genial and assiduous teachings of a wife of rare endowments, full atonement was made for the lack of an earlier teacher. Men generally prize most what fortune has denied them; and no small portion of the scanty revenue of the tanner and shoemaker, went for the education of his nine children. Hard labor and stern economy gave him the means of purchasing a farm in Vermont, where he removed while his son Silas was a babe. Until his fourteenth year, the boy went to the district school winters, and worked on the farm summers. But being regarded with pride and delight as the brightest of the family, he was sent in 1811 to Middlebury College, where he was graduated with distinguished honor. A thorough course of legal studies, chiefly with Mr. Roger Skinner, admitted him to the bar in 1819. He settled in Canton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., and opened an office. It was a new forest-village, and he was among strangers. With such a library as two hundred dollars—the gift of his father—could buy, he began the battle of life. He gained at once the confidence of his neighbors. They made him justice of the peace, and an impatient fortune hurried him along in his path to eminence till the last moment of his life. He became surrogate of the county. All men loved him: and in 1823 he was elected to the Senate of the State. Soon after, he was sent to Congress, and re-elected. But before his second term expired, the voice of New York, in 1829, called him to fill the important office of Comptroller of the State. After his re-election to that great trust, he was taken from it to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate: twelve years only having elapsed since the young lawyer had been holding the humblest judicial office an American can ever fill.

The respect accorded to him in the Senate was due more to his noble attributes, than to the prestige of representing the Empire State. He was still a very young man, but the dignity of his manner seemed to belong to a maturer age, and a riper

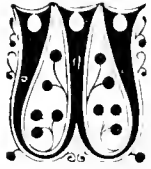
AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

experience. It was a turbulent political period. In the struggle between General Jackson and a brilliant but hostile Senate, the President was known to have reposed in the young Senator from New York, his unlimited confidence. This had been a matter of surprise; but when he had concluded his first great argument, the astonishment was confined to the fact that so noble a mind and so firm a character, had not been more fully appreciated by all, as they had been by the heroic leader—who was then laying so broad and deep the foundations of his fame. During his career in the Senate, which closed in 1844, Mr. Wright won the respect of all parties, and even by his fiercest political antagonists was regarded with complacency. His political life had been a consistent whole. He had never varied from his early principles; he had maintained his integrity; and when called from the Senate to become Governor of New York, there was a universal feeling of regret in that body. He had illuminated its counsels by his superior wisdom, and inscribed his name by the side of its most illustrious members.

The elements of his fame resolve themselves into the integrity of his character, the fervor of his patriotism, and the commanding power of his genius. He weighed in the justest balances the cardinal interests of the country, and he kept them always in view. No man who knew him well, supposed that he ever hesitated at any crisis to consider the result of his course on his own fortunes. At an earlier period than was almost ever known, he had passed through the range of offices which led to the last and highest post except one in the Republic; nor can it well be doubted that he would have reached even that eminence had he lived. In 1847 he gladly retired from the turbulence of the political arena to cultivate his own acres; his mind cheered at his toil by the honors he had won, and sweetened by the memory of his fathers. He died suddenly at Canton, stricken down in one of his own hay-fields, by a disease of the heart, the 27th of August, 1847. His course seemed to be unfinished, but his fame was complete. His monument is a broken column in the temple of the Republic.

GROWTH OF RELIGION IN A FREE STATE.—Until this nation was founded, most of the ecclesiastical institutions of the world depended upon the support of the State. The idea that the clergy could be supported by voluntary contributions was almost new. One of the first fruits of Protestantism was the divorce of Church and State; and yet this had not been completely carried out by any government in Europe, nor has it till this day. It was alleged by the clergy, and accepted as a maxim by statesmen, that religion must be supported by the government; but the American idea, fairly worked out, has proved how much better it is to depend upon the voluntary support of religion by its believers, than upon the imposed taxes of the State. Macaulay said that the vast sum raised by the Dissenters of England reflected brighter honor upon the Empire, than all the achievements of its arms.

HISTORY OF THE WASHINGTON TREATY.



WHILE Mr. Webster was stopping at the Astor House, on his way to Marshfield for the last time, he sent for me to call with a shorthand writer, saying that he desired to relate for preservation, the simple facts of the negotiations of what was popularly called the Webster-Ashburton Treaty—which he chose to call the Washington Treaty—since the truth had never been known. The following are the exact words he uttered, and they are now published for the first time :

“ Intelligent people on this side of the Atlantic are not a little surprised by Lord Palmerston’s speech in the House of Commons upon this subject on his retirement from office. In that speech he seems to claim the merit of having adjusted and settled important questions of controversy which had been pending between England and the United States, especially the dispute between the United States and the Northeastern Provinces, and the controversy arising out of the arrest of McLeod by the authorities of New York.

“ This, so far from being true—that these questions were settled before Lord Palmerston and the rest of Lord Melbourne’s ministry went out of office in 1841—that ministry left these questions in a most aggravated, irritated, and alarming state ; so much so that Mr. Stevenson, the American minister in London, dispatched information by express to the commander of the American Navy in the Mediterranean to make the best of his way home for the security of his fleet, for that undoubtedly there would be a war between England and the United States ; and that commander came home accordingly. The truth is, that up to the time of the retirement of the Melbourne ministry, the controversies between the United States and England were the subject of one angry negotiation between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Stevenson in London, and of another between Mr. Fox and Mr. Forsyth at Washington ; and the only effect of either branch of this negotiation was to widen all the differences between the two countries.

“ When Sir Robert Peel came into power in 1841, he saw the true position of these affairs, and they had arrived at the crisis which very much jeopardized peace between the two nations. Lord Aberdeen, as is well known, came into the administration as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and immediately proposed some extraordinary measure or extraordinary mission, with the view of bringing the discussion to a close amicably. Sir Robert Peel approved this idea, and asked Lord Aberdeen whom he would select for that purpose. Lord Aberdeen said that he should select Lord Ashburton, if he would go. This was approved by the first minister, who obtained the Queen’s approbation to the measure.

“ It is known that Lord Ashburton, at first averse to going, thinking it a very perilous undertaking, and that most likely he would lose rather than gain reputation, and not serve his country in either case, declined ; but, upon the whole, as he had had connections in America, and as he was acquainted with the then Secretary of State, whom he had seen at his own house in England, he agreed to go and run the risk of his chances of success.

“ The result is known. But when the Treaty was ratified on the part of the United States and published, Lord Palmerston brought out a series of articles in a London newspaper—the

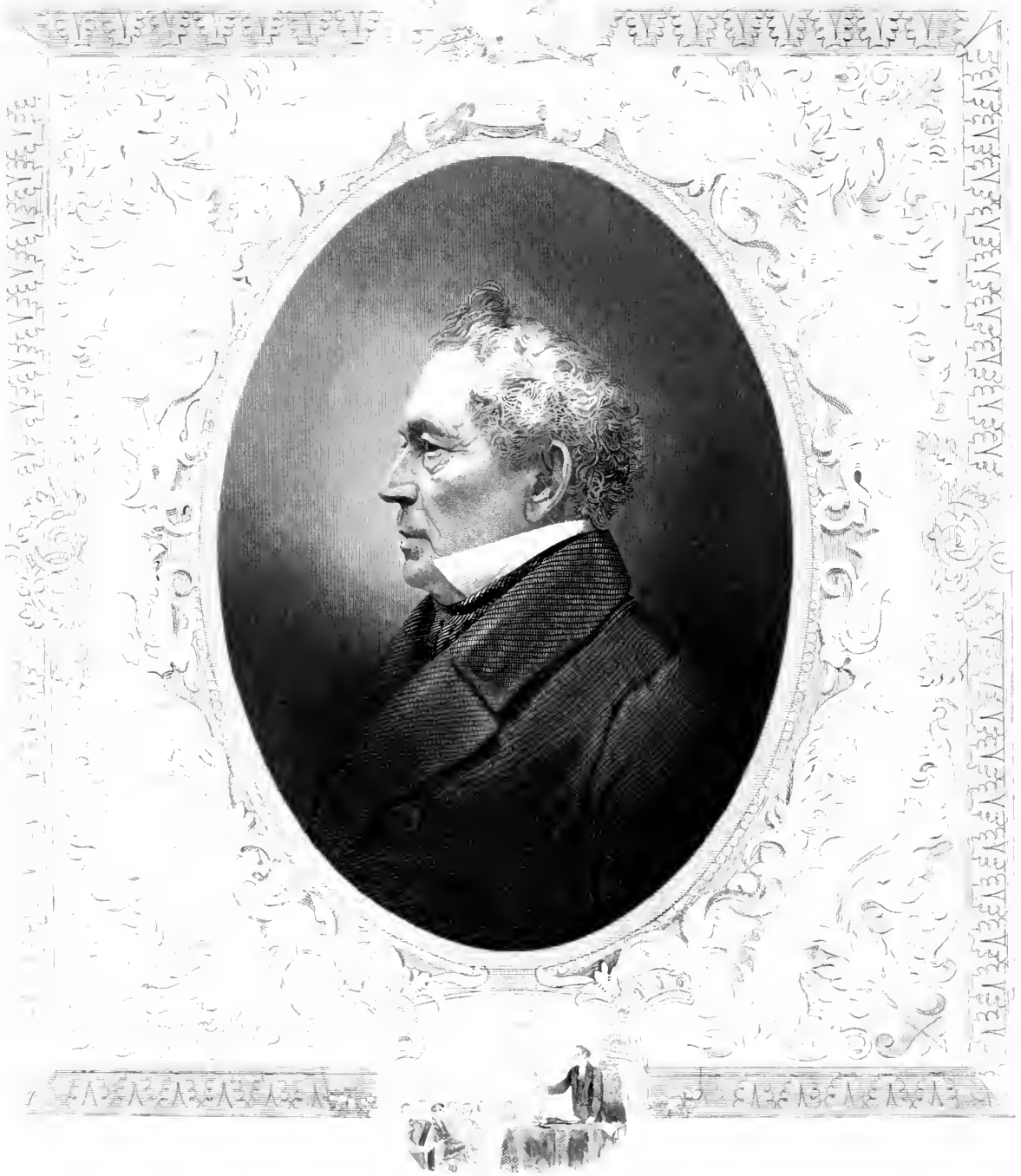
AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Globe, I think—in which he expressed his opposition to the Treaty in all its parts, not only with vehemence, but in language not usual for high characters, even in anonymous publications. It is singular enough that Lord Palmerston averred in England that the American Secretary had got an entire advantage over the British Minister, while Mr. Benton in America contended that the British Minister had completely overreached the American Secretary, which led Sir Robert Peel to say that Mr. Benton, who opposed it here, obtained eight votes against it.

“Lord Aberdeen is said to have told the Queen, when he waited on her, that there was one negotiation going on in England and another in America about these questions ; but all the persons carrying on those negotiations were difficulty-makers, and not treaty-makers ; that he wished to send some persons to America, not to distinguish themselves by any flourish of politics, but to do the business and settle the question.”

WASHINGTON'S WIFE ALONE AT MOUNT VERNON.—The death of her husband, so sudden and unexpected, weighed heavily upon the mind and heart of Mrs. Washington for a time, but her natural cheerfulness of disposition and habitual obedience to the will of God manifested in his dispensations, healed the wound and supported her burdened spirit. She received many letters and visits of condolence. The President of the United States and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Adams) visited Mount Vernon for the purpose, and so also did many distinguished citizens. From every part of the land came testimonials of respect and veneration for the dead ; and from beyond the Atlantic she received gratifying evidences of the profound esteem in which her beloved husband was held. On hearing of his death, Lord Bridport, who was in command of a British fleet of almost sixty sail, at Torbay, ordered every ship to lower her flag to half-mast ; and Bonaparte, then First Consul of France, announced his death to his army, and ordered black crape to be suspended from all the flags and standards in the French service for ten days.

The domestic establishment at Mount Vernon was kept up after the death of the General, upon the same liberal scale of hospitality that marked it during his lifetime ; and scores of pilgrims to the tomb of the Hero, Patriot, and Sage, were entertained by the widow. But her prediction at the death-bed of her husband—“I shall soon follow him”—did not remain long unfulfilled. Two years and a half afterward, her body was laid in a leaden coffin by his side, in the vault. She died of a bilious fever, on the 22d of May, 1802.—*Lossing's Home of Washington*.



Edward Everett

EDWARD EVERETT.

Born in Mass., April 11, 1794. Died in Mass., January 15, 1865.



R. EVERETT left so many titles to admiration, in so many fields of scholarship, oratory and statesmanship, it is hardly possible in a brief sketch to give any adequate idea of so complete a character. His fame is unique. He cannot well be compared with any of his contemporaries. Gifted with a choice intellect; exact and polished in his learning, and dedicating his whole life to study—except when his favorite pursuits yielded to the more serious demands of public business—he was distinguished for a harmonious blending of rare acquisitions into classic completeness, which reminds us rather of models of culture and eminence among the Greeks, than can be readily found among the moderns. So precocious was his learning, that at the age of seventeen he graduated at Harvard with its highest honors. While studying divinity, he remained a tutor in the college; and in 1813, yet an almost beardless boy, was settled over the Brattle Street Church in Boston, where his eloquence excited universal admiration. But accepting the Eliot professorship of Greek in Harvard, he began an extended course of travel in the Old World, where, after becoming familiar with its languages, learned men, scenery and history, and a careful study of its political systems, he returned to enter on the duties of his professorship. He became the editor of the *North American Review*; and, delivering complete series of lectures on art, language, science, history and literature, he was in the enjoyment of a peculiar and brilliant fame, when his public life opened by his election to Congress, where he served ten years. This period was distinguished by a series of elaborate and learned Reports on commerce and foreign relations. He was three times elected Governor of Massachusetts. On the inauguration of Harrison, he was sent Minister to England, placing both nations under obligations, by his diplomatic skill and success in difficult and delicate negotiations. After presiding over Harvard College three years, he succeeded Mr. Webster as Secretary of State; and at the close of Fillmore's Administration, was elected to the Senate of the United States. One of his characteristic acts was the delivery of his Discourse on Washington, nearly one hundred and fifty times, for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund, for the purchase of the home of Washington for the Nation,—the donation exceeding \$100,000. His public career closed by casting his vote in the Electoral College for Lincoln. His statue, by Ball, has been placed in the Boston Public Library,—another by Story, in the Public Garden.

HEATING AND VENTILATION.

THIS vital subject is beginning to receive some share of the attention it merits; and the time had fully come. The investigations and experiments of science, confirmed by common observation, have demonstrated the startling fact, that a vast proportion of deaths throughout the whole country—especially among crowded populations—could be traced to poisonous air—this impurity coming chiefly from bad methods of warming private dwellings and public buildings. Among these our most learned men have not hesitated to attribute the chiefest, to hot-air furnaces. They tell us that the injurious effects of these furnaces are from two causes. First, by passing over intensely heated surfaces, the air is deprived of every atom of moisture, and is thus left in a condition in which it will absorb it very rapidly from anything with which it comes in contact, such as the furniture and trimmings of the house—causing the shrinkage and cracking of furniture, doors, mouldings, &c., so generally seen—and as these will not supply the needed quantity, it seizes upon and appropriates the secretions of the human body, to a degree sufficient to seriously endanger the health. Again, the air in passing over these overheated surfaces is radically changed in its chemical constituents, and thus rendered impure and unfit for being breathed, and causing the peculiar full or dizzy sensations universally experienced in the use of close stoves and the usual hot-air furnaces. A further evil effect is produced by the same procuring cause. Since the *character* of the air is changed, as above indicated, it will not—on account of the universal law of chemical equivalents—readily mingle or diffuse itself in the air already in the apartment, having the effect of unequal distribution of heat; so that near the point of entrance there is an excess of heat, while in the more distant portions of the apartment there is a deficiency; the action resembling in its operation the attempt to mix oil with water. This has the effect of alternate heat and chilliness, predisposing to colds and other forms of disease.

Hence, it is not strange that common observation and the universal testimony of the medical profession of all schools, fully agree that the alarming increase, especially of nervous diseases, during the present generation, is very largely traceable to these methods of heating. Twenty-five years ago, Professor Mapes—a very close scientific, practical observer—said: “If a small hole be made through the shutter of a darkened room, to admit a ray of light, it will readily be seen that the air is laden with fine dust, almost infinitesimal, and only observable in a ray of light so admitted. Place a heated piece of iron—not even a red heat is necessary—in this ray of light, and these floating particles will ignite, forming charcoal, yet not visible to the naked eye. Such particles are contained in all air; and when carried over an ordinary furnace, all are carbonized by contact with the overheated surface; and, of course, afterwards breathed by the inmates of the house. The mucous membrane is much annoyed by this means, and coughs and general debility are produced.” Another able writer says: “Heat is the prime moving power of the air; it is also the great controlling power of ventilation. Nature does not dole out pure air by the cubic inch; but, if unrestrained, supplies every living thing abundantly. But I have done with all other warming contrivances.

HEATING AND VENTILATION.

If we inhale air at the same temperature as the blood, it quickly kills us. Nature never ruins the air for breathing purposes, by overheating it—she leaves such miserable business to the managers and warmers of railroad cars, asylums, hospitals, and homes.”

The insensibility of the community to this frightful source of disease and death, is because foul air is a *slow* poison ; if it were *quick*, and a few persons died instantly from it, the public would be frightened into action. Very small doses of active poisons do not instantly kill ; although a single snuff of air impregnated with the virus of a contagious disease, often kills in a few days. So, too, the germs of fatal diseases, engendered by foul or overheated air, sweep away millions of human lives. And, horrible to think, these curses exist where the greatest amount of wealth and luxury prevails. If I had as many children as King Priam, I would rather they should sleep in the open air, exposed to all the fury of the elements, than to have them poisoned by foul or overheated atmosphere. It is safe to say that ordinary hot-air furnaces are not the proper means of generating a healthful artificial heat ; nor a sure reliance for a supply of pure air, when artificial warmth is required. Nor has the system of heat by steam, or hot water, been by any means a complete success. It costs too much—except for the rich—to buy, to run, or to keep in repair. It has also the objection of liability to freezing and bursting of pipes thereby, bad odors from impurities lodged in the pipes from the water used, and the danger from possible explosions, and if used by “direct radiation” and (as is often the case) without thorough ventilation, the air in a room is heated over and over, without regard to its impurity, until it rivals the hot-air furnace in its pernicious effects.

But in this case, as in others, the inventive genius of Americans is sure, sooner or later, to provide a remedy as soon as the evil becomes too intolerable to be borne. In nothing has this proved more true, than in the combination of inventions and discoveries, now brought to apparent completeness, in Gold's Heaters, manufactured by “Gold's Heater Co.,” 47 Cliff Street, New York City.

They are rapidly going into general use, commending themselves to the warmest approval of physicians, chemists, engineers, and all classes of intelligent men. It is the only device which has fully secured the object of giving, at a moderate cost, a plentiful supply of pure, mild, pleasant, and healthful warmth throughout an apartment, or a building.

These Heaters can never become overheated, because,

1st. The fire-pot being placed at a considerable distance from the heating surfaces, and thoroughly protected by fire-brick, it never touches it or comes in contact with them.

2d. The principle on which they are constructed is, to present to the action of the fire an extent of surface of metal sufficient to absorb all the heat made by the fire as fast as generated—then it has an external radiating surface of sufficient extent—in accordance with a well-known law of the physical universe—to radiate the heat as fast as it is absorbed ; and there is therefore, no accumulation of heat in the metal, and hence there can be no overheated surfaces, and, at the same time, the *intensity* of the heat is *reduced* to the degree which is necessary to comfort and health. The result is, that air introduced from the external atmosphere is moderately heated and passed into the rooms, with its purity and healthfulness unimpaired ; is quickly and evenly diffused, and is similar in all essential requisites to the atmosphere when

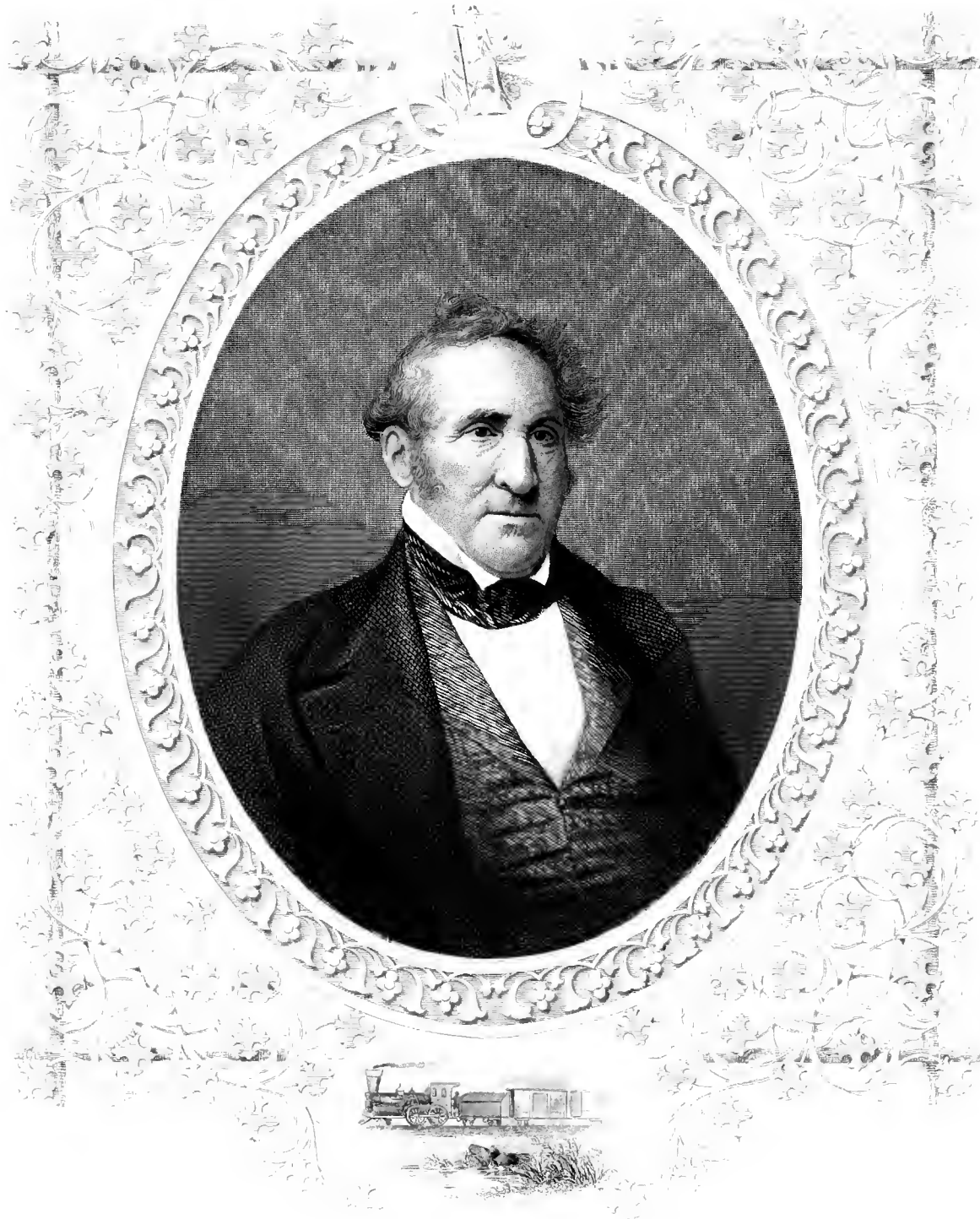
AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

warmed by the genial rays of the sun. It has secured—what never was produced before—an equalization of heat wherever it is allowed to enter. One very eminent scientist, after long experiments with other heaters, says of it: "The air exposed to the heated surface is not injured; it enters the room to be heated, in the same healthful condition that it would be, if its heat had been received from the sun." Added to all this is a great saving of fuel—not a small item—but of trifling importance compared with a plentiful and equal supply of indispensable, healthy, vital air. We doubt not that these Heaters will be hereafter ranked among the valuable contributions to human life and comfort made during the present age; nor that those who gave it origin, and have done so much to introduce it, will be called benefactors of their race.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICA: The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse of a century. We would anticipate their concurrence with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understanding and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of Being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you as you rise in your long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the Fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth!—*Webster, Dec. 22, 1820.*



Thomas H. Benton.

THOMAS HART BENTON.

Born in North Carolina, March 14, 1782. Died in Washington, April 10, 1858.

THIS distinguished statesman stands as a type of the class of men who controlled National affairs in the South. During thirty consecutive years, he was a United States Senator from Missouri, mingling actively in all the political movements of the period, and comprehending the institutions of the country, and the spirit of the people, more completely than almost any other American statesman. Being only one remove from English parentage, he kept the traditions and obligations of landowners and country gentlemen—widened in scope by our new and wider requirements, where conservative ideas had to bend to new institutions, but keeping its good side. Many of these men had as English a training as though they were still in England; and as a class were as much “regulars” in the army of political life, as were officers in the military. With the narrowness and faults of their caste, they had also their virtues of sacrifice for duty, method, and discipline. This idea explains the compactness and unity of the Southern mind on the questions that led to the war; for the result showed that they did not count the cost, but gave their lives and treasures for their opinions. Like many of his class, he had a thorough classical training. His father, an English University-man, came over as secretary to Gov. Tryon. With great fondness and aptitude for the acquisition of classical and modern languages, and keeping his knowledge of them burnished all through life, by study and free conversation with learned foreigners, imparted a range of ideas and freshness of thought which was a constant source of amazement and delight to his more thoroughly educated listeners. Although he was fierce in personal and political encounters—when provoked by insult or injustice—nothing could exceed the unconscious beauty of his courtesy, his innate regard for the feelings of others, nor his freedom from any taint of pettiness—for he was most manly, and dared always to be just. He had what Kinglake says a good soldier and commander must have to perfect him—“A ruthless joy in battle.” All his opponents knew this. It was the policy of the United States Bank—then the power greater than the throne—to break down its enemies, as the slave power afterwards tried. He could afford to be a democrat, and bravely resist the pretensions of all monopolists; for he was well-born, well-bred, and well-educated by the refining surroundings of his youth. His very physique spoke for him. At the age of seventy-four, he had never lost a tooth, and he rode his spirited horse as easily as at the age of thirty. Running through all his life, we trace a vein of

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

protecting courage, which was a knightly element in him. This made him create homestead and school advantages in the West. It had made him, as a handsome young man of fashion on his appearance at the bar in Nashville, volunteer in the defence of a half-witted negro-girl accused of murder ; and he secured her acquittal on legal grounds—the first case in the South where the law had been invoked for the protection of a negro. The same chivalric feeling led him to refuse, on two occasions, large estates which had been willed to him ; and made him act with his wife, who diminished her property to free and maintain all her slaves, till they were self-supporting. This led logically to the Missouri Compromise—to the Free Soil ideas ; to the Free Constitution of California, which was fought out at Washington before it was made in Monterey : and finally, to the prophetic certainty of coming war to maintain slavery.

Had he lived, he would have been one of the most uncompromising Union warriors to save the Republic. He regretted never having visited the North until towards the close of his life. New England, and especially New England women were a revelation to him. He not only inherited a robust constitution, but maintained wonderful health to the last. When the old practice of much wine-drinking was held as sacred as other rites of English hospitality, a Spartan frugality in eating and drinking always governed him ; and long before cold water bathing was known to be so indispensable to the greatest vigor, at all seasons he disported himself night and morning with abundance of cold water at every season. No boating-man of our days could surpass him in marble firmness of skin and muscle.

When he left the Senate, he buried himself in his library for the Herculean labor of writing his "Thirty Years' View" of the working of our Government, which appeared complete in 1856—a work no other man could have produced. A greater task, however, was before him, "An Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856," in fifteen large volumes. Few scholars even, have any idea of the study and intense application required to produce these works at the age of seventy. Six years later he was still working like a giant. But, although his strength was finally giving way, his intellectual powers seemed unabated, and his sturdy will remained as firm and immovable as ever. He dictated in whispers the closing chapters, when the voice that had rang like a clarion for more than fifty years, could no longer be heard, except by the sensitive listenings of the tenderest affection. Few great men are blest with great children—more seldom still by so gifted and noble a daughter as the woman whom John Charles Fremont can call the mother of his children.

With Thomas Hart Benton disappeared the last of that long line of primitive statesmen, on whose like we never shall look again.

BENEFACCTIONS FOR EDUCATION.

ACCORDING to the Bureau of Education, the increase of gifts for the support of education in this country had been augmented in the following ratio: In 1871 benefactions in sums of more than \$1,000, amounted to \$8,000,000; in 1872, to \$9,950,000, or nearly one-fourth greater; in 1873, \$11,226,977.

This latter amount was distributed among various kinds of institutions of education, as follows:

Colleges.....	\$8,238,141
Schools of science.....	780,653
Schools of theology.....	619,801
Medical colleges, etc.....	78,600
Superior instruction of women.....	252,000
Secondary instruction.....	575,241
Libraries.....	379,011
Museums of natural history.....	131,680
Deaf and dumb.....	4,000
Blind.....	15,000
Peabody fund.....	135,840
Miscellaneous.....	17,000
Total.....	<u>\$11,226,077</u>

COUNTY NOMENCLATURE.—In looking over an official list of the counties in the United States, some interesting facts are developed. There are in all 1,441 counties. The letter most largely represented in the naming of these counties is S, the next M, and the next C. More counties are named after Washington than any other President of the United States, the number being 29. The names of the other Presidents represented by counties occur as follows: Jefferson, 23; Jackson, 21; Madison, 19; Monroe, 18; Lincoln, 17; Grant and Polk, 12 each; Johnson, 11; Harrison, 9; Adams, 8; Taylor, 7; Van Buren, 4; Pierce, 4; Buchanan, 3; and Fillmore and Tyler, 2 each. In many cases, however, in the above list, counties were not named after the Presidents, but the selection of a name was influenced by local considerations. There are 23 counties named after Franklin, 17 after Marion, 2 after Fremont, 3 after Greeley, 1 after Hendricks, 8 after Benton and Boone, 9 after Cass, Marshall and Putnam, 14 after Carroll, 11 after Douglas, and 18 after Montgomery. The names of almost all of the Revolutionary heroes, except Arnold, are represented in the list.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

OUR FOREIGN COMMERCE.

COUNTRIES.	1874.			1873.		
	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.	TOTAL.	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.	TOTAL.
	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
Great Britain and Ireland.....	180,042,813	341,024,049	521,066,862	237,298,208	312,347,848	549,646,056
Spanish West Indies.....	92,312,816	17,534,776	109,847,592	85,056,756	17,031,100	102,087,856
Germany.....	43,909,852	61,668,381	105,578,233	61,401,766	60,124,410	121,526,176
France.....	51,691,896	42,326,187	94,018,083	33,977,200	33,220,620	67,197,820
British North America.....	34,365,961	38,883,931	73,249,892	37,649,532	30,361,368	68,010,900
Brazil.....	43,888,647	7,560,502	51,449,149	38,540,376	7,000,987	45,631,363
Belgium.....	5,727,441	20,197,515	25,924,956	5,711,077	15,280,437	20,991,514
China, including Hong Kong.....	18,568,940	2,078,565	20,647,505	27,191,759	2,547,085	29,738,844
Italy.....	8,499,294	8,378,666	16,877,960	7,974,482	7,241,097	15,215,579
Spain.....	4,598,204	11,643,715	16,241,919	4,962,431	10,056,724	15,019,155
Holland.....	2,516,623	13,712,846	16,229,469	2,943,077	10,842,840	13,785,917
British India.....	14,179,664	482,998	14,662,662	16,855,747	165,270	17,021,017
New Granada.....	7,363,757	5,043,146	12,406,903	6,148,840	5,106,703	11,255,543
Russia.....	1,157,170	10,284,803	11,541,973	2,212,293	11,764,256	13,976,549
British West Indies and Honduras.....	3,534,003	7,467,897	11,101,900	3,643,169	7,457,823	11,100,992
Mexico.....	4,346,364	4,016,148	8,362,512	4,276,165	3,941,019	8,217,184
Japan.....	6,468,460	1,023,285	7,491,745	7,993,794	1,167,972	9,071,766
Venezuela.....	5,399,786	1,860,229	7,260,015	5,512,910	1,526,342	7,039,252
Argentine Republic.....	4,537,670	2,478,513	7,016,183	7,587,843	2,985,661	10,573,504
Philippine Islands.....	6,200,171	15,050	6,215,221	6,171,635	17,570	6,189,205
British Australasia.....	1,750,177	3,785,908	5,536,085	3,142,418	3,917,477	7,059,895
Haiti.....	1,367,593	4,089,764	5,457,357	1,649,598	3,308,757	4,958,355
Sweden and Norway.....	2,037,914	2,385,088	4,423,002	2,568,052	2,542,330	5,110,382
Dutch East Indies.....	3,857,706	451,462	4,309,168	7,556,954	255,134	7,812,088
Central American States.....	2,855,093	787,056	3,642,149	1,974,668	899,570	2,874,238
Uruguay.....	2,515,563	1,115,042	3,630,605	3,571,376	1,836,421	5,407,797
Chile.....	666,560	2,730,617	3,397,177	1,070,007	2,273,957	3,343,964
British Africa.....	1,828,643	1,369,331	3,197,974	3,004,828	1,768,628	5,773,456
Peru.....	1,256,286	1,811,360	3,067,645	1,186,161	2,671,534	3,857,695
British Guiana.....	1,279,805	1,712,369	2,992,174	3,214,273	1,638,115	4,852,388
French West Indies and Guiana.....	1,441,134	1,172,143	2,613,277	1,194,740	1,134,705	2,329,445
Dutch West Indies and Guiana.....	1,580,736	979,001	2,559,737	1,182,694	954,852	2,137,546
Gibraltar.....	8,296	2,519,883	2,528,179	13,345	2,420,938	2,434,283
Austria.....	488,642	1,682,249	2,170,891	781,402	1,608,612	2,390,014
Portugal.....	506,135	1,553,042	2,059,177	579,075	1,180,187	1,759,262
Turkey in Europe.....	66,625	1,697,320	1,763,945	113,533	885,258	998,791
Sandwich Islands.....	1,016,952	588,280	1,605,232	275,661	631,103	1,906,764
Denmark.....	159,811	1,315,662	1,475,473	8,582	1,281,380	1,289,962
Danish West Indies.....	227,637	905,629	1,133,266	444,719	1,022,126	1,466,845
Turkey in Asia.....	449,621	519,752	969,373	757,167	431,398	1,188,565
African territories, not named.....	617,021	264,161	881,182	703,267	221,437	924,704
San Domingo.....	282,188	498,860	781,048	409,850	602,373	1,012,223
Turkey in Africa.....	270,631	332,421	603,052	263,318	225,406	488,724
Greece.....	484,168	32,668	516,836	413,604	51,379	464,983
French possessions, not named.....	139,926	234,700	374,626	274,055	246,646	520,701
British possessions, not named.....	172,544	171,580	344,124	219,819	132,294	352,113
Algeria.....	149,339	135,560	284,899	57,956	133,847	191,803
Azores, Madeira, and Cape Verde Islands.....	32,492	215,293	247,785	125,877	178,000	303,907
Spanish possessions, not named.....	110,942	116,313	227,255	36,705	92,389	129,094
Miqueloa and St. Pierre.....	3,806	213,213	217,019	13,282	204,447	217,729
South American States, not named.....	147,927	33,627	181,554	79,634	23,850	103,484
Liberia.....	55,649	123,463	179,112	104,335	98,655	202,990
Greenland and Iceland.....	28,118	—	28,118	85,126	—	85,126
All other countries.....	41,130	115,340	156,470	21,669	36,260	57,929
Aggregates.....	567,406,342	633,339,368	1,200,745,710	642,136,210	575,227,017	1,217,363,227

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

THIS renowned sea-fight, which revived the memories of Paul Jones and his gallant companions of the Revolution, was the first decisive naval event of the Second War with England, which had then swept the fleets of every enemy from the ocean, except our own. It occurred on the 19th of August, 1812, off our Atlantic coast. "It was," says Cooper, "characterized by features which, though novel at the time, became identified with nearly all the subsequent engagements of the contest, showing that they were intimately connected with the discipline and system of the American marine. It is no easy matter at this distant day to convey to the reader the full force of the moral impression created in America by this victory of one frigate over another. So deep had been the effect produced on the public mind by the constant accounts of the successes of the English over their enemies at sea, that the opinion, already mentioned, of their invincibility on that element, generally prevailed; and it had been publicly predicted that before the contest had continued six months, British sloop-of-war would lie alongside of American frigates with comparative impunity. Perhaps the only portion of even the American population that expected different results, was that which composed the little body of officers on whom the trial would fall; and they looked forward to the struggle with a manly resolution rather than with a very confident hope. But the termination of the combat just related, far exceeded the expectations of even the most sanguine. After making all proper allowance for the difference of force, which certainly existed in favor of the Constitution, as well as for the excuses that the defeated party freely offered to the world, men on both sides of the Atlantic, who were competent to form intelligent opinions on such subjects, saw the promises of many future successes in this. The style in which the Constitution had been handled; the deliberate and yet earnest manner in which she had been carried into battle; the extraordinary execution that had been made in a short time by her fire; the readiness and gallantry with which she had cleared for action, so soon after destroying one British frigate, in which was manifested a disposition to meet another, united to produce a conviction of self-reliance, coolness and skill, that was of infinite more weight than the transient feeling which might result from any accidental triumph."

The seaman-like account of the engagement must be added by the same great novelist and master of the sea: "By this time the enemy had laid his main-topsail aback, in waiting for the Constitution to come down, with everything ready to

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

engage. Perceiving that the Englishman sought a combat, Captain Hull made his own preparations with the greater deliberation. The Constitution consequently furled her topgallant-sails, and stowed all her light stay-sails and flying jib. Soon after she took a second reef in the topsails, hauled up the courses, sent down royal yards, cleared for action, and beat to quarters. At 5, the chase hoisted three English ensigns, and immediately after she opened her fire, at long gun-shot, wearing several times to rake and prevent being raked. The Constitution occasionally yawed as she approached, to avoid being raked, and she fired a few guns as they bore, but her object was not to commence the action seriously, until quite close.

"At 6 o'clock, the enemy bore up and ran off, under his three topsails and jib, with the wind on his quarter. As this was an indication of a readiness to receive his antagonist in a fair yard-arm and yard-arm fight, the Constitution immediately set her main-topgallant-sail and foresail, to get alongside. At a little after 6, the bows of the American frigate began to double on the quarter of the English ship, when she opened with her forward guns, drawing slowly ahead, with her greater way, both vessels keeping up a close and heavy fire, as their guns bore. In about ten minutes, or just as the ships were fairly side by side, the mizzen-mast of the Englishman was shot away, when the American passed slowly ahead, keeping up a tremendous fire, and luffed short round on her bows, to prevent being raked. In executing this manœuvre, the ship shot into the wind, got stern way, and fell foul of her antagonist.

"While in this situation, the cabin of the Constitution took fire from the close explosion of the forward guns of the enemy, who obtained a small but momentary advantage from his position. The good conduct of Mr. Hoffman, who commanded in the cabin, soon repaired this accident, and a gun of the enemy's that threatened further injury, was disabled.

"As the vessels touched, both parties prepared to board. The English turned all hands up from below, and mustered forward with that object, while Mr. Morris, the first lieutenant, with his own hands endeavored to lash the ships together. Mr. Alwyn, the master, and Mr. Bush, the lieutenant of marines, were upon the taffrail of the Constitution, to be ready to spring. Both sides now suffered by the closeness of the musketry; the English much the most, however. Mr. Morris was shot through the body, the bullet fortunately missing the vitals. Mr. Alwyn was wounded in the shoulder, and Mr. Bush fell dead by a bullet through the head. It being found impossible for either party to board in the face of such a fire and with the heavy sea on, the sails were filled, and just as the Constitution shot ahead, the foremast of the enemy fell, carrying down with it his mainmast, and leaving him wallowing in the trough of the sea, a helpless wreck.

"The Constitution now hauled aboard her tacks, ran off a short distance, secured her masts, and rove new rigging. At 7, she wore round and taking a favorable position for raking, a jack that had been kept flying on the stump of the mizzen-mast of the enemy, was lowered. Mr. George Campbell Read, the third lieutenant, was sent on board the prize, and the boat soon returned with the report that the captured vessel was the *Guerrière*, 38, Captain Dacres, one of the ships that had so lately chased the Constitution, off New York. "

"The Constitution kept wearing to remain near her prize; and at 2 A. M., a strange sail was seen closing, when she cleared for action, but at 3 the stranger stood off. At daylight the

DEATH OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

officer in charge hailed to say that the *Guerrière* had four feet of water in her hold, and that there was danger of her sinking. On receiving this information, Captain Hull sent all his boats to remove the prisoners. The weather being moderate, by noon this duty was nearly ended. At 3 P. M., the prize crew was recalled, having set the wreck on fire, and in a quarter of an hour, she blew up.

THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

A SHORT time since, and he, who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him, must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless, is the eye whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light, in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory! how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst; and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced, the sad and solemn procession has moved, the badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveller his virtues (just tributes of respect, and, to the living, useful); but to him, mouldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! how unavailing!

Approach, and behold, while I lift from his sepulchre its covering! Ye admirers of his greatness! ye emulous of his talents and his fame! approach and behold him now! How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinating throng weep and melt and tremble at his eloquence! Amazing change! a shroud! a coffin! a narrow, subterraneous cabin!—this is all that now remains of Hamilton! And is this all that remains of Hamilton? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect?

My brethren, we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten? Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He has already told you, from his death-bed; and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well-known eloquence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; choose the Saviour I have chosen; live disinterestedly; live for immortality; and would you rescue anything from final dissolution, lay it up in God."—*Eliphalet Nott*.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.*

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud,
And see the lightnings lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood warm and wet

Has dimmed the glistening bayonet)
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy skyborn glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
And when the cannon mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
There shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath,
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the belled sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

* *The Union Flag first Raised.*—On New Year's morning, 1776, Washington raised the Union Flag over his headquarters at Cambridge. It was the first time the thirteen alternate stripes of red and white had been unfurled, and it was greeted with the shouts of an army waiting eagerly for battle.

SAM HOUSTON,

Born in Virginia, March 2, 1793. Died in Texas, July 25, 1863.

THE Founder of the Republic of Texas, was one of the most extraordinary men in our history; and the establishment of a civilized State out of such materials as fortune had thrown together in that wilderness, was one of the strangest phenomena recorded in the annals of nations. The soberest record of the life of Houston, or of his Republic, will in future ages, seem almost as fabulous as the wildest achievements attributed to the mythical characters of antiquity.

Houston was a primitive man, and the circumstances of his life were all favorable to the free development of his original characteristics. Emigrating with his widowed mother, and his five brothers and three sisters, to East Tennessee in 1807, he early developed as strong a taste for the study of books, as for the unfettered freedom of the forest. His favorite volume was Pope's *Iliad*, which he could ever after repeat almost entire. Restless and roving in his disposition, he ran off to live with his neighbors the Cherokee Indians, with whom he became so great a favorite by his beauty, strength, skill in hunting, and magnanimity of character, that the Chief adopted him as a son; and in after life he became the most powerful, faithful, and illuminated friend the Redmen have ever had. Fired by patriotic enthusiasm, and fascinated by the chivalric character of General Jackson, he enlisted in the War of 1812 as a volunteer, where his bravery attracted the attention of his general, and secured his devoted friendship for life. As an ensign, he distinguished himself at the great battle of the Horseshoe, where he was so severely wounded in the shoulder, that the wounds never completely closed. In 1823 he was elected to Congress, and two years later, returned by an almost unanimous vote. He was now the idol of his State, and by a vast majority was elected Governor in 1827. During his official term he contracted an unfortunate marriage, which so disgusted him with civilized life, that he fled once more to his Indian home with the Cherokees, who had removed beyond the Mississippi. Soon afterwards, the usurpation of the dictator Santa Anna, inflamed the indignation of the colonists who had settled in Texas, and Houston in 1823 went to join in the revolutionary movement. Born to command, and endowed with all the qualities of a frontier leader, he soon became the acknowledged chief of the revolution, and by a series of masterly movements both as a statesman and a soldier, he achieved the independence of Texas.

TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE time is fast approaching when the early completion of this trans-continental road will be universally regarded by the great mass of the American people as an imperative necessity; just as it is now looked on by all men of broad and liberal views.

Mr. Thomas A. Scott, the president of the Texas and Pacific Railway, and Mr. Frank S. Bond, the vice-president, in their arguments before the committees of the two Houses of Congress, presented the whole subject with great clearness and force. They showed that this Southern Railway is to follow generally the thirty-second parallel of latitude, having its western terminus at San Diego, forming a direct connection with San Francisco. Through lines now building and connected through extensions from points on its eastern division with New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, and St. Louis, thus bring it into direct relation from these great commercial centres with the whole railway system east of the Pacific slope. The explorations made during the last twenty years have proved, that the route proposed through the southern part of our Republic between the two oceans—with its low summits, freedom from snow, its straight line, and economy of operation through the mildness of the climate, and the facilities along the road—will afford not only to our own people, but to other countries, benefits altogether beyond the comprehension of living men. In fact, to the commonest understanding a survey of the subject will show that the almost immediate results of the construction of this road would vastly overbalance any objections that could be urged against affording it the most efficient aid which the national government can give; while the ultimate results would transcend the calculations of the broadest statesmanship.

A glance at the route proposed, will best elucidate the idea. It traverses the State of Texas, whose area largely exceeds that of France, with the capacity of producing more cotton, of the finest quality, than is now growing in the entire South; while for the production of all cereals and vegetables for the sustenance not only of vast populations, but for countless herds of live-stock, is beyond computation.

The line traverses New Mexico and Arizona, whose gold, silver, copper, and coal mines, known to be inexhaustible, would be worked as soon as transportation should be provided.

At El Paso, the line as now located, touches the border of Mexico, running within sixty to one hundred miles of the boundary for a long distance. This brings our country where it touches the border states of Mexico, whose more than fabled

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

silver mines have, even by the meagre processes of past ages, enriched Europe. The road, in traversing California, will find its terminus at the magnificent harbor of San Diego.

The construction of the first Pacific Railway demonstrated one of the most striking facts of our times—that the quickest, cheapest, and surest way to bring wild territories under the beneficent sway of civilization, is to penetrate and permeate them with railways. This formed the first solution of the Indian question. It was the first sure means of affording protection to pioneer populations—to bring the wilderness into direct contact with commerce, luxury, and the blessings of civilized life.

That much-abused and little-understood word, *manifest destiny*, governs legislation as well as the movements of great populations; for the destiny of a nation is the will of God, which cannot be thwarted by human wisdom or folly. From the time of the first settlements along the Atlantic coast, the most careless reader of our history can now trace the progress of population in the various streams that have flowed over the continent to the shores of the Pacific. It was not the destiny of France, nor of Spain to control this continent, although they made vast sacrifices of life and treasure to retain their first possessions. Very shortly after the lilies of France faded from the Western World, the vastly more powerful kingdom of Spain was obliged to relax her stronger hold upon much broader regions; and what territory was not wrested from her by the valor of her American colonies, she relinquished by sale. At last, by a natural and inevitable law of progress, our people passed into the wilderness of Texas, and made it American. And so on, by conquest, treaty, or purchase, California, Arizona, and New Mexico were annexed to the Republic—in almost every instance against the protests and unrelenting opposition of some of the so-called great statesmen of the land.

The same opposition has been successively encountered and overcome, both in the National and State Legislatures, by those who attempted to arrest the progress of the American people.

All such men labored under the strange infatuation, that a State or National government has powers separate and distinct from the people themselves; and even now, the un-democratic idea prevails among legislators that they are the *imperium in imperio*—constituting a sort of kingly power while their terms of office lasted—at all events a kind of breakwater against the will of the people.. This is not Republicanism. The founders of our government entertained no such idea. They regarded all Legislative bodies as only the embodiments of the popular will.

Mr. Lincoln defined it all with great clearness, as “a government of the people, by the people, and for the people;” as it appears also in the first line of the National Constitution: “We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union,” etc., “do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.” Our broadest statesmen have always understood that the Constitution made it the business of the National Congress to promote the general good by such means as they should deem most beneficent. Thus we find that every great enterprise which has been generously aided by the State Legislatures for the good of their own citizens, or by the National Congress for the good of the whole people, have met with the warmest approbation of the people themselves. What New Yorker would to-day recall the act of his State in building the Erie Canal? Or what American to-day regrets that Congress built the first Pacific Railway? Who objects now to any aid thus granted

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

at any time in our history, ending as it has in so stupendous a development of the wealth and the prosperity of a great nation? In no instance, unless aid were granted to some unwise scheme, or that appropriations were not applied in good faith. These instances have been comparatively rare, and furnish no argument against the people. Private individuals are never wholly exempt from imposition, but a great government can never plead lack of intelligence or power to protect itself.

Mr. Scott's proposition, however, asks only such aid for his enterprise as can be rendered without cost or risk to the government, provided those charged with the execution of law are made to do their simple duty. He asks no subsidies in lands, or bonds, or money. But he does ask the loan of the government credit in guaranteeing the interest of the first mortgage bonds of the company at five per cent, which are to be taken care of by the company, each six months as they mature; while the principal which the Government does not guarantee, will be provided for by the sinking fund, credited by the company, and paid into the National Treasury, at or before the maturity of the bonds. Mr. Scott's bill proposes the amplest security to cover the guarantee of the Government; for all sums to be paid by it, for transportation, military, Indian, postal, or other departments, shall be retained in the treasury to meet the interest on these bonds—that the net proceeds of the land heretofore granted to the company by the United States, shall also be retained by the Government for the same purpose; as well as so much of the revenues of the company from other sources shall be held by the government, and deposited every six months, not only for covering the interest, but to form a sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds themselves at maturity—in all these respects differing from such aid as has been extended by the United States for similar enterprises. Moreover, it is clearly provided that the company shall not receive any bond, or the proceeds thereof, any faster than the road is constructed and equipped in sections. Hence, if the Government should hereafter ever be called upon for one dollar of money for this scheme, it will be its own fault.

While no wise or patriotic man has looked upon the rapidly increased expenditures of the governments of villages, cities, States, and of the National Government itself, without well-grounded alarm, it will not do for any Government to seek for a remedy for such evils in adopting the policy which is well denounced as penny wise and pound foolish. That there has been extravagance in appropriations in all directions, is beyond dispute; but wherever careful inquiry has been instituted, it has been proved that the chief portion of the evil lay in diverting money appropriated from the legitimate objects intended. The great bulk of the evil has lain in not receiving an equivalent for the money expended. The city of New York is a striking example, where, through dishonesty, favoritism, incompetency, corruption, and neglect, its citizens have been unnecessarily taxed for more than one hundred millions of dollars. The true remedy lies behind the extent of the appropriations; it is in the causes already indicated. And now, in a period of general depression, there is danger that those interests may be neglected which require, and legitimately deserve, encouragement and help. We must not stop building lighthouses where they are needed; the wise man does not let his half-finished house go to decay; nor will it do for our National Government, however great may be the pressure to allow the edifice of statesmanship, which may be called the House of the Nation, to rot.



COL. MAY'S CHARGE.

THE battle of Palo Alto had been gallantly fought by both sides on the 8th of May, 1846, and won by the Americans after five hours of hard fighting, Major Ringgold and his thorough-bred charger, having both fallen by the same shot. Taylor and his army had rested on the field, and at daybreak the next morning, with the odds of two to one against him, he drew up his army for the pursuit of the enemy. General Arista, one of the bravest of the Mexican generals, having been reinforced by 2,000 infantry and cavalry, had posted his officers on both sides of a ravine called Resaca de la Palma, to oppose the advance of Taylor on the road to Fort Brown. Both crests of the ravine were bordered by a dense growth of chaparral. The batteries had been placed to rake the road—a position considered impregnable, especially against an inferior force. But Taylor held the battle in his own hands. Owing to the thickness of the chaparral, the irregularity of the ground, and the superiority of the enemy's numbers, there could be no regular field battle. But being sure of his men, and relying implicitly on Ringgold's flying artillery—now commanded by Ridgely—the battle was to be fought in detail, every movement being under the eye of the commanding general. Terrible execution had been done by Ridgely's guns, and the well-directed fire of the infantry's muskets and rifles. But the field could by no means be won until the heavy battery in the rear was silenced. Seeing the position, Colonel May rode back from his advanced position to General Taylor, and asked permission to charge that battery with his dragoons. A bystander says the General's reply was: “‘Charge, Captain, *nolens volens!*’ when away dashed the gallant May, with his long hair and beard streaming through the air like a fiery meteor.” At the head of seventy horse, May plunged into the ravine and gained the opposite bank. A discharge of canister hurled eighteen dying dragoons from their saddles under their dying horses. It then became a desperate struggle, hand to hand. Scarcely recoiling from this terrible repulse, and seeing that nothing but a quick movement could avail, the dragoons followed their leader over the bodies of their dying comrades and horses, when seeing a Mexican officer—who had in vain tried to rally his men as they were deserting the chief battery—seizing a match to fire a gun, May's horse carried his rider up to the match-holder, who offered his sword, saying, “General La Vega is your prisoner.”

LESSONS THAT EUROPE CAN TEACH US.



ALTHOUGH we plume ourselves so highly on our capacity to found and enjoy Republican institutions, and may have made some wise use of them, there are other things in which the whole world knows that we have yet room enough for progress.

In the fine arts, which adorn and enrich civilized life, we have yet scarcely made a beginning. The *sentiment* of art does not grow up with the youth of a nation—it is a later and a sublimer development. If, in tracing the history of nations, we watch the growing up of the artistic spirit, we shall find that no people in its youth has reached a florid period of artistic development. In the history of Greece we cannot go back much farther than Phidias, who lived in her most splendid era. Most of the great works of art which adorned the Capitol of the Roman Empire, were conceived and carried into perfection under the Emperors. Little was done for art in France until the time of Henry of Navarre, and we might even protract that period until the coronation of Louis XIV. Spain achieved her eminence in art chiefly during the time of Murillo. There was indeed a period in the history of England, but it was anterior to the introduction of the Protestant religion, that her cathedrals and sacred places were adorned by artistic embellishments of her previous history. But if the American traveler now wanders over the soil of Europe, he will be arrested by some evidence of artistic taste at every step he takes. I am yet to learn that our people have ever felt deeply the sentiment of art—that we have ever got beyond the philosophy of utility—that we have ever bestowed reflection enough upon the great objects of life, to inquire even if it be not a matter of importance to embellish our homes with whatever can refine taste and elevate the social feelings.

It is the glory of Europe—and our writers record it whenever they are just—that for some ages her governments, despotic though they have been, and her people unrepblican as *they* have been, have displayed an appreciation of the beautiful in art to an extent which has had no imperceptible influence in refining the ideas even of our own people. The influence of this artistic spirit, in Europe, has been transmitted to us through its various literatures; and by affecting the minds of our best and most eminent writers, has thus been transfused, in some slight degree, into the common mind. It was not all in vain that Irving and Cooper, in their young and impressive days of budding authorship, traveled over the ancient world. They impressed upon the works they have left for their countrymen, a thousand lessons of taste and wisdom, and reflected upon the popular fancy of a vast nation many of those rich and radiant hues which have illuminated so many firesides, and softened so many of the rougher habits of the American mind. Bracebridge Hall may seem a very tame tale to Englishmen, although English criticism has reckoned it amongst the finest delineations ever made of the domestic and pastoral life of the English people. But Bracebridge Hall has left upon the imagination of Irving's readers in America, ten thousand images of refinements, and spread over the associations of her Anglo-Saxon descended people, almost an ancestral sacredness of recollection.

LESSONS THAT EUROPE CAN TEACH U.S.

In speaking of art, I have either thus far limited myself in its developments to what is technically understood by that term, or such might be the inference. But I would, in this paragraph, extend the domain of art much farther. I do not now speak of the emblems sculpture has raised over the tombs of Crusaders who died on the plains of Syria fighting against the Children of the Prophet. I would not even now recall the bones of the chivalry of Europe, over which the sands of the desert have drifted for seven hundred years. But I would use the epithet ART in a far higher sense. I would even detach this word from the Venus de Medicis, from the Madonna della Sedia—I would carry it into La Scala at Milan and San Carlos at Naples, where the noblest operas of Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi have been first performed, and where, if they ever die, they will cluster back, like a group of descending angels, to find an honorable grave——: But I would speak of *society* which, in Europe, is made an art—which does not consist altogether, nor for that matter, I might add, in part, in buying or selling negroes, cotton, sugar, or stocks; but which recognizes the duty of men and women who are qualified for the noble pursuit, of devoting themselves, a portion of every day, to the refinement of society, to the diffusion of elegant and beautiful ideas, to the inculcation of those thoughts and sentiments which make life worth living for, and which make us love and admire the beautiful, the refined, the elegant, the intellectual, and the accomplished. Why is it, let me ask, that two such men as Daniel Webster, the prince of orators, and Henry Clay, the very impersonation of Greek refinement, were not offered the highest honors of the Republic, by a grateful and appreciating nation? Why such reluctance to voting a pension to the widow of Worth? Why are we afraid to inaugurate a colossal statue to the Father of American liberty, when we have such sculptors of ability? * Why so sensitive a dread about ordering some men of learning to purchase a public library for the Congress of the United States? Why is it that, with all our boasting about our public education, we are so reluctant to vote a little money to enrich the libraries of our District Schools, for the various States, with the best national books that have been written by our American authors? Why are we so slow to endow, by public vote, our institutions of learning? Why is it that we have not yet a national, or state, or city gallery of art? Why is it that our American painters and sculptors are starved out of their native land, and obliged to go abroad, by the quick appreciation of foreigners, to wait for the slow appreciation of Americans, to enable them to support their wives and children, who, but for the aid foreigners give them, would starve abroad, as they almost starved at home? Why is it that party-spirit ‘hawks at and tears’ the memory and the fame of every man who has deserved well of the country, provided any American proposes to inaugurate, in memory of genius or public services, some enduring emblem for future times?

It is too true that, in this country, all those schemes for public improvement, and the honor of national men who have rendered high services to the nations, are allowed either to pass into oblivion, or not to be recognized at all. It is equally true, that we have yet paid no attention

* It should be remembered that this was written twenty-five years ago. The great change which the writer was then pleading for, and in which, he trusts, he had some agency, has already begun to take place.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

whatever, worth noticing, to the great art of architecture. We commit our city, our county, and our state buildings to common stone-masons, to design and to erect, and they are voted to political favorites, because they are supposed to be, as they generally turn out to be, only profitable jobs. I am yet to learn of a foreign nation, whose annals have been inscribed upon the records of the civilized world, that has surrendered its public edifices to such men, either in their origin, progress, or use. We talk much about our public buildings, but they are generally only huge masses of brick and mortar. Until we can rise above this low and sordid spirit, and commit such works to our great men, to our citizens who have achieved eminence in the same department, or manifested a genius for it by their designs, we certainly cannot expect that European nations will recognize in us that kind of respect for art, which has inspired the public spirit of every people that has shown appreciation for public refinement.

In proportion as I love my own country am I jealous for its eminence and glory in everything which can exalt and adorn refined life. I have elsewhere, perhaps, in this book, said that it is not all of life to live; but this was when I spoke of individuals. In speaking of nations, this becomes pre-eminently true. One of those elements of perpetuity that can preserve us, and one of those elements that will preserve us if we go on to prosper, will be veneration for the genius of the artist which embellishes our history; for the patriotism of our citizens who will not sell their birthright; for the uprightness of our judges, who cannot be bribed; for the public spirit and the pride of our Legislators, who, in every vote they give, will remember that they are born to a great heritage, and that they hold themselves answerable to God only, for the last appeal, whether or not they have discharged their duties, as the faithful, the reverent, and the devoted children of Washington.

I have sometimes fancied to myself the *environs* of the Capitol as they should be at Washington, and the feelings of the young American who walked up an avenue, on either side of which stood, in colossal bronze, the great heroes of the Revolution, with Washington at their head. The Senator, as he goes to take his seat in the public councils, should walk through lines of marble statues of all the Signers of the Declaration of Independence—a company of men who are already regarded with more veneration than any other, perhaps, who have ever lived—and they would form such a gallery as does not exist. And in the Rotunda, let the statues of all the Presidents be placed; and merging, in the oblivion of a noble sentiment, all distinctions of party, let those men who were esteemed by their own generation qualified for that high post, stand there. And in the most sacred spot should stand, alone, a colossal bronze statue of Washington. No other should be erected near it, unless a few of the greatest statesmen and chieftains of that period be grouped around him, as the ancients represented the gods in council, at the feet of Jupiter, on Mount Olympus.

Our Campidoglio should be the most glorious and the most sacred spot on earth—except the spot where the Redeemer died. Here we should gather every trophy of victory and every laurel of triumph. Here at last should be laid to rest the weary walls of "Old Ironsides," and over them should float the banners taken from the enemy at Yorktown. Every relic of those dark but triumphant days, should be carefully gathered, and preserved with the sacredness with which we preserve the ark of the Constitution.—*My Consulship*, by C. Edwards Lester, 1852.



H. H. H. H.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

THE crags and slopes of the Western Mountains have been pressed by the feet of three men, whose names are associated forever with those mighty ranges--Humboldt, the Nestor of scientific travelers; Audubon, the interpreter of Nature, and Fremont, the pathfinder of empire. Each did much to illustrate the Natural History of North America, and to develop its illimitable resources. Fortune linked the name of the youngest of all, with a scene of the Republic, almost as startling to the world, as the first announcement of its existence. To his hands was committed the task of opening the golden gates to the Pacific.

His father was an emigrant gentleman from France, and his mother a lady from Virginia. Although his death left his son an orphan in his fourth year, he was thoroughly educated, and graduating at Charleston College, at the age of seventeen, he contributed to the support of his mother and her younger children. Turning his attention to civil engineering, he became the assistant of Nicollet, in the survey of the basin of the Upper Mississippi, and won the praise and friendship of that learned man.

While drawing up from his field-book, the great map which unfolded to science the vast tract explored, he planned the first of those distant and perilous expeditions which have given so much lustre to his name. As Lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers, his proposal to penetrate the Rocky Mountains was approved; and in 1842, with a handful of men gathered on the Missouri frontier, he reached and explored the South Pass, achieving more than his instructions required. He not only fixed the locality of that great Pass, through which myriads afterwards went pressing to California—he defined the astronomy, geography, botany, geology, and meteorology of the country, and designated the route since followed. His Report established his fame in the scientific world.

He planned a new expedition to the distant territory of Oregon. His first had carried him to the summits of the Rocky Mountains. Wilkes had surveyed the tide-water regions of the Columbia River; but between the two explorers lay a tract of a thousand miles which was blank in geography. In November, 1843, he stood on Fort Vancouver, having reached the mountains by a new line; scaled their summits south of the South Pass; deflected to the Great Salt Lake, and pushed examinations right and left along his entire course. He joined his Survey to Wilkes' Exploring Expedition, and his orders were fulfilled.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

There was still a wide region to the south, invested with a fabulous interest, and he longed to apply to it the tests of exact science. In the beginning of winter, without adequate supplies, or even a guide, and with only twenty-five companions, he turned his face once more towards the Rocky Mountains. Then began that wonderful Expedition, filled with romance, achievement, daring and suffering, in which he was lost to the world nine months—traversing 3,500 miles in sight of eternal snows, in which he explored and revealed the grand features of Alta California; its great basin; the Sierra Nevada; the Valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento; explored the fabulous Buena Ventura; revealed the real El Dorado, and established the geography of the Western part of the Continent. In August, 1844, he was again in Washington, after an absence of sixteen months. His Report put the seal to his fame.

He was planning a third Expedition while writing a history of the second; and before its publication, in 1845, he was again on his way to the Pacific, collecting his mountain comrades, to examine in detail the Asiatic slope of the North American Continent, which resulted in giving a volume of new science to the world, and California to the United States.

We cannot trace his achievements during the war with Mexico, nor will future times inquire how many, nor how great battles he fought.

Thus ended his services to the government—but not to mankind. One line more would complete his surveys—the route for a great road from the Mississippi to San Francisco. Again he appeared in the far West. His old mountaineers flocked around him, and with thirty-three men, and one hundred and thirty mules, he started for the Pacific. On the Sierra San Juan all his mules and a third of his men perished in a more than Russian cold; and Fremont arrived on foot at Santa Fé, stripped of everything but life. It was a moment for the last pang of despair which breaks the heart, or the moral heroism which conquers fate itself. The men of the wilderness knew Fremont—they refitted his expedition. He started again; pierced the country of the fierce and remorseless Apaches; met, awed, or defeated savage tribes; and in a hundred days from Santa Fé, he stood on the glittering banks of the Sacramento. California made him the first National Senator of the Golden State. It was a noble tribute to science and heroism.

His name is identified forever with some of the proudest and most grateful passages in American history. His 20,000 miles of wilderness explorations, in the midst of the inclemencies of nature, and the ferocities of jealous and merciless tribes; his powers of endurance in a slender form; his intrepid coolness in the most appalling dangers; his magnetic sway over enlightened and savage men; his vast contributions to science; his controlling energy in the extension of our empire; his magnanimity, humanity, genius, sufferings, and courage, endeared him to all lovers of progress, learning, and virtue.

In 1856, the conscience of the country launched itself into political action, and in the nomination of Fremont by the Free Soil party, the first outspoken National movement against slavery was made by limiting its extension, as afterwards it advanced to repressing, and finally abolishing this un-American system. Although defeated as the Presidential candidate, Lincoln called Fremont to the army. In the spirit of action, he gave expression to his own long-entertained convictions by his Missouri Proclamation. His foresight discovered that the sword

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

alone could cut the Gordian knot. His views were in advance of the men then in power, and interfered with the personal plans of the managers of the war. Wherever his army advanced, it was to be preceded by the Proclamation of freedom to slaves—for their masters were the foes of the Union. He suffered the penalty of all true prophets, and even the administration of Lincoln had not yet advanced far enough to justify this measure. Later events, however, brought that justification.

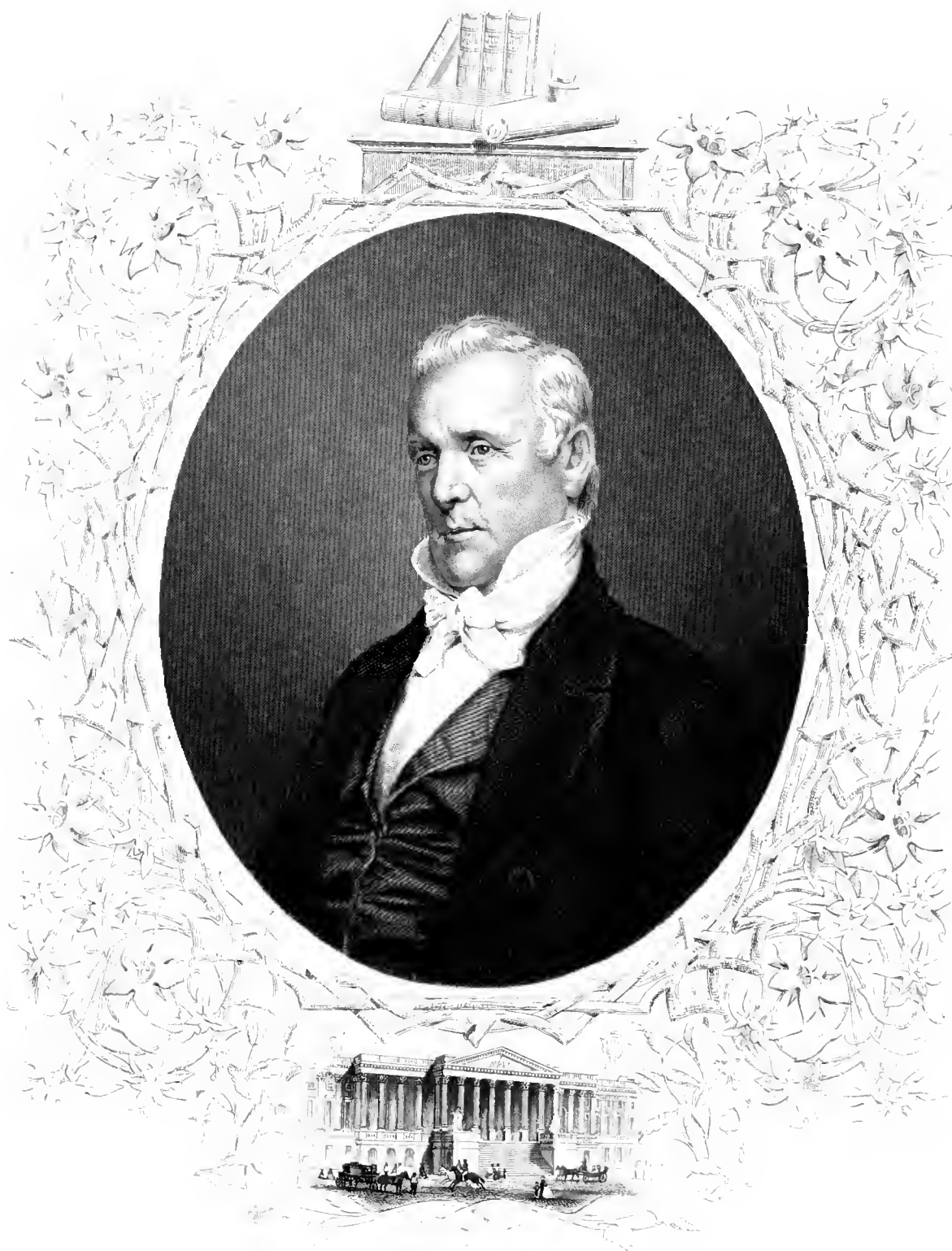
On leaving the army, the sale of the Mariposa gave him immense sums of ready money, which he freely used in starting the Pacific railroads—an old plan of his which had long before been developed—of linking the two oceans together—being practically acquainted with that subject better than any other man. The Kansas Pacific, the Atlantic and Pacific, and the Texas Pacific roads, owed to him influence, treasure, original thought, and unselfish aid. These enterprises can all trace their origin, or the power which vitalized, and gave them final success, largely to him.

Nor has his activity subsided; for it is still devoted to the highest purposes which can engage the attention of a large-minded American, who places the honor of his country and the development of its resources, with the progress of science, foremost in the ambitions of his life.

FROM THE PEACE OF 1783.—Since the time I have spoken of the Genius of Progress, that kindred spirit of Liberty has looked kindly upon us. Propitious peace has filled the land with plenty. Three millions of people have become twenty millions. The feeble infant has grown to manhood. Our long line of coast is now protected by walls of men. In our far-stretching harbors, then strangers to all but threatening keels, ten thousand vessels, “with their waving shadows, are riding at anchor.” Our commerce, then unknown, now covers the seas, and pervades the lands. Our rapid rivers, and our ocean-lakes, that rippled only to the glancing oar, now part and groan beneath their myriad argosies. Our form of Government has become the model by which the gray dynasties of Europe are fashioning themselves. Our stalwart borderers have hewn their way through the majestic forest, surmounted the rocky barriers, and paused only at the Pacific surge. The track of the moccasin is under the setting sun. The plough turns up the rusty tomahawk, and the ox treads on the fields of the slain. Cities and villages, with golden vales and smiling hills between—nature’s rich mosaic—gem the broad continent, and sparkle in the sun. The clank of enginery, in place of the cannon’s crash, now vibrates through the land.—*Luther R. Marsh, in 1850.*

SAFETY ON RAILWAYS.

COLONEL EZRA MILLER, the eminent civil engineer and inventor, was born in an old farm-house on the west side of the Hudson, opposite Fort Washington, on the 12th of May, 1812. Displaying unusual fondness for study, his father determined to give him a good education with a view to his entering the medical profession; and he was kept in the best schools of New York till the time came for him to choose a pursuit for life, when it became apparent what nature had intended him to do. Mathematics, mechanics, and the natural sciences, had wholly engrossed his mind. Yielding to these impulses, he chose to become a civil, topographical, and mechanical engineer, a profession in which he has won so honorable a fame, and from which neither wealth nor passionate fondness for agriculture, has been able to wean him. Removing early to Wisconsin to find a broader field for action, and already familiar with the whole system of railroad construction and management at the East, where he had witnessed their birth, he made the problem of cheap, rapid, and safe transportation the subject of long and profound investigation. The height of the first cars built was two feet ten inches above the track, and the couplers were placed on a line with the sills, the buffers being on the same line, though separately constructed. Subsequent improvements however, raised the coach and car bodies, rendering it advisable to combine both buffer and coupler in one, and place them beneath the platform and below the line of the sills—which is the line of resistance to any longitudinal blow—in order to admit of their coupling to the older cars. This depression of the line of resistance between the cars was the greatest error of the American system of making up trains, and led to that most fatal of all forms of railway accidents, telescoping—known only in this country. About the year 1853, while Col. Miller was engaged in the survey of portions of the Northwestern Railway, there was a number of accidents on the great passenger lines, both in the East and at the West, in which cars were telescoped with the most fatal results. This awakened him to the investigation of errors, as before shown, and the necessity of providing a sure preventive of such occurrences. He discovered that the oscillation of cars acting independently of each other, as coupled by slack links or chains, was one of the most fruitful causes of derailment, and that it could only be prevented by tension, or holding the cars firmly together. The result of his labors, after many years of study and experiment, was what is now known as the Miller Platform, a device which has been adopted on over 300 railroads in this country, and is conceded by all who understand the American Railway System, to be the greatest life-saving invention ever placed upon the rail—saving more than two thousand lives per year. He took out his first patent in 1864, and struggled hard for over two years in behalf of his improvements, before he could induce railroad companies to adopt them. But when their great value was practically established, the question was decided at once, and railway managers hastened to equip their cars with that which was especially adapted to the saving of life and property. The results of Col. Miller's labors can hardly be estimated in preventing fatal accidents on all roads using his platform, while they are being rapidly introduced into Europe.



- James Buchanan

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Born in Penn., April 22, 1791. Died in Penn., June 1, 1868.

HIS father emigrated from Ireland during the last year of the Revolution, and James was the fruit of a marriage with the daughter of a Pennsylvania farmer. After graduating at Dickinson College, he studied law and secured a large practice. Serving some time in the State Legislature, he was, in 1821, elected to Congress, where he remained ten years, when Jackson gave him the mission to St. Petersburg. On his return in 1833, he was elected to the United States Senate, where, by careful investigation and patient plodding, he made up what he lacked in native talent. As Mr. Polk's Secretary of State, he gained considerable distinction by prudence in managing the Northwestern boundary question. Mr. Pierce appointed him Minister to England, where he rendered good service by his clear exposition of the Central American question. Our friendly relations with Spain becoming seriously endangered by that perpetual source of irritation and trouble, Cuba—ever recurring and ever eluding the peaceful solution of statesmanship—Mr. Buchanan was instructed to confer with our ministers to France and Spain; the result being the famous Ostend Manifesto.

The Democratic Convention of 1856, nominated him for the Presidency as the champion of slavery; and that curse had extended so far over the land, that a debauched public sentiment carried its leader to the seat Washington had once filled. His administration was conducted solely in the interests of slavery. The atmosphere of the White House was as deeply tainted as the palace of Pharaoh; although, like its great prototype, it was soon to be purified by the healthful storm of a revolution. If Mr. Buchanan had any generous sympathies for liberty, or aspirations for perpetuating the Republic, he gave no intimation of it in any of his public acts. He uttered no rebuke against the open declaration of secession in either House of Congress, and his most trusted counsellors were the deepest plotters for the overthrow of the Union. Even while the fires of rebellion were being lighted, he plead impotency to quench them. And thus, with the mingled imputation of imbecility and treason, he retired from Washington, his retreating footsteps almost lit up by the torch of the incendiaries who were setting fire to the Capital. Future historians will turn to his record with amazement and horror. He slunk away from observation, the object of pity and contempt. Over his grave the tear of no patriot has ever fallen; least of all over it has been breathed a blessing, by any of the worshippers of the institution for which he prostituted his fame.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

WAND ahead! After tossing about five weary weeks on the ocean, and longing, day after day, once more to see the waving trees and the green earth, we were waked yesterday morning by the joyful cry of "Land ahead!" which rang merrily from the cross-trees to the cabin below. We dressed ourselves "wi' right gude will," and hastened on deck, to unite in the general jubilee held on every vessel, when, after a long voyage, she makes the main land.

Our noble ship, which had outrode the storms, and borne us safely over that vast ocean which now rolls between us and our country, seemed herself to partake of the general gladness; and under a fresh breeze from the bold Spanish coast, which lifted its rugged bluffs over the sea, she dashed the bright waters from her bow as she ploughed her path up to the Straits.

On our left lay the scene of Nelson's great victory of Trafalgar, where that illustrious captain died in the midst of his triumph, putting the finishing stroke to the power of England, who was already "mistress of the seas." It was yet early morning, but on our bows we could distinctly see the rugged mountains of two continents rising, black, jagged, from the sea, almost locking their giant arms, as though they had been burst asunder by some terrible convulsion, leaving a narrow space of less than twelve miles for the world's commerce in all ages to pass.

Long before the sun rose, we could see his herald light kindled on those bald mountains, as though their tops had been lit up with beacon fires.

As morning came on, and the clouds rolled off, we saw the entire outline of the European and African coasts, with their bold projecting headlands and lofty mountains, rising peak above peak, far into the main land—the coasts approaching each other at the Straits like the sides of a triangle—seeming, like the fabled giants of antiquity, marching up on either side for battle.

While we stood on the deck, gazing, with a feeling never before awakened, on this scene so new to us, and so rich in our recollections of the Ancient World, midway between "the pillars of Hercules," the glorious sun

"Like God's own head,"

rose up from the calm waters of the Mediterranean, casting a flood of light upon an ocean, a sea, and the mountains of two continents.

As we sailed on, we saw more clearly the little villages along the margin of the sea on the

PILGRIMAGE TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Spanish coast, and in the background green vineyards, with tiny peasant cottages scattered among them, rising in sweet terraces far up the hills ; while on the African side the bald mountains frowned down, without a tree, or shrub, or green thing, from the dark-fronted cliffs that beetled over the sea, to the sharp peaks in the distance covered with snow—all in a sublimity of grouping we never saw equalled.

But we waited with deeper interest to catch the first sight of the Rock of Gibraltar ; and when we saw that impregnable fortress, which has played so grand and gloomy a part in the world's history, we felt compensated for our long voyage. There it stood, a huge rock, rearing itself fifteen hundred feet above the sea, as it stood ages ago, when washed by the waves of the Deluge. It has looked down on empires lost and won, and felt the shock of navies in battle—it has been scathed by the lightnings of heaven, but it has itself remained unchanged.

We are apt to be disappointed when we see objects often described by the enthusiasm of travelers, but had we never seen or heard of Gibraltar before, our impressions of it would have been the same. This vast rock is almost a complete island, since it is united with the main land only by a narrow strip of low sandy beach, which is undermined the whole distance, and can at a moment's notice be blown into the air, thus cutting off all communication with the continent. So completely guarded is every point—so impossible to conquer is Gibraltar. And here

“That power whose flag is never furled,
Whose morning drum beats round the world,”

has planted her Lion and flung out her Unicorn in defiance to the globe.

We sailed by the Rock under a freshening breeze from the West, and by three o'clock we had left the Straits behind us. We hoped to have heard the morning or evening gun from Gibraltar, but we knew we should be too far from the Rock at sundown. But while we were regretting our disappointment, and gazing on the Rock in the distance, we saw the white smoke slowly curling up its sides, and in a few moments the thunder of cannon came booming up the Mediterranean. We listened if from any quarter the salute would be returned, and in a few minutes we heard, like distant, heavy thunder, the sound of cannon from the western entrance of the Straits. A black column of smoke rising up into the clear sky in the same direction, led us to suppose that this salute had been given to an English naval steamer coming into Gibraltar.

When the sun went down over Gibraltar, the summit of the Rock glistened like burnished gold. Save a canopy of gorgeous clouds hung out over the sunset, the whole sky was a deep blue, with moon and stars which seemed to blaze on high, so pure was the atmosphere.

On our left rose the lofty snow-capped mountains of Granada, bringing back memories of the old tales we had read in childhood of Moorish and Christian valor ; on our right the low, sandy

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

coast of Africa stretched away, telling its mournful story, seeming to send its deep wail of lamentation over the sea, like Rachel weeping for her lost children, and would not be comforted because they were not. Our ship was cleaving the same waters which had long ago washed the thrones of Egypt, with her Pyramids—Carthage, with her Hannibal—Granada, with her chieftains—Rome, with her mailed heroes—Greece, with her poets—and Judah, with her Holy City—while all around us on the soft air the spirit of the classic world breathed.

How often on our childhood, like a lovely vision in dreams, had this night come! How many times, long ago, when on some quiet autumn day, I laid me down on the sunny slope of a hill, under the falling yellow maple leaves, and read the story of Æneas and Dido, or the wondrous tales of the bold knights of Spain, and dreamed I should one day sail over these tideless waters, and then wept to think it would be but a dream! But this glorious night, which had so often seemed worth a whole life besides, had at last come. The mellow sky of the Mediterranean was bending over us, with all its stars—the silver sheen of the moon was spread along the sleeping waters—all around on the still air we heard voices from the olden time. We were sailing on the same sea where had sailed the Rubicon Cæsar, with his mailed cohorts—Hannibal, with his invincible legions—Paul, with his new Faith—Peter the Hermit, with his wild crusaders—the young Corsican soldier, on his way to his Imperial Throne—and Columbus, on his path to a New World.

This morning we all rose early, to catch the first view of Italy. There lay Genoa, “la Superba,” white and quiet in the bosom of the mountains. At the distance of fifteen or twenty miles, and in the indistinct light of the early morning, only its main outlines could be distinguished. But as we slowly rode up the gulf, and the sun came over the Apennines, the scene began to brighten. On our left towered the distant snow-topped Alps, glittering like silver in the growing light of morning, and the gray mountains around us freshened into verdure.

Either shore, as it curved up to the city, was lined with quiet villages, clustering as they advanced, till, like two streams, they seemed to pour themselves into the bosom of the “city of palaces.” The town follows the outline of the shore, which is semicircular, and rises in the form of an amphitheatre on the hills behind. As we drew nearer, the scene changed every moment. Palaces started up before us—terraced gardens rose above terraced gardens—mountain enfolded mountain, crowned with fortresses and convents in almost endless perspective, till the whole waving outline grew indistinct on the northern sky.

Under a breeze, so gentle that it broke the calm of the sleeping waters only at intervals, we floated slowly up the bay, and a little after noon dropped our anchor inside the mole of the harbor of Genoa. While we were sitting on deck, waiting for the health officers to come on board, and making up our minds how we should like our new home, the breeze came down from the orange-gardens and vineyards *literally loaded with fragrance*. This seemed like the dream-land, and the home of Columbus was at last reached.—*My Consulship, by C. Edwards Lester, 1852.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809. Died in Washington, April 15, 1865.

THE history of his life and administration is too well known to mankind to need recital here. The War for the preservation of the Union had closed, and the Proclamation of Peace had made it a gala day. The occasion was rendered memorable by the martyrdom of the Savior of the Union, and the Deliverer of the African race.

Since the death of the Father of the Republic, which filled the country with grief, and threw distant nations into mourning, there had been no funeral in America which bore even a faint resemblance to this in the extent and depth of the public sorrow; for Lincoln held the next place to Washington in the hearts of his countrymen. It were vain to attempt any adequate description of the tokens of respect and sorrow which were everywhere displayed. The funeral bells went tolling with the sun in his circuit, from noon-day on the Atlantic to the noon-day of the Pacific—the two ocean boundaries of a continent stricken by a common grief. Memorial meetings were held in every State and Territory; Morse's lightning had made it a funeral day in America. A hundred thousand flags drooped to his memory. He was the theme of eulogy in every university, and school of learning. His praises were uttered over countless work-benches, and among diversified scenes of honest toil. The plow halted in the furrows of a million of upturning fields. The incense of prayer for the repose of his gentle spirit, witnessed only by guardian angels, went up from myriads of closets. His pictures were wreathed in mourning in the humble cabins of the innumerable free homes of his dusky worshippers. Young mothers pressed his name on the foreheads of new-born babes. The news of his death cast a shadow over many a bridal morning, and folded the wings of love around many a scene of enchantment. The old sank tremblingly into their easy-chairs as they heaved their latest sighs to his cherished memory; and the dying, with the last praises on earth, thanked the God of Liberty that its great champion had lived. And so from the frozen gates of our Republic on the North, where the brooks had not yet begun to murmur, down to meet the blushing spring in its coming, till it reached the orange-groves of Florida, one wave of sorrow swept its gentle way; while under the ocean the sad tidings were flashed to distant nations. There was no clime where the tribute of tears was not paid to him. It was one of those few funeral days on which the obsequies of a great philanthropist were held within twenty-four hours all round the globe. He was the friend of Humanity, and Humanity wept when he was no more.

LINCOLN'S POSITION IN THE REPUBLIC.

ALTHOUGH nothing is more common in Europe than for her statesmen to discuss great public questions in books and leading journals with the utmost freedom, even while they hold office, yet it is still more common after their retirement, and while yet living, to publish memoirs of themselves, their times, and their contemporaries. In this way the highest service is often done to the public. There are no longer any such things as cabinet secrets in Europe. Ministers have long since ceased to conceal their policy, for the good reason that it cannot long be successfully done, and with the growth of the democratic spirit, popular appeals are at once made to the enlightened public sentiment of nations, on which every ruler and minister now leans for support. The day has gone by when governments or their leaders venture to defy public opinion. Everywhere the people feel themselves justified in calling their magistrates to account. It is not only so, as it has long been in the British Parliament, but in the legislative assemblies and public councils of every nation on the Continent. Before the bar of public opinion all men in power now know that they will be summoned. For a while certain negotiations with other States must be withheld from the public to guard against the miscarriage which attends indiscretion. But daylight now shines through the councils of all the nations; and ministers and statesmen who guide their affairs have learned to respect the Press too much to defy it. In fact, they are the first to resort to it, to prepare the public mind for any new measures they may resolve on, or to fight their battles while the strife is going on.

Strange as it may seem, a different policy has prevailed in the United States. Very few of our statesmen have, during their terms of office, or after their expiration, made any contributions of much value to the history of their times, resting almost their sole reliance upon the championship of their partisans, whose objects have too often been to conceal the truth, or to exaggerate it.

Since the time of John Quincy Adams, we have had no President who, either before or after his election, contributed anything of value to the political history of the country. One and all, without exception, and for the most part members of their Cabinets, lacked the capacity or the habit of enlightening the public mind through the pen, their messages for the most part being limited to the discussion of public measures from the standpoint of their party. Very few clear, able, and enlightened dissertations from them were given to the Reviews or the great Journals. This has been owing chiefly to two causes. *First*.—Lofty statesmanship had to give way to getting votes. *Second*.—The lack of literary culture. All our early Presidents, and most of their Cabinet officers, were among the ablest political writers of their time. Washington's vast correspondence with the most learned men of his times at home and abroad, largely influenced public opinion. Jefferson, John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Oliver Ellsworth, Joel Barlow, Judge Marshall, the Clintons, and a host of other prominent men, absolutely guided the opinions of their times; they educated their contemporaries. But after the administration of the younger Adams, a general demoralization began to appear; less and less appreciation was placed on learning and literary cul-

LINCOLN'S POSITION IN THE REPUBLIC.

ture ; statesmen gave way to demagogues ; scholars and even great jurists were no longer in request ; mere politicians, partisans, and low intriguers dictated the policy and determined the spirit of administrations. There were indeed certain notable exceptions, as in the case of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Benton, and others, who either in the Senate or in the Cabinet, put forth a loftier influence, and commanded the attention and admiration of the world whenever they wrote or spoke. They held the language of scholarly statesmanship, and where they had the appointing power in their hands, they chose strong, gifted and illuminated men to represent the nation. None of these great men debauched public sentiment ; none of them "gave up to party what was meant for mankind ;" for even in their fiercest political strifes, they maintained integrity, dignity, culture, and pride in the Republic. Above all, they were free from petty egotism, and low selfishness, which in later days, and more particularly in the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, so seriously impaired his usefulness.

We were lamenting the absence of learning and culture so conspicuous in public life during the last thirty or forty years. In this respect we compare unfavorably with many of the European States. There has not been a cabinet in England or on the Continent for fifty years which did not embrace some of the most eminent men of learning and culture, and for the most part their representatives to foreign nations have belonged to the same class. No matter what party comes into power, or what revolution may sweep by, these facts still hold true. It certainly will not be pleaded in extenuation of our besotted policy, that there is any lack of learning, talent, or culture in this country ; but the standard of qualifications for high public offices has been degraded among us in our immediate times, and the whole country having felt the curse, will be likely hereafter to do something to remedy it.

A significant and encouraging example has been found in the case of a retired Secretary of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet ; and too high a value can hardly be put upon Mr. Gideon Welles' papers, contributed to the *Galaxy* Magazine two and three years ago. The immediate occasion of their appearance was the Memorial Address delivered before the Legislature of New York at Albany, by Charles Francis Adams, in honor of Secretary Seward. In what Mr. Welles deemed to be a highly exaggerated estimate of Mr. Seward's services in the Lincoln Cabinet, he had a clear right to his judgment, as had Mr. Adams himself. Nor do we think that he would have forbidden the right of the orator, unless he was deemed to have departed far enough from the truth of history to provoke criticism. It was therefore most important for a public man like Mr. Welles, who had the fairest possible opportunity to know all the facts, to correct Mr. Adams' mistakes. It was very natural that the late Minister to England, whose valuable services to the country all men are ready to acknowledge, should, in his warm personal friendship for Mr. Seward, be disposed to speak in terms of the highest eulogy. But it could not be supposed that at so great a distance from Washington, he could be informed on the matters of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, as one of the most sagacious and judicious of its members, who during the whole term of the administration was steadily at his post, and one of the most trusted and pure members of the Cabinet. We give some important passages from Mr. Welles' book, as it appeared, embracing the articles that had been printed in the Magazine.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

LINCOLN AND SEWARD.—Unassuming and unpretentious himself, Mr. Lincoln was the last person to wear borrowed honors. He was not afflicted with the petty jealousy of narrow minds, nor had he any apprehension that others would deprive him of just fame. He gave to Mr. Seward, as to each of his council, his generous confidence, and patiently listened, if he did not always adopt or assent, to the suggestions that were made. To those who knew Abraham Lincoln, or who were at all intimate with his Administration, the representation that he was subordinate to any member of his Cabinet, or that he was deficient in executive or administrative ability, is absurd. Made on a solemn occasion as was this Address, and published and sent out to the world in a document which purports to be not only eulogistic, but historic, it is essential that the errors thus spread abroad should be corrected. Mr. Adams had not an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, and evidently but a slight general knowledge of his character. With admitted great disappointment and disgust, he, in May, 1861, received the intelligence that this lawyer, legislator, and political student of the prairies, whom he did not know, and with whom he had not associated, had been preferred by the Republican representatives at Chicago over a Senator from the Empire State, with whom he was intimate and familiar, who had long official experience, which he seems to have considered essential, was acquainted with legislative management, and whose political and party sympathies accorded with his own. His prejudices as well as his partiality were excited, and from the beginning he misconceived the character and undervalued and underrated the capabilities and qualities of one of the most sagacious and remarkable men of the age.

Mr. Seward was a politician—a partisan politician of the central school—with talents more versatile than profound; was more of a conservative than a reformer, with no great original conceptions of right, nor systematic ideas of administration. So far as his party adopted a reforming policy he went with it, and he was with it also in opposing actual reforms by the Democrats. The representation that he was a veteran reformer, or the leader of the anti-slavery movement or of the Republican party, is a mistake. He was neither an Abolitionist nor a Free-soiler; nor did he unite with the Republicans until the Whig party virtually ceased to exist in most of the States, and was himself one of the last to give up that party, of which he had been from its commencement and in all its phases an active member. It was with reluctance he finally yielded, when the feeble remnant of that organization disbanded. The Republican party, with which he then became associated, was not of mushroom growth. It was years maturing. Mr. Seward, whose friends claim for him its paternity, was a Whig at its inception. He neither rocked its cradle nor identified himself with its youth, but gave it cheering words, as he had other ephemeral organizations, in order to weaken the Democrats and help the Whigs. Faithful to party, he adhered to the Whigs under all circumstances. It was his marked public characteristic. Not until the Whig party was prostrate—a skeleton without strength or vitality—did he yield and embark his political fortunes in the great uprising. In the destruction of the political scaffolding which he and his friends had constructed, perished the hopes and labors of years. To relinquish the ma-

(Continued on the Second Page following.)



Andrew Johnson

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Born in North Carolina, Dec. 29, 1808. Died in Tennessee, July 31, 1875.

BORN in the obscurest poverty, he received no schooling, or facilities for early social culture. Apprenticed at ten to a tailor, some sparks were to be thrown off which kindled a flame never to go out. A scholar used to visit the shop, and read to the apprentices and journeymen the speeches of great orators, which determined one listener to learn to read. Becoming his own teacher, ambitious to better his condition, he started with his widowed mother for Tennessee to find a home. At Greenville he practiced his trade in a little cabin of one room, which served for shop and home. Marrying a girl of superior intelligence, she taught him to write and cipher. With an insatiable ambition, he boldly dashed into the arena of local politics. Pitting himself, like a true democrat, against the so-called aristocratic party of the town, he rose steadily, step by step, to the State Senate, and two years later, to Congress, where he remained ten years, when he was elected Governor of Tennessee. In 1857 he took his seat in the United States Senate, where he carried through the Homestead Law, for which his name is gratefully remembered in innumerable homes throughout the broad West.

When the Rebellion broke out, he fought it with the strength and courage of a lion. He carried his life in one hand—the life of his first assailant at the other end of his pistol. Wife and child turned out of doors, and his property confiscated; with no sympathy for slavery, he was ready to sweep it away the moment it threatened the integrity of the Union. At the beginning of the War, Lincoln appointed him military governor of Tennessee, where his firm but humane administration awed disunionists, and nerved the hunted friends of the Union. And so all through the Rebellion, he occupied that position of peril and honor; utterly fearless of ever-present personal danger, and displaying such qualities of administration, that on the renomination of Lincoln, his name, as Vice-President, was received with acclamation.

On the morning after the President's assassination, Johnson took the oath of office as his successor. No man thus called to administer a great government could have satisfied his party, for men like Lincoln leave no successors. Johnson's administration was a storm. With no endowment or habit specially fitting him for his new and exalted sphere, he went through his term with little peace or success.

LINCOLN'S POSITION IN THE REPUBLIC—Continued.

chinery and organization which by lobby management under a skillful leader had become powerful and controlling in the Empire State of the Union, was a sacrifice not willingly made; and when made it was not in the anti-slavery interest, but with a covert design to perpetuate the Albany dynasty under the name of Republican. The Albany lobby was never an abolitionist lobby, nor an anti-slavery lobby, nor was the organization or its candidate. Any attempt to represent him, or those associated with him, as occupying a more advanced position on the anti-slavery question than those who were of the "Jefferson school," is rather eulogy than fact. In the Presidential contest of 1848, when the domination of previously existing parties was broken, and a stand was made against the expansion of slavery and its extension into the Territories from which it had been excluded, Mr. Seward declined to connect himself with the Free-soil or Anti-slavery cause, but clung to the Whig party which opposed the movement, and voted for a candidate who was a slave-owner, in preference to a statesman and citizen of his own State who was not. * * *

Mr. Thurlow Weed, who for forty years was the ruling mind of the party with which he was associated in New York, possessed remarkable qualities as a party manager. The character and services of Mr. Seward can never be delineated or understood without mention of this *alter ego*, who was not only his *fidus Achates*, but it may without disparagement be said was also, with some radical failings, his *Mentor*. Mr. Weed, a man of strong, rough native intellect, without much early culture, was a few years the senior of Mr. Seward, whose more polished and facile mind adapted itself to the other—clung to it as the ivy to the oak—and the two became inseparable in politics. When Mr. Seward was about "to choose his side," Weed was the editor of a paper in western New York, which fomented the wild, fanatical, and proscriptive anti-masonic excitement, that for a brief period swept with uncontrollable and unreasoning fury that section of country. An organized party was formed on the narrow basis of hate, intolerance, and proscription of every man who belonged to the Masonic fraternity, every one of whom was to be excluded from office, from the jury-box, and all places of trust. Under this anti-masonic banner, of which Weed was a champion leader, Mr. Seward enlisted and commenced his public official career, was its candidate in that district, and elected by that party to the Senate of New York. Many will believe that he did not manifest great "breadth of view," nor prove himself a profound "philosopher studying politics," nor display the "capacity to play a noble part on the more spacious theatre of State affairs," when he entered the Senate of New York an anti-masonic partisan, under the guidance of Thurlow Weed. But the friendship commenced under those auspices, continued unabated to the death of the junior, and evinces itself in the "Memorial Address" which attempts to place Mr. Seward above the President to whom he was subordinate, and "award to him honors that clearly belong to another." Mr. Weed possessed capacity which, rightly directed, might have been of service to the country and to mankind. He was not without good qualities when party and personal favorites or opponents were not concerned; but he was want-

LINCOLN'S POSITION IN THE REPUBLIC.

ing in political morality, and was unscrupulous in his party intrigues—often and without hesitation resorting to schemes to carry a measure in the Legislature, or to secure an election, which scarcely savored of political or moral honesty. * * * *

It was not Mr. Lincoln who conformed himself and his policy and general views to Mr. Seward, but it was Mr. Seward who adapted himself with ease and address to Mr. Lincoln; and, failing to influence, adopted and carried out the opinions and decisions of his chief. In that respect—flexibility and facility of change among friends—no person possessed greater dexterity and tact than the Secretary of State. It made him a pleasant assistant, companion, and coadjutor; but his character not being positive, nor his convictions absolute, he was not always reliable, being deficient in executive will and ability. Mr. Lincoln, who is represented as ignorant of the condition of the country when elected, and “whose mind had not yet opened to the nature of the crisis,” better understood, if we may judge from what they did, the popular sentiment and the public requirements, than senator or representative, ambassador or cabinet minister. In his “secluded home” he was not an inattentive and indifferent observer, but watched and studied public measures and public necessities, and more correctly appreciated the actual condition of affairs than the heated politicians engaged in factious strife for party ascendancy in the National and State capitals. While statesmen and legislators of “experience” in Congress were waiting and watching for new appointments, neglectful of the coming storm, anticipating apparently little else than a severe party conflict, “utterly without spirit” to concert measures—exhausting their time and energies in frivolous wrangles, and accomplishing nothing—with confessedly “no leader at hand equal” to the emergency—the President elect, “in the heart of Illinois,” comprehended the situation, and rose above merely personal and party contentions to the dangers, necessities, and political condition of the country.

Mr. Lincoln became the choice of the convention, not only from a belief that he had ability for the place, but because he was a Republican from the start, a private citizen, honest, sagacious, and firm, with no vicious connections or debasing political associations or antecedents. It was not “the ghosts of the higher law and of the irrepressible conflict” which made Mr. Lincoln a candidate, for he and Mr. Seward stood alike in that respect; nor was it “the element of bargain and management manipulated by adepts at intrigue” which secured his nomination, for the “adepts at intrigue” were active for another.

The convention and the people preferred Abraham Lincoln, in what Mr. Adams calls “his secluded abode in the heart of Illinois,” to Senator Seward, with all his experience and metropolitan surroundings, because he was more truly the representative of the Republican movement. Nor did the country regret, or ever have cause to regret, that preference, whatever may have been the disgust of disappointed officials and expectants in Washington or elsewhere. Time, and trials far greater than have ever been the lot of any other chief magistrate, tested and proved the wisdom of their choice. Mr. Lincoln, honest, intelligent, deliberate, patriotic, and determined, if not courtly bred, had the executive ability to guide the

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

ship of state through a pitiless storm. Mr. Seward, with his restless, flexible mind, prolific in expedients, but with no well-defined policy, fixed political principles, or strong tenacity of purpose, could not have wielded the executive power successfully, or navigated the ship of state in safety at that period, could he have been nominated and elected, of which last there are very grave doubts. There have been previous occasions, as in 1828 and again in 1840, when all the calculations of politicians, statesmen of experience, and men in place, have been wrecked by an upheaval of popular sentiment, and candidates taken from the ranks—"secluded abodes"—were carried forward on the mighty wave of public, if sometimes mistaken, opinion to a triumphant election.

So unaware was Mr. Seward of the true condition of things when the convention assembled at Chicago—so convinced that the Albany programme would succeed—that he left his seat in the Senate and repaired to Auburn in the confident expectation of there receiving a committee which would inform him of his nomination. The adverse blow was severe; but more readily than many of his friends did he submit to the great disappointment, and with his usual tact accepted and acquiesced in results which he could not control.

The "Memorial Address" represents it to have been an error that Mr. Seward was not "early secured in a prominent post" by the President elect, and says that "his advice at least should have been asked in regard to the completion of the organization." The reverse of this was a matter of duty, for the views and wishes of Mr. Seward and his special friends were not the policy and intention of Mr. Lincoln and the Republicans. Mr. Lincoln knew that the services of Mr. Seward were at his disposal in case the Republicans were successful, even before he was elected, and it was impressed upon him most earnestly as a necessity immediately thereafter. Twice at least did Thurlow Weed, the faithful managing friend of Mr. Seward, the *fidus Achates* "to whom he owed many obligations of that kind," visit Springfield in Mr. Seward's behalf. The views of Mr. Lincoln in regard to the composition of his executive council, and the material of which it should be constructed, were so widely different from those of Mr. Seward and his Albany associates, that no inclination was felt to ask his or their advice on the subject. He had the selection of Mr. Seward in his mind as early as that of any of his associates, but he had no more thought of consulting him as regarded the other members of his Cabinet than of advising with them or either of them as to his Secretary of State. The members were to be his advisers, not Mr. Seward's; to aid and assist him in the administration of the Government, instead of any one of his subordinates, all of whom were expected to coöperate for the general welfare.

Mr. Lincoln was modest, kind, and unobtrusive; but he had nevertheless sturdy intellectual independence, wonderful self-reliance, and, in his unpretending way, great individuality. Though ever willing to listen to others and to avail himself of suggestions from any quarter which he deemed valuable, he never for a moment was unmindful of his position or of proper self-respect, or felt that he was "dependent" on any one for the faithful and competent dis-

(Continued on the Second Page following.)



W. A. Smith

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

THE eighteenth President of the United States, was descended from Scotch ancestors, and born in Ohio, Dec. 27, 1822. Early developing an aptitude for mathematics, and a taste for military life, he was sent to West Point; and after graduating, was made a brevet-lieutenant of infantry and attached to the fourth regiment which was stationed on the Missouri frontier. His regiment being ordered to Texas to join the army of Gen. Taylor, the young lieutenant fought his first battle at Palo Alto, being also in the battles of Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and at the siege of Vera Cruz. At Molino del Rey, he was appointed on the field a first lieutenant for his gallantry; and for his conduct at Chapultepec, he was brevetted a captain. In 1854 he resigned, and attempted various kinds of business without success. But he was soon to find himself in an element for which nature had so richly endowed him. On the first call for troops to suppress the Rebellion, he marched in command of a company of volunteers to Springfield; and from that day till the close of the war, his career was an uninterrupted advance from victory to victory, and rank to rank, until, on the 1st of March, 1864, he was commissioned as Lieutenant-General, Congress having revived that grade which gave him command of all the armies of the Republic, which then numbered nearly three quarters of a million in the field. In this new position his brilliant and almost univalled generalship was fully displayed.

Having thus brought the war to an end, by utterly crushing the Rebellion, and promoted to the new rank of General—specially created—he took his proper station at Washington. He had won the gratitude of his countrymen, and written his name by the side of the great captains of the world—being then only four years older than Washington was when he took command of the army at Cambridge.

He could now have rested securely on his fame. But the brilliant impatience of the strange fortune which presided over his life, hurried him on to the other giddy height, which had cast more honor upon most of his predecessors, than they had been able themselves to impart; and he was triumphantly elected to the Presidency. He was inaugurated March 4th, 1869, and re-elected four years later. Still holding that office, his civic fame is in his own keeping—while his fame as a soldier, is in the safe keeping of time alone.

LINCOLN'S POSITION IN THE REPUBLIC—Continued.

charge of any duty upon which he entered. He could have dispensed with any one of his Cabinet and the administration not been impaired, but it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to have selected any one who could have filled the office of chief magistrate as successfully as Mr. Lincoln in that troublesome period. In administering the Government, there were details in each department with which he did not interfere or attempt to make himself familiar—a routine which the Secretaries respectively discharged. Of these the President had a general knowledge, and the executive control of each and all. In this respect the Secretary of State bore the same relation to the President as his colleagues in the other departments. Mr. Lincoln well understood the nature of the differences which existed in the Republican party—the causes which had influenced the members of the Chicago Convention, and the policy which it was expected would characterize his administration. His sympathies, feelings, and views were in harmony and full accord with those who had secured his nomination; and, faithful in his convictions and to his trust, he would not permit those who selected him to be disappointed, nor allow himself to be diverted from that policy, nor to organize a Cabinet opposed to it.

Mr. Seward entered upon his duties with the impression, undoubtedly, which Mr. Adams seems to have imbibed, that he was to be *de facto* President, and, as the Premier in the British Government, to “direct the affairs of the nation in the name of another.” The consequences were that confusion and derangement prevailed to some extent at the commencement by reason of the mental activity, assumptions, and meddlesome intrusions of the Secretary of State in the duties and affairs of others, which were, if not disorganizing, certainly not good administration. Confidence and mutual frankness on public affairs and matters pertaining to the Government, particularly on what related to present and threatened disturbances, existed among all the members, with the exception of Mr. Seward, who had, or affected, a certain mysterious knowledge which he was not prepared to impart. This was accepted as a probable necessity by his associates, for he had been in a position to ascertain facts which it was intimated he could not perhaps well disclose. It early became apparent, however, that the Secretary of State had ideas and notions of his own position and that of his colleagues, as well as of the character and attitude of the President, that others could not admit or recognize. Secretiveness, subtle expedients, and mysterious management, which limited the knowledge of certain important transactions to the State Department, but of which the President was in some degree and from time to time partially informed, were the initiative Albany methods of executive government. This reserve, it appeared from subsequent disclosures, consisted of an understanding between himself and certain leading opponents with whom he had held private conference during the winter, the main purpose of which was to prevent any collision or decisive movement during the remnant of Mr. Buchanan's administration.

The management of our foreign affairs, and the maintenance of our rights against the

LINCOLN'S POSITION IN THE REPUBLIC.

pretensions and menaces of the arrogant ministry of England, thus commenced, was continued, until intelligent Englishmen themselves were surprised if not disgusted with our subserviency. After the shameful renunciation of our right to send into the courts, mails from captured vessels—a right recognized and established by the usage of nations, and made a duty by our own statutes—an eminent English publicist, Sir Vernon Harcourt, amazed at our submissive and pusillanimous diplomacy, warned his government against proceeding too far in its demands, "for," said he, "what we have most to fear is not that Americans will yield too little, but that we shall accept too much." A humiliating commentary on our diplomacy, by an English writer of no mean ability.

DECREE OF EMANCIPATION.—The distinctive measure of Mr. Lincoln's Administration, beyond all others, that which makes it an era in our National history, is the Decree of Emancipation. This movement, almost revolutionary, was a step not anticipated by him when elected, and which neither he nor any of his Cabinet was prepared for, or would have assented to when they entered upon their duties. He and they had, regardless of party discipline, resisted the schemes for the extension of Slavery into free territory under the sanction of Federal authority. All of them, though of different parties, were and ever had been opposed to Slavery, but not one of them favored any interference with it by the National Government in the States where it was established or permitted. The assumption, after the

The President had a happy way of illustrating questions and sometimes disposing of a subject by an anecdote, which, better than an elaborate argument, expressed his opinion. In the latter part of the winter of 1864, Mr. Seward came one day to the Cabinet council with a full portfolio, and brow clouded and disturbed. The President, ever watchful, immediately detected difficulty, and exhibited his concern as the Secretary of State slowly adjusted his papers. Mr. Seward commenced by alluding to the fact that Spain was sick of the European alliance, and was beginning to manifest towards our country a more friendly spirit; that her government had never been fully identified with Palmerston and Louis Napoleon in their intrigue for European intervention, but she had at the beginning of American troubles committed herself to some extent and been induced to undertake to recover her possessions in San Domingo. She had however been unfortunate and met unexpected resistance. The negroes were making a great struggle to maintain their independence, and had the sympathies of the abolitionists of our country with them. It was important in every point of view to detach Spain from the alliance and preserve her friendship, at the same time not give offence to our own countrymen whose sympathies in the present condition of affairs were enlisted in behalf of the negroes. In this Spanish-Dominican complication we were pressed from both quarters, and it was a delicate and grave question what position we should take and what course pursue. On one side was Spain, whom we wish to conciliate; on the other side, the negroes, who had become great favorites and wanted our good-will in resisting Spanish oppression.

The President's countenance indicated that his mind was relieved before Seward had concluded. He remarked that the dilemma of the Secretary of State reminded him of an interview between two negroes in Tennessee. One was a preacher, who with the crude and strange notions of the ignorant of his race was endeavoring to admonish and enlighten his brother African of the importance of religion and the dangers of the future. "Dere are," said Josh, the preacher, "two roads before you, Jo. Be careful which you take. One ob dem roads leads straight to hell—de odder goes right to damnation." Jo opened his eyes with affright, and under the inspired eloquence and awful danger before him, exclaimed, "Josh, take which road you please—I shall go thro' de woods."

"I am not willing," said the President, "to assume any new troubles or responsibility at this time, and shall therefore avoid going to one place with Spain or with the negro to the other, but shall take to the woods. We will maintain an honest and strict neutrality."

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

acquisition of territory from Mexico, that Slavery was a National and not a local institution, had opened a new controversy in American politics, which contributed to the disintegration of old party organizations, each of which became in a measure sectional. The dissenting elements resisted the centralizing claim that Slavery was National, not local; and ultimately, after a struggle of several years, they threw off old party allegiance and combined under a new organization, thenceforward known as Republican. In the first stages of this movement neither Mr. Lincoln nor Mr. Seward participated. Both of them had sympathized with what was known as the Free-soil party in 1848, but declined to become identified with it. They were politicians, and not then prepared to abandon the organization with which they had previously acted. Mr. Lincoln, with the free thought and independence of the men of the West, less trained and bound to party than the disciplined politicians in the old States, holding no official position, a quiet but observing and reflecting citizen; truthful, honest, faithful to his convictions, and with the mental strength and courage to avow and maintain them, early appreciated the important principles involved in this rising question, and boldly cast off the shackles of party in defence of the right, and earnestly, irrespective of any and all parties, opposed the extension and aggressions of Slavery. Mr. Seward was in those days in office, trammelled by party followers and party surroundings. Trained during his whole public career in the severest discipline of party, indebted to it for his high position, always subservient to its decrees and requirements, active and exacting in enforcing its obligations, he had not the independence and moral stamina to free himself from the restraints and despotism of party, whatever were his sympathies, until the Whig organization disbanded. The people of the West, who knew Mr. Lincoln and appreciated his capabilities, tried in 1856 to place him on the ticket with Fremont as a candidate for Vice-President. Although but slightly known in the East, such was the zeal and enthusiasm in his favor of those who knew him, that nothing but the expediency of selecting an Eastern man to be associated with Fremont, who was from the West, prevented his nomination instead of Dayton. From the start he was a prominent Republican champion and leader, while Mr. Seward, a partisan politician, held off; was reluctant to leave the party with which he had been associated, hoping to make the new movement subservient to, or a part of the Whig party. Mr. Lincoln had no such purpose; the principles involved were with him above mere party. With no fortune, unaided by metropolitan funds or pecuniary assistance from any quarter, he gave his time and mind with unstinted devotion to the cause of freedom, and in his memorable campaign with Douglas, alone and unassisted, he, through the Empire State of the West, met the Senatorial giant on the questions of the extension of Slavery, the rights of the States, the grants to and limitation of the powers of the General Government, and displayed ability and power which won the applause of the country, and drew from Douglas himself expressions of profound respect.

When the Republicans, in convention at Chicago, chose their standard-bearer, they wisely and properly selected as their representative, the sincere and able man who had no great money-power in his interest, no disciplined lobby, no host of party followers, but who, like

(Continued on the Second Page following.)



E. J. Stanley

ELISHA KENT KANE.

Born in Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1820. Died in Havana, Feb. 16, 1857.

THE son of Judge John J. Kane was sure to enjoy unusual facilities for intellectual culture, and after a mature preparation for college, he entered the Virginia University in 1836, where he devoted himself intensely to the study of civil engineering, which he had chosen as a profession for life. But his career was interrupted by symptoms of a disease of the heart from which he was never fully to recover; and turning his attention to the study of medicine, he was, in 1840, while yet an undergraduate, and less than twenty years of age, appointed resident physician in the Pennsylvania Hospital. Being commissioned a surgeon in the navy, and sailing for the East Indies with Commodore Parker, he had great facilities for scientific acquisitions during several years, in visiting the principal cities and islands of the Asiatic continent, and the Indian and Pacific oceans, and returning through Persia, Syria, Egypt, Turkey and Greece, closely examining all the great natural beauties of those regions. When he reached New York in 1850 he was probably the most experienced and learned scientific explorer of his age; he enlisted as a naturalist under Lieut. De Haven in an expedition fitted out by Mr. Grinnell to search for Sir John Franklin. His narrative of that Expedition was published in 1854, but neither its failure, nor that of the English Expedition disheartened him for a further search, and Mr. Grinnell and George Peabody united in the purchase of the brig *Advance*. Kane, who commanded the Expedition, contributed largely to its expense. Being forced with his surviving officers and crew to abandon the vessel in the ice, and after traveling with sleds and boats eighty-four days, they reached the coast of Greenland, where they met the expedition sent out for their relief under the command of Captain Harlstein. No traces of Sir John Franklin were found, but the voyage resulted in the discovery of what was supposed to be an open polar sea, the existence of which had been maintained by Dr. Kane since his first expedition and his account of it with the story of the discovery and sufferings of his heroic band crowned him with all the honors which medals could bestow, awarded by Congress, the Legislature of New York, and the Royal Geographical Society of London. But while he was in the enjoyment of fame and fortune brilliant enough to reward a much longer life, he was prostrated by organic disease, and a stroke of paralysis, shortly after he had completed the narrative of his last Expedition. Few men have been more cherished by learned men, or more beloved in the best circles of private life.

LINCOLN'S POSITION IN THE REPUBLIC—Concluded.

David, confided in the justice of his cause, and with the simple weapons of truth and right, met the Goliath of Slavery aggression, before assembled multitudes, in many a well-contested debate. The popular voice was not in error, nor its confidence misplaced, when it selected, and elected Lincoln.


After his election, and after the war commenced, events forced upon him the emancipation of the slaves in the rebellious States. It was his own act, a bold step, an executive measure originating with him, and was, as stated in the memorable appeal at the close of the final Proclamation, invoking for it the considerate judgment of mankind, warranted alone by military necessity. He and the Cabinet were aware that the measure involved high and fearful responsibility, for it would alarm the timid everywhere, and alienate, at least for a time, the bold in the border States who clung to the Union. The act itself could not have been justified or excused, and would never have been attempted, had the country been at peace; yet the movement seemed aggravated and more hazardous from the fact that the Union was weakened and imperilled by civil war. Results have proved that there was in the measure profound thought, statesmanship, courage, and far-seeing sagacity—consummate executive and administrative ability, which was, after some reverses, crowned with success. The nation, emerging from gloom and disaster, and the whole civilized world, united in awarding honor and gratitude to the illustrious man who had the mind to conceive and the courage and firmness to decree the emancipation of a race. Ten years after this event, when the patriot and philanthropist who decreed emancipation had been years in his grave, an attempt is made on a solemn occasion to award to one of his subordinates the honor and credit which justly belong to the great chief who decreed it. The Albany "Memorial Address" dwells on public measures, particularly during the war, but makes no allusion to this great act of Lincoln, nor to his merits in the cause of freedom, for which he labored and in which he died; but declares that his Secretary of State, a life-long partisan politician, was always opposed to Slavery, and that he "directed affairs for the benefit of the nation, through the name of another." It is unnecessary, after what has already been said, to comment on this assumed direction by a subordinate instead of the chief, or on the gross injustice to Mr. Lincoln; but it should be known that the Secretary of State neither originated nor directed the affairs of the Government on the great measure of emancipation. Mr. Seward was undoubtedly opposed to Slavery, and so was every member of the administration; but his opposition never led him to propose any measure of relief to the country, or to take any steps against Slavery which would be likely to impair the Whig party or the Whig organization while it existed. No specific act of his—no measure or distinct proposition to emancipate the slaves at any time is mentioned,—for there was none. In the administration of the Government he took no advance step on the Slavery question. Mr. Lincoln was the pioneer and responsible author, while the Secretary of State studiously avoided any expression of opinion in regard to it. The Secretaries of War and Navy were compelled to act in relation to fugitives from Slavery who sought protection under the Union flag—an anomalous ques-

LINCOLN'S POSITION IN THE REPUBLIC.

tion—but they could obtain no counsel or advice from the Secretary of State how to act. He not only avoided giving an opinion, but recommended that the administration should abstain from any decisive stand on that controverted and embarrassing subject.

The President, who is represented as incompetent for his position, and whose mind in 1861, it is said, “had not even opened to the crisis,” was reluctant to meddle with this disturbing element. Yet earlier than others he rightly appreciated what the Government would have to encounter, and was convinced it must be taken in hand and disposed of. The magnitude of the rebellion, and the nature of the contest, compelled him, after the civil war had been carried on for twelve months, to grapple with this formidable subject. His first movement, in March, 1862, was cautious and deliberate, characterized by great prudence and forethought, and designed not to alarm the friends of the Union by any harsh or offensive proceeding. It was an ameliorated plan for the gradual abolition of Slavery by action of the States respectively, with the coöperation and assistance of the General Government. This plan of voluntary and compensated emancipation was pressed upon Congress and the border slave States with great earnestness by the President. Mr. Blair and Mr. Bates, both residents of the border slave States, were the only members of the Cabinet who cordially seconded these first early measures in the cause of emancipation. Their associates cheerfully assented to and acquiesced in the proposition, but had neither faith nor zeal in its success; nor did Mr. Seward or any one of them suggest a different or more available plan for National relief. The subject was beset on every side with difficulty, requiring for its manipulation and disposition the highest order of administrative and executive ability. No one more than the President was impressed with the difficulties to be met, and at the same time with the imperative necessity of decisive action. The details of these proceedings, and the final determined stand taken by him—not by the Secretary of State or any of the Cabinet—to decree by an executive order the emancipation of the slaves in the rebellious States, have been elsewhere related. It was after all efforts for voluntary emancipation by the States interested, with pecuniary aid from the National Treasury, had failed. To Mr. Seward and myself the President communicated his purpose, and asked our views, on the 13th of July, 1862. It was the day succeeding his last unsuccessful and hopeless conference with the representatives in Congress from the border slave States, at a gloomy period of our affairs, just after the reverses of our armies under McClellan before Richmond. The time, he said, had arrived when we must determine whether the slave element should be for or against us. Mr. Seward, represented as a superior in “native intellectual power,” and as having forty years previously chosen his side, and as at that early period having claimed “a right in the Government to emancipate slaves,” was appalled, and not prepared for this decisive step, when Mr. Lincoln made known to us that he contemplated, by an executive order, to emancipate the slaves. Starled with so broad and radical a proposition, he informed the President that the consequences of such an act were so momentous that he was not prepared to advise on the subject without further reflection.

WONDERS OF ASTRONOMY.

OME with me to yonder "light-house of the skies." Poised on its rocky base, behold that wondrous tube which lifts the broad pupil of its eye high up, as if gazing instinctively into the mighty deep of space. Look out upon the heavens, and gather into your eye its glittering constellations. Pause and reflect that over the narrow zone of the retina of your eye a universe is pictured, painted by light in all its exquisite and beautiful proportions. Look upon that luminous zone which girdles the sky—observe its faint and cloudy light. How long, think you, that light has been streaming, day and night, with a swiftness which flashes it on its way twelve millions of miles in each and every minute?—how long has it fled and flashed through space to reach your eye and tell its wondrous tale? Not less than a century has rolled away since it left its home! Hast thou taken it at the bound thereof? Is this the bound—here the limit from beyond which light can never come?

Look to yonder point in space, and declare that thou beholdest nothing, absolutely nothing; all is blank and deep and dark. You exclaim: Surely no ray illumines that deep profound. Place your eye for one moment to the tube that now pierces that seeming domain of night, and, lo! ten thousand orbs, blazing with light unutterable, burst on the astonished sight. Whence start these hidden suns? Whence comes this light from out deep darkness? Knowest thou, O man! the paths to the house thereof? Ten thousand years have rolled away since these wondrous beams set out on their mighty journey! Then you exclaim: We have found the boundary of light; surely none can lie beyond this stupendous limit; far in the deep beyond, darkness unfathomable reigns. Look once more. The vision changes; a hazy cloud of light now fills the field of the telescope. Whence comes the light of this mysterious object? Its home is in the mighty deep, as far beyond the limit you had vainly fixed—ten thousand times as far—as that limit is beyond the reach of human vision. And thus we mount, and rise, and soar, from height to height, upward, and ever upward still, till the mighty series ends, because vision fails, and sinks, and dies.

Hast thou then pierced the boundary of light? Hast thou penetrated the domain of darkness? Hast thou, weak mortal, soared to the fountain whence come these wondrous streams, and taken the light at the hand thereof? Knowest thou the paths to the house thereof? Hast thou stood at yonder infinite origin, and bid that flash depart and journey onward, days and months and years, century on century, through countless ages—millions of years, and never weary in its swift career? Knowest thou when it started? Knowest thou it because thou wast then born, and because the number of thy days is great? Such, then, is the language addressed by Jehovah to weak, erring, mortal man. How has the light of science flooded with meaning this astonishing passage? Surely, surely we do not misread—the interpretation is just.—*Prof. O. M. Mitchell.*



PASSAIC FALLS.

THE Passaic, one of the most beautiful rivers of New Jersey, rises in Mendham, Morris County, and empties into Newark Bay. In approaching Paterson it describes a curve, forming the boundary of that city for more than nine miles, on all sides except the south, being crossed by fourteen bridges, some of them fine structures,—the one just above the Fall having a span of 260 feet. Although the perpendicular descent of the Falls is only fifty feet, yet the scenery is beautifully picturesque. The Falls are surrounded by a rugged park, and on the southeast corner of the town a hillside slopes down to Dundee Lake, a fine sheet of water three miles long, and half a mile wide.

This hillside is now Cedar Lawn Cemetery. There are few more tranquil or lovely spots; nor could this have been so appropriately dedicated to any other purpose as that of a Garden for the dead. There is no country where intra-mural interments have been more generally abandoned to give place to Rural Cemeteries, than ours. They now constitute some of the most beautiful features in American landscapes, and afford the most significant illustrations of the rapid growth of social culture and refinement. Until within the last twenty years, we buried our dead amidst the habitations of the living. But with the establishment of Mount Auburn, a new period began. It was followed by Greenwood, where emblems of genius, taste and affection have made it one of the most delightful and sacred spots.

But a stronger impulse was given in this direction, by the establishment of the cemetery of Cypress Hills, where a magnificent range of high grounds commands the sweep of the broad Atlantic in uninterrupted prospect, bringing every vessel into view. On the northwest, under the eye, lie three cities with their domes and spires, crowned in the distance by the Palisades, relieved against the sky. In this cemetery chiefly was the design of the artist and engineer directed to the formation of a grand Landscape Garden; for the roads are so laid out, that they climb all the hills, and wind around all the silver lakelets, extending for many miles. The Cedar Lawn Cemetery is one of the many lovely spots inspired mainly by the Cypress Hills, and the artistic beauty of its design. What can be more soothing than the thought that the whole country is now dotted over by these lovely places, where the heavy-laden find unbroken repose amidst the beauties of nature and the adornments of art!

THE SAVINGS BANKS OF AMERICA.

THEY exceed one thousand in number, and they hold in trust for depositors, *upwards of one thousand million dollars.*

I. THE ORIGIN OF AMERICAN SAVINGS BANKS, AND WHAT THEY HAVE DONE UP TO THE PRESENT TIME.—They came from England, where a benevolent lady—Priscilla Wakefield—of Tottenham, set up a little institution for the children of the poor, and called it “The Children’s Bank.” She had a sound idea of the system of Savings Banks, for she guaranteed the safety of the deposits, and made dividends in premiums to the depositors. Great and blessed woman! But the accepted founder of Savings Banks in Great Britain was Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, who conceived the idea from reading a tract on social economy by John Bone; and in 1798 the first bank was established by a few rich and benevolent gentlemen, to benefit the working people by receiving any sum, however small, returning it at Christmas with the addition of one-third as the bounty for economy. But there, and here, all such institutions were merely voluntary organizations till 1817, when they were first chartered by Parliament, and since which time they have increased vastly in numbers and efficiency, and scattered their blessings all through that sunsetless empire.

Philadelphia had the first “Saving Fund Society” in America; it was chartered by the Legislature in February, 1819. A month later the Legislature of New York chartered “The Bank of Savings in the City of New York,” which has grown steadily every year till its depositors now number *seventy thousand*.

Savings Banks had their origin exclusively with a view to better the condition of the poor, and even now the popular idea is that they are, as Mr. Keyes says, “a part of the charitable machinery of society, like asylums and homes for the indigent, whereby the poor, the weak, and the defenceless are provided and cared for; and that as such these enterprises are to be cherished and promoted.” But they have outgrown their early distinctive character as charitable institutions, and taken their place proudly in the front rank among the great powers of the social state.

II. THE ADVANTAGES OF SAVINGS BANKS TO DEPOSITORS AND THEIR FAMILIES.—Here we enter upon a boundless field. For who can measure the want and suffering relieved in dark days of trouble—the increased industry, thrift, and independence which the habit of saving promotes—how much temptation to idleness, sensual indulgence, vice, and crime prevented—how much greater the pay, and how much steadier the demand for the superior and reliable labor or services of a sober, intelligent, and sturdy workman—how the standard of thrift and economy in wife and daughters is raised—how much more decent and decorous in dress and manner are the members of the family—how they rise, insensibly to themselves it may be, in the respect and confidence of the best classes in their neighborhood—how much oftener in church or lecture-room, or at the circulating library—how much prompter at school, and how marvelous the progress—how all the blessings of this life cluster around such a

THE SAVINGS BANKS OF AMERICA.

household—how happy marriages, future honors, fortune, friends, usefulness, happiness greet the manhood and womanhood of the Savings Bank depositor's children when his work is over—and how brighter the prospect for such a family when their serious thoughts stretch off to the life to come?

III. THE INFLUENCE OF SAVINGS BANKS ON ENTERPRISE AND PUBLIC WEALTH.—The best labor is first in demand for any enterprise, and no new one can be carried out without capital, and *there is no capital except the savings of labor*. This sends enterprising men to the Savings Bank for money. Many thousand mechanics and laborers of New York would have been out of employment had their employers not been able to borrow the very money which the workmen had deposited! Depositors are often enabled to start enterprises with their savings, and make large gains by profitable purchases of land, or machinery, or business, especially in periods of panics or depressions. There are thousands of rich men in this city who can trace their fortunes to their first savings deposited; and afterwards, the first start thus gained secured all the rest. Savings Banks have been the reservoirs of capital from which hundreds of millions of dollars have, during this generation, flowed out into the myriad channels of public enterprise.

IV. THE INFLUENCE OF SAVINGS BANKS ON SOCIETY AND GOVERNMENT.—Society gets no good except from the industry and virtue of its members. Those who produce nothing are drones in the public hive, and live upon the workers. If we scan it down close, we shall find that, taking out children, the aged, sick, helpless, vagrant, and idle—all those who consume without producing—the work of the country is done by only about one in five of the population—so that each working man and woman is obliged to support four others besides themselves, and what these eight millions of producers save after all this, constitutes the wealth of the country. What, then, does society owe to those who do the work? Its very existence! But how few of the workers save a surplus! Over \$500,000,000 a year go for rum and alcoholic drink, which leaves nothing but blackened ruin in its track. The drunkard—be he a tippler or a sot—is a curse to society. Depositors in Savings Banks have one great virtue, if no more. They build up society, and as a rule they are good members of it. They believe in social order, and promote it. Who so deeply interested in preserving public order as the man or woman who has something to lose? Especially if the stake be the surplus of hard, honest toil. Mr. Keyes well says: "They were not the depositors in Savings Banks that went surging through the streets of New York in 1863, threatening, burning, destroying, and murdering."

If, then, the whole body-politic is nourished only by the producing and saving classes, its moral strength comes from the example and conduct of good citizens. These sustaining forces all originate in the *family*. The depositor is a better husband, father, neighbor, friend, and citizen. He takes his wife into his business confidence as he should do—she knows how much he makes and saves, and his example inspires her with greater economy, self-denial, and ambition for improvement and independence. Every wife is ennobled by this confidence. She

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

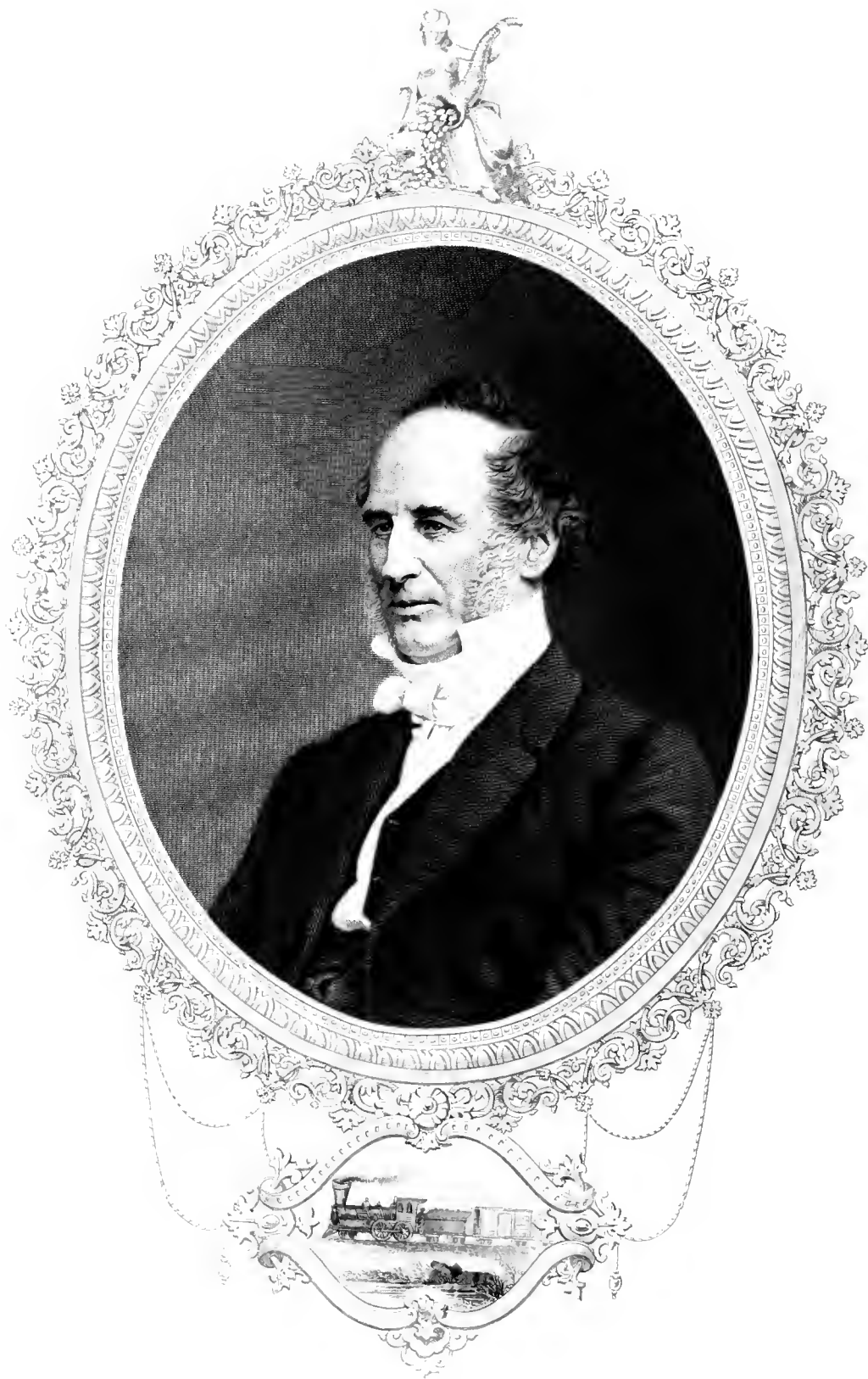
is generally a "partner for life" only in name. Let her become something more than a sleeping partner—an active partner who knows all about the business of the firm—counseled about its business—thoroughly posted in its affairs. Such a woman is a real helpmate—a better wife, mother, and citizen. Thus, too, are the children better brought up. They should all have their little Savings Bank deposit. Teach the children of this country thoroughly the great lesson of the value and the power of money thus saved and invested (not hoarded)—that the moment the child deposits five cents he becomes a capitalist, and is lending his money to a rich man, or a rich government, and within twenty years the American children could pay off the National Debt. To learn to work and save, is the beneficent fount of every virtue under heaven. This is not to teach meanness, avarice, nor greed. It is to discourage idleness and prodigality—to teach the power and blessedness of money *to invest for future use*, and the right royal, honest, and successful way to get it. Such is the stuff of which virtuous, strong, and prosperous communities and States are built up; and such States, like Switzerland, Sweden, Scotland, and New England, can resist any revolution—any shock. They are stronger than the rock-ribbed earth. They stand upon the granite with their heads in the sun.

V. THE INFLUENCE OF SAVINGS BANKS ON THE REPUBLIC, AND ITS FORTUNES IN THE FUTURE.—Here is a landscape over which the historian can even now cast as clear a gaze as a prophet; for, conceded the necessary conditions, the problems of society can be solved in the future, with almost the precision of mathematics. The number of our population in the year 1900 is as easily and probably as accurately computed as the census of that year will give it. So, too, can our wealth, on a peace basis, provided the growth of Savings Banks, and the development of their principle of finance, shall go on in the same ratio of geometric increase as they have for the last quarter of a century.

As for support of State or Federal Government, where look for their staunchest defenders if not to the depositors who have bought their securities as permanent investments, and will sustain them through and through? Why, there are now three-quarters of a million of staunch defenders of the State and Federal Government in the State of New York alone—a stronger body-guard than any government ever had on earth.

Even now, one of the strongest reliances of the credit of the United States is the investments of the Savings Banks, and they will augment in funds and numbers to such an extent that, within a few years, they would be able to carry the National Debt.

If it were only for example's sake, every good citizen, and especially the rich, ought to keep an account in a Savings Bank, and have his wife and children and all persons in his employment to do the same.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

IT has held true in the history of this country, as in all ages, that its great work has been done by strong men. The law holds good from the foundation stones of great structures, whether they be temples, palaces, state-houses, bridges, or constitutions of government—none but strong men can construct enduring edifices in art, or society.

Few civil structures have presented more numerous or striking examples of this principle than our own. The framework of our National Life was hewn out, and put together by strong men. This volume is made up chiefly of such cases. Modern science has proved that "the fittest is surest to survive." Nor is this law restricted to physics alone. We need but one sun in one solar system—two Washingtons, or Cromwells, or Cæsars, or Newtons, never come together—for infinite power calls nothing into existence till it is needed.

In so new and broad a country, encountering exigencies in every department of life at every step, we had to be furnished with an astonishingly rapid supply of vigorous men. And although a greater degree of reticence in parading the fact would have been more becoming on our part, still a generous forbearance has always softened the asperity of criticism; for it had been remembered, that the youth of nations exposes them to the same faults as the youth of men. Owing to circumstances favorable for development, there have really been some very good things done on this continent, of which the world has been quite willing to approve. Our loudest and most becoming praises, have been sung by other nations, which should have saved us from boasting of them. So the chief object of this work being to record facts which have made our history, the only subjects we could properly choose were those which illustrate it.

Cornelius Vanderbilt early became the father of rapid transit between New York and its environs; afterwards with the rest of the world. He was born at the old farmhouse—May 27, 1794—the eldest of nine children, a healthy, brave, and handsome boy. He worked on the farm, and helped to sail his father's boat, carrying his own, and his neighbors' produce to the metropolis, then numbering scarcely 80,000. He had no fondness for the school-room, but he excelled in riding, rowing, and swimming—and thinking; and when something had to be mastered, no matter how hard the road, he was sure to find the quickest, the easiest, and the best way. All this, as a boy.

On his sixteenth birthday he asked his mother to lend him a hundred dollars to

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

buy a boat, which was the beginning of his fortune. He dared to undertake any business, and always made his word good. How he strode straight up the ladder rung by rung! Rendering remarkable services in New York harbor to the commissary department of the Government during the war of 1812, he established an enviable character. Wherever he saw the most difficulties to overcome, he saw the surest way to success. He built the splendid little schooner "Dread"; and on the peace of 1815, launched a vessel large enough for the coasting trade, which he plied from New York to Charleston—all the time making money by doing what nobody else seemed ready to undertake. Ten years later—on Fulton's first experimental trip with a steamboat—young Vanderbilt said "sails must give way to steam," and he became allied with steam navigation, having during his life owned, in whole or part, more than a hundred steam vessels. His sagacity in selecting men, his complete knowledge of everything he undertook, his loyalty to friends, and his ultimate triumphs over obstacles which have paralyzed or ruined thousands of others in their encounter—is an instance of success never equalled on this continent. Nor has he ever sought or won success except in the patient use of legitimate means.

Having brought steam-navigation to the highest point—in the building of the 5,000 ton steamer "Vanderbilt"—he presented it to the Government at the outbreak of the Rebellion.

He took up railways as the next great field of effort and development. And so sagacious was his judgment, and so completely has he reduced the American system of railways to order and public utility, that he became the largest holder of railway interests in the world.

This brief story would be told all wrong, if selfishness had been the inspiration of his life. He has never hoarded, but boldly used, and freely dispensed his constantly accumulating wealth. The ambition of his life has been to succeed in the most difficult enterprises, and by the employment alone of the most honorable means—for no stain rests on his name. Looking over a life which has now lapped on to the last fifth part of a century, he can survey the whole track with satisfaction, because it is marked by vast contributions to the wealth and development of commerce and resources of the nation. He has always been found in the van; never in the rear—unless he went there to bring up the staggering columns of unsuccessful enterprises. Of his munificence, the history of the times is full. Never with ostentation, and generally with secrecy, he has through life dispensed his beneficence. One of his deeds, which could not escape observation, was the rich endowment of a university in Nashville, Tennessee.

It is not often that even the greatest and best of men—however richly endowed by nature—are so fortunate in opportunities to do noble things; nor in having so large a family grow up around him—his direct descendants being numbered by the hundred—all of them more carefully guarded in their education and brought up with habits of honor, patriotism, generosity, and self-reliance, seldom equalled in the records even of hereditary wealth or nobility. As Webster said of Washington, so may the biographer of Vanderbilt say in simple truth, "I claim him for America," for in no other land are such examples often found.

LIFE PRESERVING APPARATUS.

AFTER all the devices for saving life at sea, or the prevention of disasters, the perils of the ocean seem to be rapidly increasing. The recent cases of the *Ville du Havre*, *Atlantic*, *Schiller*, and *Deutschland*, painfully confirm this fact. Hitherto, all the so-called life-boats, life-rafts, and life-preservers have proved inadequate to this great and humane work. Life-boats can be launched in heavy seas, only with the greatest difficulty; and the impulse of self-preservation makes them the refuge of the strong, while the weak perish. Besides, they simply float; the water chills, the sun scorches, and thirst and famine bring death. Even the best life-belts in present use, from the difficulty and uncertainty of adjustment, are more frequent death, than life-belts.

But the great desideratum seems at last to have been found. Captain J. B. Stoner has invented a life-saving Suit, which, after being subjected, at the request of many of the most eminent scientific and commercial men of New York, to the severest practical tests, has proved its capability of doing all that he claims for it—and, so far as we can see, all that could be desired. The apparatus consists of a complete suit of India-rubber, made in one piece, fitting tightly at the wrists, so as to exclude the water, and having a tight-fitting hood. Over the Rubber Suit is a jacket, or belt, consisting of twelve air-chambers; less than half of which are sufficient to sustain the weight of a person in the water. Another air-tube is attached behind the hood, which the swimmer can inflate at pleasure, to form a pillow; and two iron weights of five pounds each, are so fitted to the feet and the rest of the body, as to maintain it perpendicular in the water. The suit can be easily put on in two minutes, and keeps the body dry and warm. Distinct from the suit, there is a simple contrivance for carrying a flagstaff, fire rockets, provisions, drinks, or anything else required. It consists of a rubber buoy, or float, in the shape of a ring, through the centre of which is an iron tube which always keeps an upright position in the water, and in which the flagstaff is placed. To this float is attached a bag for provisions, or other articles, which can be made to hold food for any reasonable time, without any practical inconvenience to the swimmer.

To give efficiency to this invention, and secure its early introduction upon all vessels, and on all bodies of water, Captain Stoner has formed a Company of able and well known gentlemen, called *The American Life Saving Suit Company*, and their work of manufacture and introduction has begun. There will be little delay, of course, on the part of any steamship or water navigation Company in placing these suits on board their vessels. This will be demanded by their own interests; since no intelligent person would take passage in a vessel whose managers were so reckless of human life, as not to provide themselves with so indispensable a means of security. No objection on the score of expense can be raised; for although the cost of the entire apparatus is, we believe, \$50, yet this Company propose to furnish all vessels applying, with suits for passengers, at a small rent for the voyage.

Useful inventions are very soon seized up by the American people; but when one of so

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

much importance as this is made known, any criminal neglect or delay on the part of transportation companies to protect the lives of passengers, is very quickly remedied by legislation. There is nothing so precious as human life—it involves all other treasures, or the possibilities of happiness; and as humanity, through intelligence, becomes dearer, so will recklessness of life be more and more severely punished.

Every trial of this apparatus in the bay of New York has proved successful, and excited new surprise and delight. No further *experiments* are needed to prove its value, nor can it fail to be greeted with the approval and applause which the representatives of the world at Philadelphia will award to every device which adds new charm or value to human life.

THERE IS NO DEATH.—When some of the thickest clouds of our ignorance lift over a new book or discovery, and through the rift one flash of azure greets the eye, and we feel the rushing stream of time bearing us on, how sweet the thought that we shall live forever, and be always learning. The consciousness of the shortness of life is sometimes provoking beyond expression. That the curtain often rises, if it be only just long enough to give us a glimpse of possible knowledge, is some comfort to the firm believer in the *endlessness of human life*. Suppose it only *begins* here—it matters little if we are early asked to step across the narrow stream which ends this short part of a journey which shall have no termination—Oh! how infinite is the solace of knowing “THERE IS NO DEATH!”

DEATH WELCOME.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet;
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

—Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania.



Charles Francis Adams

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

IF any American may be proud of ancestors who became illustrious by great services to their country, and is himself worthy of such a descent, it is Charles Francis Adams. In this work no other family has more than one representative; but here historic impartiality seems to demand three—an instance unparalleled in other nations—for even in England, so rich in examples of eminence of fathers and sons, who rivaled each other in statesmanship, we find only the names of Cecil, Pitt, and Fox, with perhaps Bacon; while among her kings no one can be mentioned except Edward III. The case of the Adamses is the more striking in a republic, where it is more difficult for the son of a great statesman to acquire popularity, than under a monarchy; for there the prestige of noble birth opens an easy road to fame—democracy being jealous in the bestowal of hereditary honors. But either of the three Adamses proved himself great enough to achieve honors for himself.

Charles Francis Adams was born in Boston in 1807, and most of his childhood and youth was spent with his father, who was in the diplomatic service of the country. Graduating at Harvard in 1825, he studied law two years at Washington under his father's direction, completing his course by another year in the office of Daniel Webster. To become a learned lawyer and ripe scholar, seems to have been the chief ambition of his life; the family inheritance exempting him from the necessity of earning money. For many years his contributions to Journalism were among the most mature, elaborate, and powerful writings of his times. Serving in both branches of the Legislature of his native State, when the demand for these humble positions was too pressing for him to decline—no longer able to affiliate with the old Whig party—he renounced all such connections, and became one of the boldest leaders of Free soil, by consenting to serve as candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1848. From that time he was among the ablest and most eloquent of its advocates. First, for arresting the progress of slavery over free soil, and afterwards for its utter overthrow. Entering the National Congress in 1859, he struck a strong blow against the aggressions of the slave power, and aided by his efforts in the election of Mr. Lincoln. The new President—so wise among the complications of trouble which greeted his accession to office—showed supreme wisdom in the appointment of Mr. Adams as Minister to England. It was not only the best, but the only choice that could be made; for there was not a single accomplishment needed for this very difficult position that the new Minister did not possess. In knowledge

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

of international law, in ripe political and classical learning, in rank and culture, and devoted patriotism and purity of character, he was sure not to find his master; and during his long mission of seven years, in which he had rendered services inestimable to his country, he was again sent to Europe as the American arbitrator at the great Court at Geneva, which was the most imposing Tribunal of Arbitration civilization has ever had. Since then he has spent his winters in Boston, and his summers on his large paternal farm at Quincy, engaged in the completion and publication of the *Life and collected Writings of his grandfather* as well as those of his father, which are among the most valuable contributions yet made to the political history of the country.

CHARACTER OF LAFAYETTE.—Lafayette discovered no new principle of politics or of morals. He invented nothing in science. He disclosed no new phenomenon in the laws of nature. Born and educated in the highest order of feudal nobility, under the most absolute monarchy of Europe, in possession of an affluent fortune, and master of himself and of all his capabilities at the moment of attaining manhood, the principles of republican justice and of social equality took possession of his heart and mind, as if by inspiration from above.

He devoted himself, his life, his fortune, his hereditary honors, his towering ambition, his splendid hopes, all to the cause of liberty. He went to another hemisphere to defend her. He became one of the most effective champions of our independence; but that once achieved, he returned to his own country, and thenceforward took no part in the controversies which have divided us.

In the events of our revolution, and in the form of policy which we have adopted for the establishment and perpetuation of our freedom, Lafayette found the most perfect form of government. He wished to add nothing to it. He would gladly have abstracted nothing from it. Instead of an imaginary Utopia, he took a practical existing model, in actual operation here, and never attempted or wished more than to apply it faithfully to his own country.

It was not given to Moses to enter the promised land; but he saw it from the mount of Pisgah. It was not given to Lafayette to witness the consummation of his wishes in the establishment of a republic, and the extinction of all hereditary rule in France. His principles were in advance of the age and hemisphere in which he lived. The life of the patriarch was not long enough for the development of his whole political system.

This is not the time or the place for a disquisition upon the comparative merits, as a system of government, of a republic, and a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions. Upon this subject there is among us no diversity of opinion; and if it should take the people of France another half century of internal and external war, of dazzling and delusive glories, of unparalleled triumphs, humiliating reverses, and bitter disappointments, to settle it to their satisfaction, the ultimate result can only bring them to the point where we have stood from the day of the Declaration of Independence, to the point where Lafayette would have brought them, and to which he looked as a consummation devoutly to be wished. Then, and then only, will be the time when the character of Lafayette will be appreciated at its true value throughout the civilized world.—*John Quincy Adams.*

THE APPARATUS OF EDUCATION.

EDUCATION has occupied the mind of the American people to a greater extent than almost any other subject ; but very few persons have any adequate conception of the extent or cost of the system. At the present time there are not far from 8,000,000 of pupils, and 160,000 teachers attending public schools, and other educational institutions, as their chief occupation. The books now in use by this grand army cost at least \$20,000,000 ; while the expense of the seats, desks, and other apparatus is supposed to exceed that sum. The investment of capital in school-houses, and buildings for education, in lands, and endowments, amounts to an almost fabulous sum. One single item transcends in magnitude the belief or conception of Europeans. At one time fifty million acres of public lands were given by Congress to the States and Territories for educational purposes. At the minimum public price of \$1.25 per acre, they amounted to \$62,500,000 ; but nearly all this land was eligibly located, and had or has an actual value of \$5 to \$10 per acre. Another important item is the Libraries, to which must be added another large amount in books for reference and professional purposes, owned by teachers. The aggregate thus devoted as an investment for the simple business of education in the United States, becomes stupendous.

But coming to the practical business of carrying on education, aside from books and endowments, there are two features of striking interest. *First*, the rapidly advancing practice of educating through the senses, and the material implements for its accomplishment ; among the chief of which is the introduction of improved apparatus of every kind for the school-house itself, with finely constructed furniture, fittings, models, and instruments for clearly demonstrating the facts of mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, and kindred studies ; all of which would have been of far less use in former times to the average pupil, when implements for higher education were not dreamed of, either by the pupil or teacher. These complete equipments, down to the minute details of crayons, inkstands, wardrobes, and closets, are devices of our own times. *Second*, the extensive use of capital, machinery, and inventive ability for supplying all these improved instrumentalities.

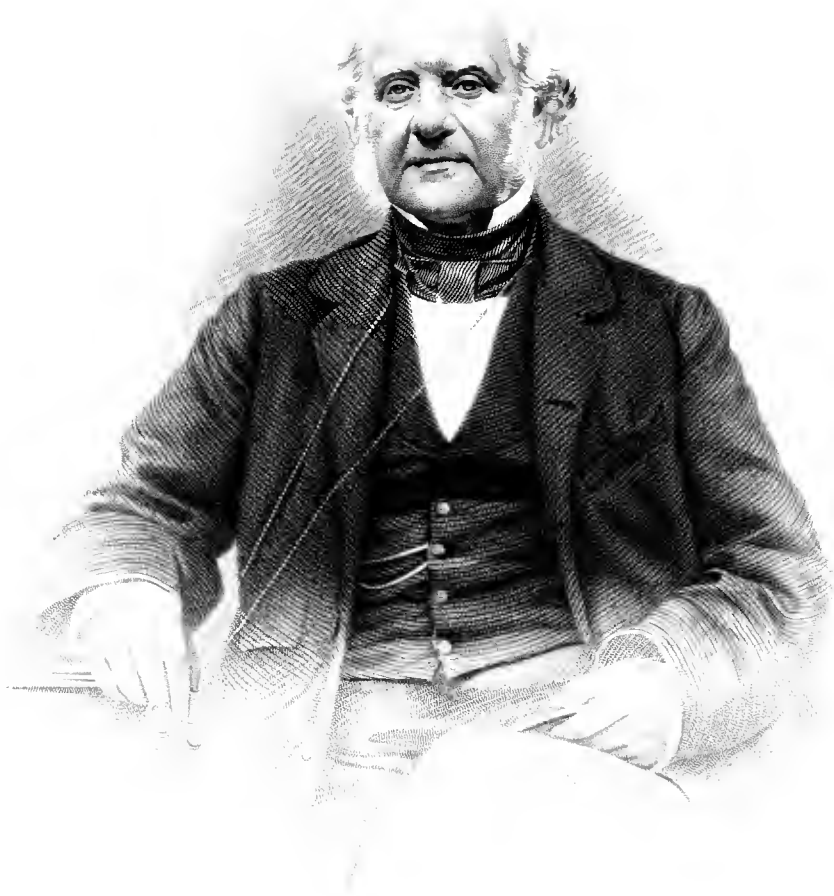
The child of to-day can have little idea of the advantages he possesses over the child of a former generation. The primitive school-house has nearly disappeared, except in isolated districts ; the structures which have gone up recently in the newest States and Territories being superior in almost every respect to those in use for high-schools and colleges in the older States a single generation ago. We are not discussing the comparative excellence of the old and the new systems as concerns the qualifications of teachers ; nor the intellectual and moral tone of education. We are speaking chiefly of its mechanical and physical appliances. The classics may not be taught any better, perhaps not so thoroughly ; but they are far more generally studied than they were years ago ; while the modern sciences are being almost universally cultivated, and the many improvements that have been made to aid the learner in their acquisition, greatly transcend anything of the kind that was known before, even in universities and high-schools of learning.

THE APPARATUS OF EDUCATION.

The demand which has grown up for the appliances to which we have briefly alluded, has given origin to a business of such vast magnitude, that to-day the manufacture of furniture for schools, halls, lecture-rooms, and churches, is properly reckoned among the great industries of the country. Mr. Robert Paton, the senior member of the firm of Robert Paton & Son, has been extensively and exclusively engaged in this branch of manufacture for nearly thirty years, having as the pioneer of the business on a large scale, established it in 1848. In that year he supplied the first-class public-schools in the City of New York with what was called "modern school furniture." Before that time, they had been using rough, uncouth, and uncomfortable desks, little better than those in the rudest country schools. The improvement in the appearance of the school-room, and the increased comfort of the scholars after the introduction of the new furniture, was so apparent, that Mr. Paton's furniture was at once endorsed as the best in use. Since that time nearly all the public-school buildings erected in the City of New York, have been supplied with his furniture, until nearly or quite all of these institutions have the Paton furniture in use.

So important a revolution as this, once started, could not go backward. From the beginning the business has continued to grow, until it has assumed colossal proportions, this school furniture being now sent to every civilized quarter of the globe. Superior devices and inventions have been constantly added, and with so much success, that the house of which we are speaking holds the first position in the trade. Letters-patent were issued to Robert Paton as early as 1861, with others in 1864, for improvements in school seats and desks. This seat was the first to be used exclusively for school furniture, and it has gone into general use in the best schools throughout the United States. One great point among others gained by these ingenious devices, was in saving space, by securing greater capacity, and convenience to the scholars. It could not be expected, of course, that the legal owner of such improvements would be allowed to enjoy the fruit of his inventions undisturbed, and many attempts were made, as is generally the case in such instances, to appropriate his ideas, especially where the purloiner could evade the penalties he deserved. For a considerable time however, Mr. Paton treated these infractions with comparative indifference. But we are glad to learn that this undue forbearance has come to an end, and that those who have perpetrated these wrongs in the past will be brought to justice; no further infringements will be allowed.


Another specialty of this house is the furnishing of churches with upholstered seats in sofa style. Their church settee is a chaste and beautiful piece of furniture, comfortable even to luxury, and more economical than many imposing styles in use. They also have a beautiful design of a Sunday-school settee known as their "Reversible Settee," which reverses by means of a pendulum back, and is so arranged through a very simple and ingenious device, that every time the back is reversed the seat is also reversed, giving it that upward pitch in front, which is absolutely indispensable to comfort. The Sabbath-school settees are strong and simple in construction, and having turn-up seats, admit of great economy in room. These seats have either reversible backs, or are made in three sections, so as to be connected into squares for classes. Blackboards, easels, and supports, slates, bookcases, and all the working materials of the school-room, constitute a special department of their business.



J. W. P. L. L.

GEORGE PEABODY.

Born in Massachusetts, Feb. 18, 1795. Died in London, Nov. 4, 1869.

TARTING out with a fair education to lead a commercial life, he ultimately acquired a fortune. Settling in London, he established in 1843, the banking-house of George Peabody & Co., which grew in credit and wealth till his death. Simple in his habits, he systematically devoted his income to humanity and science. His principal benefactions make his best biography. In 1852, he gave \$10,000 to Dr. Kane's Expedition, and \$30,000 to found the Peabody Institute in South Danvers, his native town—since named Peabody—subsequently adding \$170,000; with \$50,000 for an Institute in North Danvers. In visiting America, in 1857, he founded the Peabody Institute in Baltimore with \$300,000, afterwards increased to \$1,000,000. In 1862 he devoted £500,000 to building houses for the poor of London—which was attended by beneficent results. At home again in 1866, he founded an Institute of Archæology for Harvard with \$150,000; and gave the same sum for a department of Physical Science to Yale. For common education in the South, he gave to a board of eminent trustees \$3,500,000. Its revenue is being judiciously expended.

In 1867 he refused a baronetcy from Victoria, and endowed an Art School in Rome. In 1869, during his last home visit, he made the following gifts:—To the Peabody Museum at Salem, \$150,000; for a Public Library at Newburyport, \$30,000; to Phillips Academy, \$20,000; to the Maryland Historical Society, \$20,000; to the Library at Thetford, \$25,000; to Kenyon College, \$25,000; and to Washington College, Virginia, \$60,000. These vast sums by no means embrace all his gifts, for many of them were concealed. He showed his wisdom in giving away what he chose, during his lifetime; and, like Peter Cooper, in being his own executor. He was never married; but he was always generous to his relations, giving them over \$5,000,000. His provisions for the depressed classes of London were recognized by the English people in the erection of a statue by Story, which was unveiled in his absence, by the Prince of Wales. His obsequies were celebrated in Westminster Abbey, and the British Government claimed the honor of sending his ashes home in a war-vessel. They were reverently deposited in the place of his birth. If the Greeks were proud, when among strangers, to say that they were born in the country of Pericles, "the patron of art," Americans may say they were born in the land of Peabody, "the friend of Humanity and Learning."

EZRA CORNELL.

THE founder of Cornell University was born at Westchester Landing, Westchester County, N. Y., January 11, 1807. His parents were poor, and he had to work hard for a living from his twelfth year, and consequently had but few educational advantages. He was, however, of a shrewd and observing turn, and by the time he had reached manhood had acquired a wide range of knowledge and considerable skill in the management of all kinds of tools. Soon after the discovery of the magnetic telegraph by Professor Morse, Mr. Cornell became associated with him in perfecting the invention, and devoted his time, talents, and energies to the introduction of the telegraph system. At first they were regarded as visionaries; but when, in 1844, a telegraph line was opened between Washington and Baltimore, the success of the enterprise was settled, and Mr. Cornell began to reap the benefits of his zeal for and faith in the magnetic telegraph. He was employed in the construction of various lines throughout the country and rapidly accumulated a fortune. He was a large stockholder and an officer in the Western Union line from its organization till recently, when he sold out his shares.

Mr. Cornell has dispensed his vast wealth with great liberality. His first act of benevolence was the endowment of a public library in Ithaca at an expense of some \$50,000, and his next was the building and endowment of the Cornell University, now situated at Ithaca, where all branches of learning should be taught. Congress in 1862 passed an act granting public lands to the various States and Territories which would provide agricultural schools and colleges for the promotion of agriculture and the mechanic arts. Under this act, land scrip representing 989,000 acres was given to New York State. This land was selected in the West, and appropriated conditionally by the Legislature to an institution supposed to be deserving of it. The stipulations of the contract, however, were not fulfilled, and in 1865 the land was transferred to Cornell University upon certain conditions, among which was one that Ezra Cornell should give to the institution \$500,000, and another, that one student from each Assembly district in the State should be afforded the opportunity of being educated free of cost. Mr. Cornell paid the \$500,000, and, in addition, munificently contributed about 200 acres of land, with buildings, as a site for the university and farm. He subsequently made other donations, amounting to upwards of \$110,000. The lands granted by Congress were disposed of to good advantage by the founder of the institution, and it now stands on a substantial basis. Since its establishment other wealthy men have endowed it with large sums of money, and Mr. Cornell, like Peabody, Peter Cooper, and similar great philanthropists, has had the satisfaction of seeing during his lifetime the result of the benevolence, created by him, successful and flourishing. The university is one of the finest specimens of architecture in the State, and with its beautiful grounds and admirable arrangements, rendering it in every way a college of the first order, is a noble monument to the memory of its founder.—*The New York Graphic*.

THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

LET us, then, be of good cheer. From the great Law of Progress we may derive at once our duties and our encouragements. Humanity has ever advanced, urged by the instincts and necessities implanted by God; thwarted sometimes by obstacles which have caused it for a time—a moment only, in the immensity of ages—to deviate from its true line, or to seem to retreat—but still ever onward.

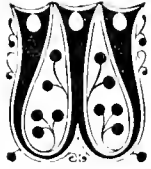
Amidst the disappointments which may attend individual exertions, amidst the universal agitations which now surround us, let us recognize this law, confident that whatever is just, whatever is humane, whatever is good, whatever is true, according to an immutable ordinance of Providence, in the golden light of the future, must prevail. With this faith, let us place our hands, as those of little children, in the great hand of God. He will ever guide and sustain us—through pains and perils, it may be—in the path of Progress. * * *

Be it, then, our duty and our encouragement to live and to labor, ever mindful of the Future. But let us not forget the Past. All ages have lived and labored for us. From one has come art, from another jurisprudence, from another the compass, from another the printing-press; from all have proceeded priceless lessons of truth and virtue. The earliest and most distant times are not without a present influence on our daily lives. The mighty stream of Progress, though fed by many tributary waters and hidden springs, derives something of its force from the earlier currents which leap and sparkle in the distant mountain recesses, over precipices, among rapids, and beneath the shade of the primeval forest.

Nor should we be too impatient to witness the fulfilment of our aspirations. The daily increasing rapidity of discovery and improvement, and the daily multiplying efforts of beneficence, in later years outstripping the imaginations of the most sanguine, furnish well-grounded assurance that the advance of man will be with a constantly accelerating speed. The extending intercourse among the nations of the earth, and among all the children of the human family, gives new promises of the complete diffusion of Truth, penetrating the most distant places, chasing away the darkness of night, and exposing the hideous forms of slavery, of war, of wrong, which must be hated as soon as they are clearly seen.

Cultivate, then, a just moderation. Learn to reconcile order with change, stability with progress. This is a wise conservatism; this is a wise reform. Rightly understanding these terms, who would not be a Conservative? who would not be a Reformer?—a conservative of all that is good, a reformer of all that is evil; a conservative of knowledge, a reformer of ignorance; a conservative of truths and principles whose seat is the bosom of God, a reformer of laws and institutions which are but the wicked or imperfect work of man; a conservative of that divine order which is found only in movement, a reformer of those earthly wrongs and abuses which spring from a violation of the great Law of human progress. Blending these two characters in one, let us seek to be, at the same time, REFORMING CONSERVATIVES, AND CONSERVATIVE REFORMERS.—*Charles Sumner.*

THE DUTY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.



WAR is justly regarded as one of the greatest evils that can befall a nation, though it is not the greatest ; and of this great evil, civil war is the most deplorable form. I want words to express the sorrow with which, from the first, I have contemplated, and unceasingly contemplate, the necessity laid upon us, to wage this war for the integrity of the nation.

Not without deep solicitude I saw the angry clouds gathering in the horizon, North and South ; and I devoted the declining years of my life, with a kind of religious consecration, to the attempt to freshen the sacred memories that cluster around that dear and venerated name, which I need not repeat—memories which had survived the multiplying causes of alienation, and were so well calculated to strengthen the cords of the Union. To these humble efforts, and the time and labor expended upon them—truly a labor of love—I would, as Heaven is my witness, have cheerfully added the sacrifice of my life, if by so doing I could have averted the catastrophe. For that cause, I should have thought a few care-worn and weary years cheaply laid on the altar of my country. But it could not be.

A righteous Providence, in its wisdom, has laid upon us—even upon us—the performance of this great and solemn duty. It is now plain, to the dullest perception, that the hour of trial could not be much longer delayed. The leaders of the rebellion tell us themselves that they had plotted and planned it for an entire generation. It might have been postponed for four years, or for eight years, but it was sure, in no long time, to come ; and if, by base compliance, we could have turned the blow from ourselves, it would have fallen, with redoubled violence, on our children.

Let us, then, meet it like men. It must needs be that offences shall come, but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh. Let us show ourselves equal to the duty imposed upon us, and faithful to the trust to which we are called. The cause in which we are engaged is the cause of the constitution and the law, of civilization and freedom, of man and of God. Let us engage in it with a steadiness and fortitude, a courage and a zeal, a patience and a resolution, a hope and a cheer, worthy of the fathers from whom we are descended, of the country we defend, and of the privileges we inherit.

There is a call and a duty, a work and a place, for all ;—for man and for woman, for rich and for poor, for old and for young, for the stout-hearted and strong-handed, for all who enjoy, and all who deserve to enjoy, the priceless blessings at stake. Let the venerable forms of the Pilgrim fathers, the majestic images of our revolutionary sires, and of the sages that gave us this glorious Union ; let the anxious expectation of the friends of liberty abroad ; let the hardships and perils of our brethren in the field, and the fresh-made graves of the dear ones who have fallen ; let every memory of past, and every hope of the future ; every thought and every feeling, that can nerve the arm, or fire the heart, or elevate and purify the soul of a patriot—rouse, and guide, and cheer, and inspire us to do, and, if need be, to die, for our country !—*Edward Everett.*



Peter Cooper

PETER COOPER—IRON.

AMONG the men who have contributed most largely to the progress of the American iron industry stands the honored name of Peter Cooper. He was born in the city of New York, February 12, 1791. His early life, like that of so many successful Americans, was one of great labor and care, with limited advantages and opportunities. As a boy, he assisted his father in the manufacture of hats. His schooling was confined to attendance for half of each day during a single year; and beyond this humble instruction, he educated himself wholly. He served an apprenticeship as a coachmaker; but his great inventive faculty was not satisfied with the limits of a single trade. He devised a machine for shearing cloth, which was in large demand during the war of 1812, when importations of cloth from England were stopped. After the Peace, he engaged in the manufacture of cabinet-ware; and finally established the manufacture of glue and isinglass, which he has carried on for more than half a century, and in which his name is universally known as a commercial synonym for excellence of product and uprightness of dealing.

Mr. Cooper's attention was early directed to the great resources of the United States for the manufacture of iron. In 1830, he erected iron-works at Canton, a suburb of Baltimore; and it was in the same year that he built, after his own designs, the first locomotive that was ever constructed on this continent. Although a "small affair," as he termed it, this engine was successfully operated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Subsequently he erected, in the city of New York, a rolling-mill and a wire-mill, in which he first successfully applied anthracite to the puddling of iron. In 1845, he removed the shops and machinery to Trenton, N. J., where he eventually erected what was then the largest rolling-mill in the United States, for the manufacture of railroad iron. In these works he was the first to roll wrought-iron beams for fire-proof buildings. They still exist, in greatly extended form, as a part of the wide-spread business represented by the firm of Cooper, Hewitt & Co., which comprises mines of ore and coal, quarries, forges, blast-furnaces, wire and rolling-mills, chain, horse-shoe and open-hearth steel works.

Mr. Cooper's great public spirit, creative imagination, and bold enterprise have connected him, at various periods during his long and busy life, with numerous schemes which, though deemed visionary at first, have proved commercially successful, and greatly beneficial to the community. Among these may be mentioned the Croton Aqueduct, the Electric Telegraph and its subsequent development, the Atlantic

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Cable, steam navigation on the canals, etc. The limits of this article do not permit the full narration of his experiments and achievements. But it would be unpardonable to pass without mention the stately institution with which his name is indissolubly associated, the Cooper Union of Science and Art, in the city of New York, which owes its singularly practical plan, as well as its munificent endowment, to him. The foundation of the building was laid in 1854. It contains a day School of Art for women, including the departments of drawing, painting, photography, modeling, wood-engraving and telegraphy; evening schools of Science and Art, to the former of which women are admitted, and in which, aside from the art-instruction already alluded to, mathematics, engineering, analytical chemistry, etc., are taught; one of the largest reading-rooms in the country, furnished with all the principal foreign and domestic journals and magazines, and a library of over 15,000 volumes; and a large auditorium, in which regular courses of lectures on physical and social science are delivered. The classes, reading-room, and lectures are absolutely free. The pupils of the institution number between two and three thousand; the average daily attendance at the reading-room is 2,500; and the lectures are not infrequently attended by fully that number.

We can fitly conclude this meagre sketch by quoting the words of Mr. Cooper, at a reception given him on his 84th birthday, at the Arcadian Club in New York City:

"If, then, I have done or accomplished anything which really merits your good opinion, let me say at once, and for all, that I have found and received full compensation in the satisfaction which I have derived from the consciousness of duty performed; and that the experience of a long life enables me to say that money and efforts expended for the general good, are a better-paying investment than any possible expenditure for personal gratification * * * * I feel that Nature has provided bountifully for the wants of all men, and that we need only knowledge—scientific, political and religious—and self-control, in order to eradicate the evils under which society has suffered in all ages. Let me say then, in conclusion, that my experience of life has not dimmed my hopes for humanity; that my sun is not setting in clouds and darkness; but is going down cheerfully in a clear firmament lighted up by the glory of God, who should always be venerated and loved, as the infinite source and fountain of all light, life, power, wisdom and goodness."

IRON AND ITS MANUFACTURES.—The consumption of iron, measures material civilization. To say, therefore, that the growth of the iron business in the United States is a marvel, is merely to say that during the last century a wilderness has been redeemed from barbarism, and that the arts of civilization have been spread over a continent with a rapidity never before known in the history of man. Concerning the natural resources of this country in coal and iron-ore, the following paragraph from the Report of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1867, and now a member of Congress, gives an admirable summary. No account is taken here of the immense lignite beds of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast, which probably equal in area all the remaining coal-fields of the country. Nor are the iron-ore deposits of Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico, Oregon, California, etc., included. All these resources have been chiefly made known by explorations and discoveries of later date than 1867. In that year, Mr. Hewitt wrote:

"The position of the coal measures of the United States suggests the idea of a gigantic bowl filled with treasure, the outer rim of which skirts along the Atlantic to the Gulf of

IRON AND ITS MANUFACTURES.

Mexico, and thence returning by the plains which lie at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, passes by the great lakes to the place of beginning, on the borders of Pennsylvania and New York. The rim of this basin is filled with exhaustless stores of iron-ore of every variety, and of the best quality. In seeking the natural channels of water-communication, whether on the north, east, south or west, the coal must cut this metalliferous rim, and, in its turns, the iron-ores may be carried back to the coal, to be used in conjunction with the carboniferous ores, which are quite as abundant in the United States as they are in England, but hitherto have been left unwrought, in consequence of the cheaper rate of procuring the richer ores from the rim of the basin. Along the Atlantic slope, in the highland range from the borders of the Hudson River to the State of Georgia, a distance of 1,000 miles, is found the great magnetic range, traversing seven entire States in its length and course. Parallel with this, in the great limestone valley which lies along the margin of the coal field, are the brown hematites, in such quantities at some points, especially in Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama, as fairly to stagger the imagination. And, finally, in the coal basin is a stratum of red fossiliferous ore, beginning in a comparatively thin seam in the State of New York, and terminating in the State of Alabama, in a bed of 15 feet in thickness, over which the horseman may ride for more than 100 miles. Beneath this bed, but still above water level, are to be found the coal seams, exposed upon mountain sides, whose flanks are covered with magnificent timber, available either for mining purposes or the manufacture of charcoal iron. Passing westward, in Arkansas and Missouri, is reached that wonderful range of red oxide of iron, which, in mountains rising hundreds of feet above the surface, or in beds beneath the soil, culminates at Lake Superior in deposits of ore which excite the wonder of all beholders; and returning thence to the Atlantic slope, in the Adirondacks of New York, is a vast undeveloped region, watered by rivers whose beds are of iron, and traversed by mountains whose foundations are laid upon the same material; while in and among the coal-beds themselves are found scattered deposits of hematite and fossiliferous ores, which, by their proximity to the coal, have inaugurated the iron industry of our day. Upon these vast treasures the world may draw its supply for centuries to come, and with these the inquirer may rest contented, without further question, for all the coal of the rest of the world might be deposited within this iron rim, and its square miles would not occupy one-quarter of the coal area of the United States."

The region thus liberally endowed has been peopled by a hardy, energetic and unconquerable race. The very difficulties in the way of the iron industry, have become the incentives to exertion, and the causes of an unparalleled development. At the beginning of the present century, the annual product of iron in the United States did not exceed 50,000 tons. In 1820 it was reduced to about 20,000 tons; but with the introduction of mineral fuel it reached, in 1830, 165,000 tons; in 1840, 315,000 tons; in 1855, 784,178 tons; in 1860, 919,770 tons; in 1870, 1,865,000 tons; and in 1875, although, in consequence of the general stagnation of business, the actual product will not exceed 2,000,000 tons, the capacity for production is fully equal to 3,000,000 tons, all of which will be needed, as soon as the march of industry is resumed. While the average consumption of the world is about 30 lbs. per capita of the population, the normal consumption in the United States has reached at least 150 lbs.; and the rate of consumption on the average of years is steadily increasing. The future of the iron business in the United States is therefore not matter of conjecture. The necessities of the case will cause a continual development, until our magnificent resources of raw material are fully utilized.

MILE-STONES IN THE AMERICAN'S JOURNEY.

- 1620.—Lands on Plymouth Rock, and sets up for himself.
- 1621.—Keeps Thanksgiving.
- 1622.—Builds a Meeting-House.
- 1623.—Proclaims a Fast-Day.
- 1628.—Cuts down a May-Pole at Merry Mount.
- 1635.—Is crowded for accommodations, and stakes out a new farm at Connecticut.
- 1637.—Makes war on the Antinomians, and the Pequot Indians, and whips both.
- 1638.—Starts a College.
- 1640.—Sets up a Printing-Press.
- 1643.—Goes into a Confederacy.—The first Colonial Congress.
- 1648.—Lays down the Cambridge Platform.—Hangs a Witch.
- 1649.—Sets his face against the unchristian custom of wearing long hair, "a thing uncivil and uncomely."
- 1651.—Is rebuked for "intolerable excess and bravery of apparel," and is forbidden to wear gold and silver lace, or other such gewgaws.
- 1652.—Coins Pine-Tree Shillings.
- 1663.—Prints a Bible for the Indians.
- 1680.—Buys a "hang-up" Clock, and occasionally carries a silver watch that helps him guess the time of day.—Forks, at table.
- 1692.—Is scared by *Witches* again, at Salem; but gets the better of them.
- 1702.—Founds *another* College, which settles down at New Haven.
- 1704.—Prints his first *Newspaper*, in Boston.
- 1705.—Tastes *Coffee*, as a luxury, at his own table.
- 1708.—Constructs a *Platform*—at Saybrook.
- 1710.—Begins to sip *Tea*—very sparingly.
- 1711.—Puts a letter in his first *Post-Office*.
- 1720.—Eats a *Potato*, and takes one home to plant in his garden as a curiosity.
- 1721.—Is *Inoculated* for the Small-Pox—not without grave remonstrance from his conservative neighbors.
- 1740.—Manufactures tinned-ware, and starts the first *Tin-Peddler* on his travels.
- 1742.—Sees Faneuil Hall built.—The cradle of Liberty is ready to be rocked.
- 1745.—Builds an organ; but does not permit it to be played in the Meeting-House.
- 1750.—Buys a bushel of Potatoes for Winter's use.
- 1755.—Puts up a *Franklin Stove* in the best room, and tries one of the newly-invented *Lightning-Rods*.
- 1760.—Takes his wife to meeting in a *Chaise* instead of on a pillion, as heretofore.
- 1765.—Shows his dislike to stamped Paper, and joins the "Sons of Liberty."
- 1768.—Tries his hand at *Type Founding*, in Connecticut.
- 1770.—Buys a home-made *Wooden Clock*.
- 1773.—Waters his *Tea*, in Boston Harbor.—Plants *Liberty Trees*, wherever he finds good soil.
- 1774.—Lights Boston streets with oil *Lamps*.
- 1776.—*Brother Jonathan* declares himself Free and Independent.
- 1780.—Buys an "Umbrillo," for Sundays; and whenever he shows it, is laughed at for his effeminacy.
- 1791.—Starts a *Cotton Spinning* factory.
- 1792.—Has been raising Silk Worms, in Connecticut; and now gives his minister (not his wife) a home-made silk gown.—Buys a *Carpet*, for the middle of the parlor floor.
- 1793.—Invents the *Cotton-Gin*, and thereby trebles the value of Southern plantations.
- 1795-1800.—Wears *Pantaloons* occasionally, but not when in full dress.
- 1802.—Has the boys and girls *vaccinated*.
- 1806.—Tries to burn a piece of *Hard Coal* from Philadelphia. A failure.
- 1807.—Sees a boat go by *Steam*, on the Hudson.
- 1815.—Buys one of Terry's patent "Shelf Clocks," for \$36, and regulates his watch by it.
- 1817.—Sets up a *Stove* in the Meeting-House, and builds a fire in it for Sunday.
- 1817.—Begins to run a Steamboat on Long Island Sound.
- 1819.—Grown bolder, he crosses the Atlantic in a steamship.
- 1822.—Lights *Gas* in Boston.—At last, learns how to make *Hard Coal* burn, and sets a grate in his parlor.—Buys a *Steel Pen*.—Has his every-day shirts made without *Ruffles*.
- 1825.—Puts a *Percussion Lock* on his old musket.
- 1826.—Buys his wife a pair of queer-shaped *Indian-Rubber* overshoes.—Puts on his first False Collar.
- 1828.—Tastes his first *Tomato*—doubtingly.—Is told that it is unfashionable to feed himself with his knife—and buys silver forks, for great occasions.
- 1832.—Builds a *Railroad*, and rides on it.
- 1833.—Rubs the first *Friction Match*—then called "Lucifer," and afterwards "Loco Foco."
- 1835.—Invents the *Revolver*, and sets about supplying the world with it as a peace-maker.
- 1837.—Gets in a Panic—and out again, after free use of "shin-plasters."
- 1838.—Adopts the new fashion of putting his letters in *Envelopes*.
- 1840.—Sits for his *Daguerreotype*, and gets a fearfully and wonderfully made picture.—Begins to blow himself up with "Camphene" and "Burning Fluid."
- 1844.—Sends his first message by the *Electric-Telegraph*.
- 1847.—Buys his wife a *Sewing-Machine*; in the vain hope that somehow it will keep the buttons on his shirts.—Begins to receive advices from the "Spirit World."
- 1855.—Begins to bore and be bored by the Hoosac Tunnel.
- 1858.—Celebrates the laying of the *Ocean-Cable*, and sends a friendly message to John Bull. Next week, begins to doubt whether the Cable has been laid at all.
- 1861.—Goes South, to help compose a family quarrel.—Takes to using Paper Money.
- 1861-1865.—Climbs the Hill Difficulty—relieved of his Pack, after January 1, 1864; but loses GREAT-HEART at the last, April 14, 1865.
- 1865.—Gets the Atlantic-Cable in working order.
- 1865-75.—Is Reconstructing and *talking about* Reconstruction.—Sends his boys to the Museum to see an old-fashion Silver Dollar.—*Hartford Courant*.



Elias Hering

ELIAS HOWE.

Born, July 9th, 1819; Died, October 3d, 1867.

THE chief honors of the invention of the Sewing Machine have been accorded to Howe as clearly as the glory of the magnetic telegraph has been to Morse. It would be vain to compare the relative value of any of the great inventions of the world; but it is safe to class the two we have mentioned among the most useful of human discoveries. It detracts nothing from the merits of the illustrious inventors of any age, that their pretensions to entire originality were disputed; for in most instances more than one, and sometimes many advanced minds, had been working in the same direction, frequently under the inspiration of thoughts projected by others who had neither the genius, nor the facilities for carrying them out. Morse was not the first, nor the thousandth man, who had been trying to make a practical alphabet for electricity to record human thought. And yet to him the world has accorded the praise of doing it, and his claim will hold good against all comers. The same thing happened with Elias Howe. Many a brave and brilliant attempt had been made to substitute the tireless fingers of nerveless steel for the sensitive nerves of woman. But all such attempts had fallen short of success; at best they were only brave and startling, and most of them, even in the estimation of their authors, ended in failures.

Elias Howe was born of poor parentage, and at the age of six years, with a feeble constitution, he began to work with his brothers and sisters at sticking wire-teeth into strips of leather for cards used in the manufacture of cotton. He afterwards worked on his father's farm, or in his grist-mill, or saw-mill, or shingle manufactory, all of which were prosecuted on a small scale, by the farmer who was obliged to resort to much and various hard work to wring a support for the large family. But the boy trudged through wind, and snow, and heat, and cold, to the district school-house, during portions of every year; never wholly remitting work, but following up labor and education with a resolution that would have broken down a less resolute spirit; for he was not to recover from an inherited lameness which never left him a whole painless day. With a strong proclivity for mechanics, he found his way to Lowell, and entered a manufactory of cotton machinery, and afterwards worked in hemp cording by the side of his cousin, Nathaniel P. Banks. Later, in listening to a conversation between some mechanics, he got the idea that "it was a waste of power to employ the ponderous human arm, and all the intricate machinery of the fingers, in performing an operation so simple, and for which a

THE SEWING MACHINE.

robin's strength would suffice;" this being the first movement of his mind towards the Sewing Machine, which like a ghost haunted him for years. He married, and a family of children was born to him; but he worked sixteen hours a day to get them bread, stealing every stray moment to perfect some device for sewing by machinery. At last he succeeded, with help from his friend George Fisher—whose faith however, in the ultimate utility of the invention at length gave out—when with the little money his father could raise, he took passage for England with his brother Amasa B., in a sailing packet, carrying his little machine with him. There it was brought into practical use. But his patent was fraudulently issued by his employer; and returning in poverty to New York, and struggling in the midst of the most distressing embarrassments, he persevered till he had secured his patents. But for years he was compelled to fight against capital and monopoly, until his victory was achieved, and the waters of Pactolus flowed at his feet.

The story of his heroic life during these dark years, will hereafter be written; the time has not yet come, for the magnitude of a great thought can never be measured except by the future which witnesses its results. Vast as is the revolution which the Sewing Machine has already worked, its mission of usefulness has only just begun. It has determined the fortunes of nations by clothing armies of a million men in a few days; it has enabled the people of civilized countries to dress better and cheaper; it has made fortunes, which in the aggregate could be summed up only by hundreds of millions—and yet these are only the beginnings of its triumphs. One of its chief glories consists in its having become the ally of woman in her emancipation from the slavery of the needle. Some idea of the beginnings of its work may be gained by the fact that more than five million machines have been made since Howe's patent was issued, eight hundred thousand of which were manufactured by the Howe Machine Company, which is in most successful operation, having completely-equipped factories in Bridgeport, Connecticut; in New York city; in Peru, Indiana, and in Glasgow, Scotland. It has received the highest medals in London in 1855 and 1862; in Paris in 1867; in Vienna in 1873, besides innumerable State, county and institute medals.

Mr. Howe never wished to manufacture; his element was invention; and his chief delight was in seeing his long-neglected "little machine," which had been the child of so much suffering, and in whose blessed ministry of beneficence he cherished such high hopes, multiplied for the good of the world. He died prematurely at the age of forty-seven; but he felt that he had done a good work. His income became vast, but his heart was his banker. Not one impulse of greed, not one taint of the miser ever dimmed the lustre of his generous soul. Wherever he went, the needy and the unfortunate felt that an angel in disguise had passed by. When the clarion for battle to save the Union rang out, his ear was the first to hear the call. He raised and equipped a regiment, and took his place in the ranks; and when the commissariat failed, he became its banker. He sympathized with struggling genius, and one hand was always lifted in gratitude to his Father; the other was always lowered to help his brother man. And so he met his sublime and peaceful end on earth, with the certainty of leaving an army of those he had blessed, only to be greeted by an army who loved him in the Better Land.

FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

IMPROVEMENTS in the construction of iron safes for the protection of papers and valuables from destruction by fire, and the raids of thieves, has been among the greatest triumphs of American manufacturers. In the beginning of the present century, the only safes in use were made of wood covered with thin sheet-iron. This wood was saturated in a preparation of alkalies, and as long as it retained the moisture, it could not be readily burned. The first real advance was made by Daniel Fitzgerald, a man of considerable ingenuity. While working in a plaster-mill, on a cold day, wishing to heat some water in a wash-basin which he had used for washing after his work, he found to his surprise that although placed on a hot stove the water did not heat. He made a still hotter fire, but with no effect. In throwing the water out, he found a thin scale of plaster of Paris had covered the bottom of the basin, which prevented the heat from penetrating. This suggested to him the idea of making a fire-proof box or safe by filling in the walls with plaster of Paris. After various experiments which resulted satisfactorily, he began the manufacture of safes on this principle in 1835, and soon demonstrated their superiority. Little progress however was made till after the great fire of 1835. The immense losses suffered at that time gave an impetus to the manufacture of safes, and more capital was invested in the business by J. G. Stearns. In 1837 the firm of Stearns & Marvin was established, which was the first real beginning of the safe trade. They built a commodious factory on the corner of Avenue A and Eighth Street, and the business soon assumed formidable proportions. In 1841 Mr. S. C. Herring began the manufacture under a license from Stearns & Marvin; and these two firms have been the most successful of any in the safe business. In 1860 Mr. Stearns retired, and the now world-wide-known house of Marvin & Co. was formed. In 1863 Mr. W. K. Marvin suggested the use of *alum and plaster* as a filling, which had several advantages over the plaster and water which had been used for so many years. This filling did not rust the iron, dampen the papers, or lose its fire-proof qualities as the old filling had; but when subjected to heat the alum melted, giving off its water of crystallization, and the steam so produced rendered safes fire-proof. This filling has been steadily gaining in favor; and although the safes are more expensive, those who understand it are only too willing to pay the additional cost.

Another great step was taken in making the safe of welded wrought-iron and steel of much greater thickness. It was not enough however to protect valuables from the merciless fiend fire, but from a still more stealthy enemy—the burglar. There is a great variety of safes made now, ranging from \$50 to \$5,000; and bank and safe-deposit vaults costing from \$10,000 to \$50,000 are frequently put up. The high reputation which the Marvin safes now enjoy all over the world has been fairly won. As they have been constructed, with the improvements of the past few years, they have withstood the most desolating fires of the period, and treasures of almost inestimable value are committed to them with confidence. It is a common occurrence in great fires that burn down whole blocks to find Marvin's safes when dragged forth from the intensest heat, after laying 60 hours, so completely preserved that books and papers are absolutely uninjured. The amount of treasure they have saved is beyond human estimate.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

But neither Mr. Marvin's services to the world, nor his success as a manufacturer, have been limited to bringing the Fire and Burglar-Proof Safe to so high a degree of perfection. The Marvin Safe and Scale Company have recently erected a new and extensive factory on West Thirty-seventh Street, where they have largely increased facilities for manufacturing Safes and Scales. They have introduced a Combination Beam for Scales, which is at once recognized as one of the greatest improvements which has been made in this department of mechanism in modern times. The Beam referred to obviates entirely the necessity for loose weights, and thus secures the advantage of absolute accuracy. America has long had the credit of manufacturing the finest large Scales in the world, and the introduction of the Combination Beam will add still further to our reputation.

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN ART.

THE road along which civilization has traveled is strewn with the fragments and embellished with the trophies of art. Its hour of triumph has, indeed, not yet come in our New World; but through the openings which our axe-men have made in its forests, we see the most encouraging indications of a bright and beautiful future. We have already, during the brief period of a hundred years, passed through two ages—the Iron of the Revolution, the Bronze of the first age of the Republic—and now we are entering upon the Age of Gold, when the treasures of the mine will be thrown to the artist, for the triumphs of the chisel and the pencil. One of the charms of European cities consists in the great number of their galleries of art. You hardly pass a corner without the sight of some beautiful picture or monument or work of art, which ministers so genially to the taste and sentiment of the man of culture.

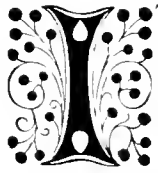
We have been too busy to think of these graceful adornments, these enchanting embellishments of social life. But we are bestowing more attention on them now. The warm tide of American enthusiasm, wealth and luxury is beginning to set in that direction, which will give to all our people what Pericles gave to Greece. If we never have a Phidias or Apelles, the blaze of ten thousand lesser lights will illumine the whole Continent.

One of the encouraging signs we observe in our progress, is the advancement which we trace from year to year, and almost from day to day, in works of art exposed for sale; the refinement in knowledge and taste which is displayed by those who adorn our dwellings.



D Leavitt

DAVID LEAVITT.



IT is the pride of our Republic that it opens to every citizen the paths that lead to wealth and honor. Here there is freedom for glory as well as struggle—wealth as well as toil. We rummage through no historic scrolls for titles of nobility, for here every brave, true, daring man may be the Rudolph of his race. If such a spirit, and such institutions, do not make us a great and noble nation, then civilization with all its appliances of civil and religious liberty will prove a failure here. Thus far, our history has too many noble examples of success to cloud our faith in the future.

Among the men still living and walking in our midst, ripe in age and wisdom, enriched by wealth honestly acquired, adorned by deeds of munificence and goodness, and encircled by all the delights of affectionate families and loving friends, there are few more distinguished or honorable names than that of David Leavitt. The record of his deeds will hereafter constitute his best eulogium. Starting out a well-born Connecticut boy, with a rich heritage in the home-education of God-fearing parents, with the sacred birthright to that best of all educations—the district school-house—joined to the lessons of hardy toil and practical knowledge of the simple but great duties of every-day practical life; afterwards, aspiring higher, and leaving the eagle's nest of home, for what was to the boy of seventy years ago, a far greater metropolis than it is to the boy of to-day; cast into the maelstrom of commercial strife, and by honorable means and brave endeavor, winning his way to the confidence of all who knew him; seeing chances for success which others did not see; grasping the rich fruits which the boughs of a good fortune bent over him; desiring to do great things, and daring to undertake them; and mounting step by step the sure road that leads to success, never kicking the ladder down behind him up which he had climbed, but extending a helping hand to his companions; growing more generous with the increase of wealth; never neglecting intellectual or moral culture; burnishing his intellect and refining his tastes; learning to appreciate excellence in art, and ministering generously to its devotees; standing like a pillar of iron among his fellows when panics and disasters swept the whole commercial field; clear-headed, warm-hearted, manly and firm; rearing a large and splendid family; indulging in the simple but refined tastes for rural life, and gathering around him in his homes in the city, and in the country, every comfort and luxury which can embellish life; conceiving and carrying out to completeness large commercial, financial, and manufacturing schemes, many bordering on temerity,

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

but all of them crowned with success ; and thus rounding out a life of more than four-score years, almost unscathed by the infirmities of age ; an intellect still clear, a voice yet untremulous ; and with a firm tread walking with manly step to the close—whenever that may come—such is but a feeble portraiture of a model American Christian citizen. If we were asked for an exemplar for the young man of our day to copy, we should point to the life of David Leavitt.

Those facts of Mr. Leavitt's life which deeply concern the public credit and welfare, will alone be noticed. After a thorough course of academic study he determined to follow a mercantile life, and served as a clerk in New York till the war of 1812, when he returned to the homestead. On the restoration of peace he began business in New York on his own account, with David Lee for a partner. Having purchased at auction a large invoice of teas belonging to John Jacob Astor, the millionaire, on his way to inquire as to the responsibility of the house which was almost unknown, met young Leavitt and asked him who was his endorser. "We have none, sir, but we think this security will be sufficient ;" and taking from his memorandum-book promissory notes of Mr. Astor, which had been bought in the market, sufficient to cover the amount, showed them to Mr. Astor, who, with an expression of surprise and gratification said : "You can take my teas, young man." This transaction was the foundation of his commercial credit, which from that day has never been questioned. On the dissolution of the firm, Mr. Leavitt was applied to by the agent of the government of the new Republic of Colombia, to procure a vessel of war fully armed, manned, and equipped ; he having been recommended as the most likely merchant to enter into so difficult and urgent an enterprise. The vessel was ready on time, and he sailed with her himself to Laguayra, where he received the first payment, the drafts for the balance remaining under protest in England for two or three years before they were paid.

During his life, Mr. Leavitt has been clothed with many important trusts, all of which have been executed with signal ability and supreme integrity. He was appointed receiver of the old North American Trust and Banking Company, and a trustee of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, in which capacity he rendered a service which deeply concerned the prosperity not only of that great State, but of the vast region affected by that enterprise. The United States government had made a liberal grant of land to build that canal, but the State being unable by the issue and sale of Canal bonds to raise the money, sent an agent to London, the amount required to complete the work being \$1,600,000. The agent utterly failed in his mission, and the State applied to Mr. Leavitt, who at once proceeded to London, where by largely adding to his previous subscription, and his own credit standing so high, the balance of the money was forthcoming. That great work was constructed without further delay : the English loan was promptly paid, and during the next three or four years he managed affairs so well that he reduced the debt of the State nearly five million, lifting its bonds from fifteen cents on the dollar, to par.

After the passage of the New York General Banking Law, in 1839, Mr. Leavitt took the foremost part in founding the American Exchange Bank, whose affairs he managed with such wisdom, that it early commanded the absolute confidence of the financial world, and began a

WHITE LEAD.

career of usefulness which has continued to the present time. He had retired from its chief direction, although he remained its largest stockholder. When the panic of 1857, which followed the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, fell upon New York, Mr. Leavitt, who had retired to his country-seat at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, was sent for, and he hastened to New York. Wall Street was paralyzed with terror. As he passed through on his way to the American Exchange Bank, his well-known form was recognized, and from the steps of the Bank he addressed the excited multitude, pledging on the spot his own ample fortune for the integrity of the institution he had founded, with the assurance that he was ready to purchase any amount of the stock that might be presented for sale at the cashier's desk. This prompt and heroic act did much to arrest the torrent of ruin that was sweeping over the country.

WHITE LEAD.—Although Mr. Leavitt never withheld his financial aid for the encouragement of what were deemed hazardous enterprises, and in this manner has beneficently encouraged some of the principal industries of the country, we can glance only at one.

Fifty-five years ago we imported all our white lead from Europe while we were exporting the product of our rich mines from Galena. He thoroughly informed himself on the subject, and employing the best chemical talent, began a series of careful and expensive experiments, with the full belief that patience and hazard would finally end in success. He obtained a charter for the Brooklyn White Lead Company over fifty years ago. From small beginnings that Company grew up into wealth and importance, and enjoys to-day an unequalled reputation for the uniform excellence and unadulterated purity of all its products, which have amounted for a considerable time to between three and four thousand tons per annum; embracing white lead, red lead and litharge. Although Mr. Leavitt is still the sole owner of the Company, its active management is confided to Mr. Sheldon Goodwin, whose long familiarity with its affairs inspires the fullest confidence.

LOSS OF THE UNION IRREPARABLE.

WASHINGTON, therefore, could regard, and did regard, nothing as of paramount political interest, but the integrity of the Union itself. With a united government, well administered, he saw we had nothing to fear; and without it, nothing to hope. The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country. If we might regard our country as personated in the spirit of Washington, if we might consider him as representing her, in her past renown, her present prosperity, and her future career, and as in that character demanding of us all to account for our conduct as political men or as private citizens, how should he answer him who has ventured to talk of disunion and dismemberment? Or how should he answer him who dwells perpetually on local interests and fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? How should he answer him who would array state against state, interest against interest, and party against party, careless of the continuance of that *unity of government which constitutes us one people?*

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Gentlemen, the political prosperity which this country has attained, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present government. While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote, by active efforts, every public interest.

But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these faculties. It would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away, not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, or acquiring new, possessions. It would leave the country, not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself hereafter in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley.

All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with state rights, individual security, and public prosperity?

No, gentlemen, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum, and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of constitutional American liberty.

But, gentlemen, let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that gracious Being who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of His hand. Let us trust to the virtue and intelligence of the people, and to the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of Heaven which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career.

Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon, so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing on toward the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own country!—*Webster's Eulogy on Washington, February 22, 1832.*



Gen. Lewis H. Gouss
New York

SAMUEL COLT.

Born in Hartford, Conn., July 19, 1814. Died there, January 10, 1862.

FEW Americans have done nobler deeds, or left a fairer fame than the citizen whose portrait speaks out from the opposite page. This tribute, though strong, will not be considered too partial by the host of surviving friends who knew him well; least of all by the many who were the subjects of his generosity and beneficence. Restricted to so narrow a space, our sketch must be drawn in lines, and not in pages. Born with rare capacity for free investigation which disinclined him to the restraints of the school-room, in his tenth year he entered the woolen and silk factory of his father, where his mechanical genius found incentives and scope for early development. But his father, desirous of giving him a classical education, sent him at the age of fourteen to school at Amherst, Massachusetts. Being reprimanded for some alleged excesses in his way of celebrating the Fourth of July, he left the academy abruptly, rather than make an apology for conduct which he said he thought only mildly patriotic towards the memory of the founders of the Nation. Reaching Boston, he shipped as a sailor before the mast, for Calcutta. In addition to his outfit, Mr. Samuel Lawrence told the supercargo to advance the boy fifty dollars if he required it for some little venture, as was the privilege granted in those days to seamen; little dreaming that the same boy would bring back in his chest a small wooden model, whittled out during the voyage, being the cylinder of the now renowned Revolver, which was to revolutionize the construction of firearms everywhere, and make a fortune for himself, large enough during any one of several years, to equip a fleet of merchant vessels for the farthest East. On his return, he entered his father's dye-works at Ware, where he studied the chemicals and processes of coloring. But finding this confinement irksome, he told his father that he was going to start out in the world to seek his fortune. Having complete faith in his character and abilities, he gave him a letter of advice, which is worthy of being preserved as a model for all fathers under like circumstances.*

* MY DEAR SON :—You are once more on the move to seek your fortune, and must remember that your future prospects and welfare depend on your own exertions. Should you seek diligently until you find some kind of useful employ, I have no doubt but you may do well. Do not despond, my son, but be resolute and go forward. It matters but little what employ you embark in, if it is but an honest one and well followed up, with a determination to excel in whatever you undertake. This will enable you to obtain a good living, and to command respect. Whether you go into a store, or go to sea, or join in any kind of manufacturing, I deem it of but little consequence, provided

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

And so he started off into the wide, wide world, with the idea of a revolver seething in his brain. He only wanted money to experiment with, and he was too self-reliant to depend even upon a good father for that help. It was about the time that the exhibitions of the singular and amusing effects of nitrous oxide gas produced by inhalation, were becoming popular; and availing himself of his considerable knowledge of chemistry, he undertook a lecturing tour under the *incognito* of Dr. Coult—a *sobriquet* which he preserved for several years. Full of confidence, as he might well be, with a most manly and attractive person, a handsome and inspired face, a rich voice, dexterity of manipulation, geniality and wit, he commenced his lecturing career in Boston, and continued it with so much success for three years through every civilized part of the continent, that he found himself possessed of means to begin his long-wished-for experiments. And certainly everything now might fairly augur success. He had gone through just such a training as Nature, the great mother, would have chosen to prepare him for his work. In 1835, having in the meantime practically developed his principle of revolving-firearms, he visited Europe to secure his patents, and on his return took them out in this country. He had then no knowledge of any other attempt ever having been made to produce such results. On a subsequent visit to London, he discovered in the Tower, ancient guns having a rotary-chamber breach; and in the same manly spirit which characterized him all through life, he volunteered to read before the Institute of Civil Engineers of England, of which he was the only American associate in 1851, an elaborate Paper, which was not only the most learned that had then been produced on the subject, but he left his reputation clear from the possible imputation of having borrowed anything from preceding inventions.

In 1835, with the assistance of some New York capitalists, he established a Company for the manufacture of his arms in Paterson, New Jersey. But the idea was so new, and such large means had to be expended in machinery and experiments, that the capital was exhausted before the arms could be introduced. General Taylor, then engaged in the Seminole War, had received a few of these revolvers, and became enthusiastic in their advocacy. In 1847, during the Mexican War, he sent to the Government for a supply of Colt's pistols. A thousand of them were ordered at once. As none were to be found, Colt at once proceeded to manufacture them, at an armory near New Haven. But the orders increasing beyond the capacity of that armory, he sought more commodious workshops in Hartford, where he began business on his own account.

But a new age for small firearms had come in America. The rush to California had begun, and the popularity of his pistols created an enormous demand. In looking about for premises

you devote yourself to your employ with habits of close application; and all the leisure time you can have, devote to study and sober meditation, always looking to that kind Providence which gave you existence, to be by Him directed in the path of virtue and usefulness.

You will find it absolutely necessary to use the most rigid economy. Until you have earned money and have it in your pocket, never engage in any amusement or unnecessary expenses.

When you get located, write me. In the meantime, remember I have more anxiety for your welfare than can be expressed. I will write you my views when I again hear from you. In haste. Your affectionate father,

March 30, 1832.

C. COLT.

SAMUEL COLT.

large enough to answer in the future, he purchased 250 acres of low meadow-land in the south part of the City of Hartford, which with the eye of an engineer, he saw could be transformed into a scene of industry and beauty. He surrounded it with a dyke to prevent the annual overflow of the river, and began the erection of an armory which was afterwards to become the model one of the world. Within that same enclosure stood the old Charter Oak, and near by, almost entirely obliterated, the Indian burial-ground of former ages. He converted the whole scene into one of utility, taste, and enchantment.

His revolvers had now gone into use throughout the world, and the demand for them could be supplied only by the construction of armory-works at a very large expense. His revenues became enormous. But his disbursements were more than princely; not only in the hospitalities of his magnificent mansion, but by his expenditures in the adornment of his native city, the erection of a beautiful Hall for the instruction and amusement of his workmen, and the diffusion of his beneficence in lending a generous hand wherever private charity gave scope for the indulgence of his sympathies.

Nor did Mr. Colt's inventions or discoveries end with revolving-firearms. His studies and experience had enriched his mind with other new and broader conceptions. He invented a submarine battery for the defence of harbors, and devised a method of insulating submarine telegraph-cables—leading the way ahead of the world, in both these departments. In fact, he might be called the father of the submarine-cable, for in 1843 he laid a cable from Coney and Fire Islands to the City of New York, which was operated with complete success. He had also entered other fields of investigation and discovery, and was known to have been far advanced in the development of still more striking discoveries.

His life now presented one of the most delightful spectacles that greets the eye in the survey of civilized life. In the ripening glow of creative power; in all the splendor of his manly strength; rich in the profoundest experiences of practical science; loaded with wealth and crowned with honors; admired by the world; esteemed and beloved by all who knew him; a husband and a father presiding in a home of luxury and refinement, with every embellishment with which culture, beauty, and affection could adorn a house; conducting the largest and the finest armory in the world, and with a career of usefulness which he regarded as only fairly begun—Providence, always mysterious, but always just to the heart of the confiding and the faithful—suddenly called him to leave the scene of so many triumphs, and so much earthly bliss. The world would have felt sadder, if the void had not been filled so completely by a gifted wife, and a son now growing into a noble manhood. Mrs. Colt administered his estate in the same spirit of grace, hospitality, and beneficence, still more gently performed under other shadows—losses which taught her the sublimest of all lessons, that when incurable sorrows pass the threshold of the most luxurious homes, there are still left sources of alleviation; that friendships do not always decay; that the bereaved heart can better learn the divine solaces of relieving the distresses of others; and that in such trying scenes of earth, the human soul most genially yields to the allurements of Heaven.

THE AMERICAN RIFLE.

AMERICA is the birthplace of the Rifle, and its home is the world. If the unwritten record of the millions of fire-arms which have been struck from the forges of this country could be half told, what a drama of heroism, adventure, daring and death would be unfolded! Not alone from the red fields of Balaklava, Magenta, Sadowa, Gravelotte and Sedan, and the far-off plains of India, China and Japan; nor, alas! from our own free land, in that worse than tiger strife, which, thank God, is now over, we hope forever. But these dreadful fire-arms were not all enlisted in a crusade of needless bloodshed. They were fighting the battles of freedom as well; they were humbling hoary systems of despotism and cruelty to the dust—in Greece, with Marco Bozzaris; in Italy, with Garibaldi; they are doing the same work in Cuba, to-day: and they have won the chief laurels in the memorable contests of the friendly Creedmoor rivalries.

Besides, we hear the crack of those rifles from a thousand forests through which adventurous settlers were making their way to new homes and a more independent system of life. The Rifle has been on this continent our most faithful ally. In no nation have fire-arms and ammunition been brought to such perfection. This arises partly from the outstripping inventive genius of our people; partly because higher talent and intelligence have been enlisted in the work, and finally because the exigencies of our new life in a wild hemisphere have brought fire-arms into such constant and universal requisition. The rifle has asserted our dominion through this wilderness from sea to sea. It has been the true civilizer of the Western World—the protector of the settler in the distant forests, the trappers along the great rivers and inland lakes, the constant and trusted companion of the Hawkeyes of the green old woods.

Our ancestral souvenirs recall many a scene of Pilgrim life on these inhospitable shores, where our fathers seldom ventured from their dwellings to the field, a visit to a neighbor, or for the worship of God, without carrying with them these life-protectors. Meeting-houses looked like camps—every man's gun gleamed over his shoulder.

And so the tide of emigration flowed toward the Pacific—the chief reliance for sustenance, as well as security, being, as it still is, the rifle carried by the pioneer or the explorer. At all times the great body of our male population—and often the female—have become familiar with the use of fire-arms; and in our great wars, commanders generally relied more upon the sharp-shooting of volunteers than that of the regular troops. Our late civil conflict gave a vast impulse to improvement in fire-arms of all descriptions, and they were brought into fearful activity in the recent struggles of Europe which made and unmade kingdoms, empires and republics in a day. American fire-arms saved Livingstone and Baker and Stanley in the heart of Africa. They are protecting the explorers of all nations, over every ocean, and into the heart of every continent. They are in the houses of Christian missionaries; with the Russian army in their marches across the arid steppes of Asia. They are arming the soldiers of the empire of Japan.



your Friend
Hiram Stewart

ALVAN STEWART.

Born in New York, Sept. 1, 1790. Died in New York, May 1, 1849.

THERE are three aspects in which this man was known among his contemporaries as peculiar and great—strong in his individuality in each, and adorning them all with the gifts and graces of consummate genius. First, as a great advocate before a jury, and a great jurist before the bench ; second, he was vast in his humanity, which led him to devote life and fortune, in the maturity of both, to the good of mankind in the advocacy of temperance ; third, as the legal champion of the right of all men to the freedom which the Declaration of Independence proclaimed. This made him the most illuminated, clear-minded, logical advocate for the freedom of the slave. It is in these capacities that he blazed out before the world, traveling with the strength of a giant.

It is in this aspect especially, that his name belongs to this record ; and we select him from the lists of contemporary heroes, as a fitting representative of that momentous movement, which assaulted the Gibraltar of American slavery.

With a courage that knew no fear, a hope undimmed by clouds, a soul consecrated to liberty ; uniting high powers of argument with learning, memory, imagination, and a quaint and peerless humor—he was ever alert and in the front, diligently canvassing all the Northern States, organizing societies, addressing conventions, educating the public mind amidst the stormiest opposition, and to the close of his career giving time, money, genius, and life, to the cause of liberty. He was the first to give a benign interpretation to the Constitution, as a document of freedom ; and for a long time, alone, without a single helper, against the ablest and advanced men of the anti-slavery crusade, sometimes for days against entire conventions, he fought for this construction, until, at last, he saw all the liberty columns wheel into line. So was he the very first to enter the field of politics—to compel, from the two great parties, favor or frown ; and through his instrumentality, a distinct political party was formed on the issue of freedom or slavery. Then began to flow that little rivulet, which, ere long, as a resistless stream, was to sweep away that black and damned spot which no longer darkens the otherwise unstained escutcheon of America. It was with the voice of a prophet that Alvan Stewart cried, in his national address in 1840—twenty-one years before the great rebellion broke on an unbelieving people—“These States must necessarily be in eternal conflict, until liberty conquers slavery, or slavery overturns the liberty of all.”

AMERICAN GRAPHITE.

JOSEPH DIXON—to him alone is America indebted for the finest crucibles, melting-pots, and retorts that have yet been introduced into chemical and metallurgic processes. When he began their manufacture in 1827, the only chemists' crucibles known were made by the Dutch. Dixon used plumbago, which had been found in the State of New Hampshire, of a quality so superior that the Dutch pots were soon cast aside by the chemists of all nations, and Dixon's crucibles were adopted even in Rotterdam. Some years later, he saw a few specimens of plumbago brought to this country by East-India captains as curiosities; and, after careful experiment, becoming satisfied that it was superior to what had been obtained in New Hampshire, he made the first American importation of it, and continued it for a long time, until the reputation of his products was thoroughly established throughout the world.

Finally an important discovery was made of inexhaustible deposits of still better plumbago at Ticonderoga, in the State of New York. This invaluable property came into the possession of The Dixon Crucible Co., of Jersey City, who have not only manufactured the best lead pencils ever produced, but established the largest and most completely equipped works for this and all other plumbago—or, more properly, graphite—manufactures on the globe. As this is one of the new triumphs of American art over the products of other nations, it is proper to devote to it special attention.

The first pilgrims from the older nations, brought with them to these wild shores something besides their sturdy, humane, God-fearing manhood, priceless as this great treasure was. They brought the arts of a then ripening civilization, and one by one they have gone on being perfected here. It was not enough for the Founders of American Institutions and the Authors of American life, to emancipate themselves from civil and religious despotism; they went on, step by step, adding to what was known before, whatever the inventive genius of our new hemisphere could contribute to the knowledge and wealth of mankind. Franklin's electricity has been pressed into the service of all nations; Morse's threads of lightning thought are quivering around the world; Fulton's steamboats are plowing every sea and continent-piercing river; Whitney's cotton-gin is whirling on the plains of Africa and Asia; and Bullock's presses are printing the daily journalism of the world. One Collins shortened distance on the ocean, and another has supplied the world with axes, side by side with Ames' shovels. An invention for heading pins stopped their importation from London; Howe's sewing-machines are clothing hastily marshaled armies in a few days; American clocks and watches, turned out by machinery, have given mankind the cheapest and best time-keepers; and now Dixon's American pencil is driving all others out of the markets of this country, and fast supplying the markets of the world. Nor is this so insignificant a matter as it may seem at the first blush, for many millions of dollars are annually expended on this single article.

We have no knowledge when either the ancient stylus, or the pencil, was invented. Something of the kind must have been used in the early existence of communities, and very long before Letters were introduced. All primitive signs of thought were hieroglyphic, and instru-

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

ments of some kind must have been used to represent them. Cortez found a crayon made of plumbago in use among the natives on his landing ; and in his first interview with them, an aboriginal artist was seen drawing a faithful representation of the European group, with a plumbago crayon. Lead pencils have long been made in Europe, but only recently have even the Germans, the best foreign makers, produced an article which gave general satisfaction. Hitherto Faber has had the entire control of the American market, as Gillot has in steel pens. Faber's best pencils are all made in Germany from German graphite and the red cedar of Florida. But all this is being rapidly changed, for which we are indebted to the Dixon house—an imperishable name in our annals of art.

We have no space for entering upon the multifarious uses to which the American graphite is now applied, nor can we conjecture the still broader uses to which it will extend. The reader who wishes complete information on this subject, must refer to Hon. Orestes Cleveland—President of the Dixon Co. and 1st Vice-President of the Centennial Commission—who has brought to the task more experience, scientific knowledge, and analytical genius, than any other man living. After reading his work, and gaining some idea of the vast importance of this new movement in the progress of American art, we made a careful survey of the Dixon establishment, where we were forcibly struck with the following points :

1. Into the manufacture of European pencils, hand labor enters so extensively, that nothing but what we call pauper labor could be used in this country for the purpose. Nor does this result in a complete article.

2. The Dixon Co. have substituted machinery in every department—much of it being of their own invention—and all so ingeniously devised, that uniformity and perfection are necessarily reached.

3. Nothing can exceed the simplicity and beauty of the ranges of machines which do the work. On the main floor of one of the cluster of buildings, the wood passes through a machine which planes and grooves the pieces ready for the leads. They are landed in another room where the leads are laid in, and the two parts of the pencil glued together. Passing into another room, they go through a “shaping” machine, and fall into baskets that carry them up to the next floor, where these unfinished pencils are piled into a hopper, and hardly stop a moment until they are varnished, dried, polished, the ends cut smooth and even, and the gold stamp put on, when they are finished—no hand labor being used until they are put up in packages of a dozen each, these packages put into boxes of six dozen each, and these boxes wrapped, labeled, and packed into wooden boxes containing from five to fifty gross each, for shipping. The operations in this department are original and peculiar. They are all patented, even the method of putting them up for sale.

It is a humiliating fact that American prejudice has proved so strong against American things, that some of our grandest and best inventions have been first appreciated abroad, or at home only when stamped with foreign labels. We pay the highest price for medicated New Jersey cider, when labelled as Rheims champagne ; and for Paterson and Connecticut silks, when sanctified by the labels of Lyons. It would be a mean business thus to falsify—very mean—did not the practice grow out of the vulgar prejudices of our people. But we are fast

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

recovering from all this, and we shall soon no more hear an American asking for a Faber pencil, than for a European pocket-knife, or a German sewing-machine. Certain Germans, we are told, are trying to make fine pencils here (and the more the better), calling them *American*. But the Dixon Co. is the only American house in the trade. They say, "In our pencil department we employ American materials, American capital, American brains, American labor. Every operation is original, and many of the manipulations directly contrary to the practice of the Germans, who have hitherto supplied the world with pencils. We have avoided every preconceived notion, discarded all the experience of pencil-makers in the past, and our success is just cause for pride as another substantial triumph of American mechanical skill. We have entered the market *as masters of the trade*. Our long experience in the working of black-lead has rendered this result possible."

Any of our readers may readily test the reliability of our judgment in regard to the Dixon Pencil, by addressing "The Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, New Jersey," who will send *gratis* by mail samples of their pencils of any grades mentioned.

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him :
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought ; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name,
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is better still,
I leave you—mark me, mark me now,
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread immortal day
We dared the invading band,
A captain raised his sword on me,
I tore it from his hand ;
And as the awful battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will,
For, boy, the God of Freedom blest
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep the sword, and if a foe
Again invades our land,
My soul will shout from Heaven to see
It lighten in your hand ;
But if a traitor strikes at home,
Yet grander joy must thrill
When through his false heart fiercely flames
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh, keep the sword,"—his accents broke,
A smile, and he was dead,
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying-bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And forty millions bless the Sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill.

WM. ROSS WALLACE.



L. Marion Sims M.

J. MARION SIMS, M. D.

THIS eminent surgeon and astute investigator—a native of Lancaster District, South Carolina, was born January 25, 1813; graduated from South Carolina College, Columbia, in 1832, and at once began the study of medicine at Charleston. He attended lectures at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, from which he was graduated with high honor in 1835. A year later he commenced practice at Montgomery, Alabama. In 1845 he announced to the profession a new theory of the nature and origin of Trismus Nascentium, published in a series of articles in the *American Journal of Medical Sciences* in 1848, which attracted marked attention, from the keen analytical power and acute observation displayed.

His attention had also been directed in 1845, to the subject of *Vesico-Vaginal Fistula*, which had previously been ranked as an incurable disease. With characteristic earnestness and unselfish enthusiasm, he established a private hospital at Montgomery for the treatment of this class of affections, supporting it wholly from his own means, conducting a careful and elaborate series of experiments during a period of four years. Meeting and overcoming numerous obstacles, he at last achieved a complete success. The basis of his successful operation was the use of *metallic sutures*, which he has since extended to every department of surgery, and their superiority is universally recognized.

To perfect his operation, he had to invent numerous surgical instruments, including a *speculum*, which bears his name.

His inventive ingenuity and mechanical skill in improving surgical implements, has enabled him to do more than any other surgeon in the country to advance his art the world over. After performing his operation successfully several times, he made a public announcement of the facts to the profession in the *American Journal of Medical Science*.

In 1850, his health failed, and a change of climate becoming necessary, he came to the North, and in 1853 took up his permanent residence in New York, entertaining but little hope of ever being able to carry out his cherished purpose of establishing a hospital exclusively for the treatment of diseases peculiar to woman. After various efforts to command attention to his plans, a great meeting of the profession was called at the old Stuyvesant Institute on the 18th of May, 1854, when he delivered an Address, setting forth his views, and enforcing the necessity for the establishment of such an Institution based on his own experience and discoveries. His sim-

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

ple earnestness and evident sincerity carried conviction, and at the close of his Address, it was resolved unanimously to endorse and carry out his views. A joint Committee, composed of the most distinguished members of the medical profession and eminent laymen, was appointed to co-operate with Dr. Sims before the meeting closed.

From this auspicious beginning, a Woman's Hospital Association was formed, embracing some of the most intelligent and influential women of New York, who heartily encouraged and supported Dr. Sims in his efforts. A suitable building was leased on Madison Avenue, and a temporary Hospital was started in May, 1855. The city appropriated a handsome sum, and private subscriptions were secured, sufficient to insure efficiency and success, in the conduct of the new Institution. Its founder was placed at its head, as surgeon-in-chief, with Drs. John W. Francis, Valentine Mott, Alexander H. Stephens, Edward Delafield, and Horace Green, as a Consulting Board of Physicians and Surgeons. This Hospital was soon filled with patients from all parts of the country. The remarkable cures performed, and the successful management of the Institution attracted general attention; and very soon demonstrated the necessity of establishing a large and permanent Woman's Hospital.

In 1857-8, Dr. Sims obtained from the Legislature a special charter for "The Woman's Hospital of the State of New York." The State also appropriated \$50,000 for its aid. The Common Council of the city of New York, on an appeal from Dr. Sims, gave a grant of land for the new Hospital, comprising an entire block, 200 by 400 feet, situated about half a mile south-east of Central Park, near Columbia College. It is now valued at half a million dollars.

The Woman's Hospital is constructed on the pavilion plan. In 1866, one building containing seventy beds was finished and occupied. A second has been completed, of the same style and capacity, but is not yet opened. With the exception of the appropriations made by the city and State, \$62,500, the balance of the fund for building, has been raised by private subscription, by which the Institution is also supported.

In 1861, Dr. Sims visited Europe, and wherever he appeared he was welcomed by the profession and invited to perform the peculiar operations associated with his name and discoveries. He operated, on invitation of the most eminent surgeons in the great hospitals of Dublin, London, Paris, and Brussels, with unflinching success, and was at once recognized as a great discoverer and teacher, by the most renowned surgeons in the world. His operations were pronounced among the most remarkable achievements ever made in surgery.

In 1864, the French government conferred upon him the order of Knight of the Legion of Honor. He also afterwards received decorations from the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Belgian governments, and was elected a Corresponding Fellow of the Imperial Academy at Brussels. In 1866, he published in London his *Clinical Notes on Uterine Surgery*, which was re-published in this country, and translated and published simultaneously in French and German.

In 1870, he organized in Paris the Anglo-American Ambulance Corps, and as Surgeon-in-Chief, went with it to Sedan, arriving there Aug. 31st, just as the great battle commenced which ended in the downfall of the French Empire.

Dr. Sims has not been a voluminous writer, but what he has written will have a permanent

J. MARION SIMS, M. D.

place in professional libraries long after more voluminous and pretentious authors shall have been forgotten.

Dr. Sims returned to New York, where he has since resided. While in Europe his practice was large, and embraced many cases placed in his hands by leading surgeons, who thus recognized his admirable skill, and the originality and merit of his discoveries.

Dr. Sims is remarkable for geniality, and a wonderful magnetism of personal manner, which win confidence and regard from all who meet him.

The names which stand apart and have a world-wide recognition, and that will be remembered longest in American surgery, will be Dr. Physic, of Philadelphia, Valentine Mott, of New York, Horace Wells, of Hartford, and J. Marion Sims, of South Carolina.

The following opinions in regard to the importance and value of Dr. Sims' discoveries and labors made in 1855 fully justify all that has been claimed for him :

Dr. John W. Francis, in his address in 1856, on the first anniversary of the Woman's Hospital, said : " The particular class of diseases to which the Woman's Hospital is devoted has now for the first time a practical recognition of its claims. Prior to the discovery of Dr. Sims, surgery could do nothing for this formidable class of affections. It was reserved for an American to make a discovery in our medical art which already ranks among the greatest of the 19th century, marking an era in our country, from its being made the basis of a Woman's Hospital, auspicious of the most important results in clinical science. What comparison dare we institute between the researches of the most astute philologist or scholar, and the blessings secured by that art which this discovery imparts as the dew of Heaven. We may lose ourselves in admiration of the glories of a Newton, a Rittenhouse, a Bowditch, a Herschel, and a Humboldt ; but what special relief has the discovery of a new planet bestowed on the physical and moral suffering of mortals here on earth ? Judging from the present aspect of affairs, I think I see in the future that great renown must await the penetrating genius and consummate investigations of Dr. Sims in his high vocation. This first anniversary of the Woman's Hospital is a momentous occasion and pregnant with great results."

Dr. Valentine Mott followed and said : " A few days after his arrival I called on Dr. Sims, and learned that he was to make his residence with us. At that time I had a lady under my care who had applied to me to perform an operation which Dr. Sims has so signally perfected. Believing that he could perform the operation more successfully than I, and being anxious also to learn the steps by which he performed it, and of which I had read, I gave the patient to him with the request that he should treat the case, which was a complicated one. The operation was performed in my presence, and was a complete success. During my late visit to France and England, I took great interest in the performance of this operation, and was present when eight cases were operated upon—seven by Jobert, and one by Roux, two of the most eminent surgeons in Europe—and all of them failed. I was anxious, therefore, to learn the steps of this operation, as performed by our countryman, Sims. His may be said to be a new mode of operation. I am aware that some of our profession who have become familiar with the operation since the introduction of it by Dr. Sims, have not felt that they were so much indebted to him as I feel that I am for the sake of humanity. Dr. Sims is entitled to all the credit and all

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

the honor of originality, and I say, *palman qui meruit, ferat*. Go on, Dr. Sims, in your work of charity and benevolence ! Although no marble urn or inanimate bust may tell of your honor and renown, you will yet have, in all coming time, a more enduring monument ; and that monument will be, the gratitude of woman."

Dr. A. H. Stephens next said, "The establishment of the Woman's Hospital is an honor to science. It shows that its votaries know how to appreciate services rendered to humanity. It is an honor to the State ; and I doubt not the State will consider it such, and take it under its patronage. When we consider that the operation in which Dr. Sims has so happily succeeded, has exercised the best minds in the medical profession for many centuries, and that success, in any measurable degree, is now, for the first time, attained, we can imagine the meed of praise which is due to him. Indeed, I know of no discovery that is likely to be so largely beneficial to humanity, and which has originated among us, with the single exception of the employment of Anæsthetics in surgical operations, as this very one that has led to the foundation of the Woman's Hospital."

Dr. Sims, at the last meeting of the American Medical Association, in Louisville, was elected President, and delivers the Centennial Annual Address before the Association at Philadelphia, in June, 1876. He is now the only surviving member of the first Board of Physicians and Surgeons of the Woman's Hospital—Francis, Mott, Stevens, Delafield, and Green all resting in honored graves.

His Papers on "Trismus Nascentium" (1848), on "Silver Lectures in Surgery" (1858), on "The Microscope in the Sterile Condition" (1869), on "Ovariectomy" (1873), on "Intra-Uterine Fibroid Tumours" (1874), on the "History of the Discovery of Anæsthesia" (1874), and his work on "Uterine Surgery," comprise his principal writings.

His inventions and discoveries have created a new era in medicine, and throughout the world he is recognized as the father of Gynecology, which, commonly known as Uterine Surgery, is now a distinct department in every first-class medical college.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" God spake of old,
And over Chaos dark and cold,
And through the dead and formless frame
Of Nature, life and order came.

Faint was the light at first that shone
On giant fern and mastodon,
On half formed plant and beast of prey,
And man as rude and wild as they.

Age after age, like waves, o'erran
The earth, uplifting brute and man ;
And mind, at length, in symbols dark,
Its meanings traced on stone and bark.

On leaf of palm, on sedge-wrought roll,
On plastic clay and leathern scroll,
Man wrote his thought : the ages passed,
And lo ! the Press was found at last !

Then dead souls woke ; the thoughts of men
Whose bones were dust revived again ;
The cloister's silence found a tongue,
Old prophets spake, old poets sung.

And here, to-day, the dead look down,
And kings of mind again we crown ;
We hear the sage's word ; we trace
The foot-prints of our human race.

Here Greek and Roman find themselves
Alive along these crowded shelves ;
And Shakespeare treads again his stage,
And Chaucer paints anew his age.

As if some Pantheon's marbles broke
Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,
Life thrills around the alcoved hall,
The lords of thought await our call !

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



Grace Hall

ANÆSTHESIA AND ITS DISCOVERER.

IT is unnecessary at this late day to give any minute account of the beneficent results of this priceless discovery. It has gone into use wherever a learned, or even intelligent, practice of the art of healing is known. But it has become necessary in vindicating the cause of truth, to award the honor of this glorious discovery where it is due ; for if there be in the whole realm of detraction, falsehood and theft, one act which transcends all others in meanness, it is not only to rob a man of the fruits of his labor, but to attempt to steal from him his well earned honors.

Unfortunate indeed is it for humanity, that this great crime should have been so often perpetrated ; but it is still more lamentable that such villainies have so often been practised with success. Scarcely a great invention or discovery has been announced to the world, where the claim of the father of it was not almost immediately disputed ; and as ingenious falsehoods at once gain credence, the ablest and most persistent of pretenders always find dupes and defenders. It is an easy matter to tell a great lie ; it gains credit the moment of its announcement, and ever after the ear is inclined to be closed to the appeal of truth.

If all this applied only to the ignorant and unlettered classes, it might be a matter of no serious regard, since enlightened men care little for the awards of the vulgar ; but the misfortune we are lamenting, is of a deeper character. The evil pervades the educated and scientific world. Discoveries in astronomy, chemistry, and indeed all the sciences, have been as fiercely contested by rival claimants and their followers, as among the ignorant ; and it has sometimes required ages to overthrow false assumptions, even with the most learned classes ; while many a real discoverer has been robbed of his reward during a lifetime, and the false heir been left in undisturbed possession.

While the truth of these broad assertions will hardly be denied, there is a prevailing indisposition among men even of great accomplishments, to enter with candor upon any investigation where it requires time or exertion to reach the truth, unless they are impelled by some personal motives. Hence justice is often delayed for a long time, and sometimes hopelessly.

Perhaps the most extraordinary illustration of these sad truths witnessed in our times, is in the protracted and violent attempt to rob the late Dr. Horace Wells, of the honor and emoluments which should have promptly rewarded the discoverer of Anæsthesia. It has been well said that "lying impostors and charlatans have

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

appropriated his honors, and denying his merits, grasped undeserved rewards from the blinded multitude of even philosophers, statesmen, and men of science. But like the great philosopher Sir Humphrey Davy, falling a victim as the consequence of pursuing his own discoveries too far, the world should now come forward and do deserved, albeit tardy, justice, to his merits and his memory."

One of the clearest, briefest, and, we believe, entirely truthful records of the facts, within our knowledge, was published more than six years ago in the *Virginia Medical Journal* of Richmond, on the authority of the editor himself. From that source we make the following citations :

"Nineteen years ago this summer, Dr. L. P. Brockett, a physician now, but then a student in Hartford, Connecticut, having recently had a molar tooth extracted which gave him great pain, was talking with the dentist on various subjects, when the conversation turned on the intoxicating influences of nitrous oxide gas. The dentist remarked : '*That he believed that a man might be made so drunk by this gas, or some similar agent, that dental or other operations might be performed upon him without any sensation of pain on the part of the patient.*' This conversation occurred in August, 1840, and the man who uttered the startling and entirely novel proposition was HORACE WELLS.

"Four years passed by, and in the same city a traveling lecturer, Colton by name, administered to several persons the 'laughing gas'—among others, to a certain dentist. One of the party, while under its influence, received a severe hurt, but did not give any evidences of pain, when the dentist remarked to his neighbor, Mr. David Clarke, that he believed '*That a man, by taking that gas, could have a tooth extracted or a limb amputated, and not feel the pain.*' This was on the 10th of December, 1844, and the great idea was again distinctly stated by the same HORACE WELLS.

"On the morning of the 11th of December, the day after his lecture, Mr. Colton was requested by a gentleman to go with him to a dentist of Hartford, Dr. J. M. Riggs, and carry some 'nitrous oxide.' This person sat down in the operating-chair, took the bag of gas, and inhaled it until he became insensible, and Dr. Riggs extracted one of his largest teeth. On coming to his senses he cried out : '*It did not hurt me more than the prick of a pin. It is the greatest discovery ever made.*' On that day the great idea became an embodied fact, and the discoverer proved in his own person the truth of his own theory, for the man was HORACE WELLS.

"From that time his restless, excitable spirit knew no peace. Day and night he talked of it, experimented with it, and studied its effects and modes of preparation. In a few months the truth was verified by many successful experiments. Doctors and Professors, Bishops, Members of Congress, and many citizens of Hartford and the vicinity united with one accord to declare, from personal experience, their perfect faith in the new discovery. Not only in tooth-drawing, but in large surgical operations, was the experiment tested. The thigh was amputated, tumors removed, cancers dissected out of the human body without pain, and for *twenty-two months* no other man opened his mouth, made an experiment, or published a fact with regard to the great discovery about to bestow its priceless blessing on suffering humanity save the one to whom we owe it, HORACE WELLS."

In No. 12 of the *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, published October 29th, 1864, the editor, in speaking of the surgical use of Anæsthetics, says :

"We have brought to a close, a discussion commenced some months ago in our pages, of the merits of the claim of W. T. G. Morton to the discovery of the application of Anæsthetics to surgical uses. On this pretended claim, Morton has been urging upon Congress the appropriation of some two hundred thousand dollars as a remuneration for his sacrifices in pro-

ANÆSTHESIA AND ITS DISCOVERER.

ecuting his discovery and as an acknowledgment of the benefits he conferred on the army and navy. On the same ground he also levied contributions to a heavy amount on the medical profession, and obtained many signatures to a written testimonial awarding to him, in the opinion of the signers, the merit of the discovery.

“Knowing that there was evidence to show that these pretensions were not well founded—that so far from being the discoverer of the application of anæsthetics to surgical uses, Morton had basely appropriated the discovery of another, and had imposed upon the medical profession and the public, and was engaged in a gigantic attempt to impose on the government, we determined that the facts should be plainly set forth, and the scheme defeated. In this, as error must always shrink before truth, we have succeeded so well that we doubt whether he will ever dare to appear again before Congress with his claim, or attempt any longer to hang on the skirts of the medical profession, from whom he deserves nothing but contempt.

“In a series of eight or ten powerfully written communications published in our pages, it has been shown, beyond the possibility of cavil, that Morton *was not*, and that Horace Wells *was*, the discoverer of the application of Anæsthetics to surgical uses. These articles, remarkable for their scope, and the clearness of their argument and statement of facts, have been read by thousands of the medical profession with the greatest interest and attention, and have most effectually subverted the cause of truth and justice.”

When the claims of Dr. Wells began to be contested, many of the most learned and eminent citizens of Hartford requested the learned Senator Truman Smith of Connecticut, to collate the well-known facts, that they might be laid before Congress to prevent if possible any further wrong from being done. That Statement was an absolute demonstration of the justice of Dr. Wells's claim. It was a timely and valuable effort in the cause of truth; and, incorporated into the historic record of the science of this age, will be transmitted to the future. From the Preface to that Statement, we learn the following facts in the life of Dr. Wells, written by Dr. P. W. Ellsworth.

His ancestors were among the early settlers of Windsor, Connecticut. His grandfather, Capt. Hezekiah, served with honor in the war of the Revolution, and lived till 1817, always respected, and widely mourned at his death. The father of Dr. Horace Wells had removed to Hartford, Vermont, where his son was born January 21st, 1815. Soon after his birth, the father settled on a large and valuable farm at Westminster, just below Bellows Falls. In that beautiful and romantic spot, surrounded by every comfort and facility for mental and moral culture which independence could secure, young Wells was thoroughly trained in the best schools of New England. Marvelous readiness of acquisition of the knowledge of other men, was by no means so striking a characteristic of his mind, as originality of conception. His thirst for new facts, was a passion which became the guiding spirit of his life. There was hardly a department of mechanics which he looked into without conceiving some improvements, many of which were patented, and left for others to make use of, since the moment his idea was perfected, the subject lost its charm, and in the restless pursuit of investigation he at once dashed into a new field. There was nothing mercenary in his disposition; nor had wealth any power to divert him from the higher fields of science. In 1834 he commenced the study of dentistry in Boston. This was before the establishment of the College of Dentistry; but he acquired the best professional education possible at the time, and on completing his studies opened an office for practice. He soon rose to eminence and popularity. Among his pupils

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

was Mr. John M. Riggs, who afterwards rose to great eminence in dentistry, and who did so much for the honor of Wells's name, in bringing his discoveries in Anæsthesia into practice; and William T. G. Morton, who, after learning from his master by confidential communication whatever he could understand on the subject, boldly conceived the base idea of stealing from him the fruits of his genius. To Dr. Riggs afterwards fell the honor of being the first dentist who ever operated on a patient under the influence of Anæsthetics, Dr. Wells himself being the patient. It was fitting that the head which gave birth to so great a thought, should itself furnish the first practical proof of its originality, and importance. It will be forever said to the honor of Dr. Riggs that although he had a prominent and most useful agency in the development of Dr. Wells' idea, he was always proud and happy to award to him the glory of the discovery.

In 1844, Dr. Wells removed to Hartford, choosing it for his permanent residence. There he announced to the world the startling discovery that surgery could be divested of pain—a discovery pregnant with untold value to the world, but of almost unmingled trouble and sorrow to himself and his afflicted family. Dr. Ellsworth says that often the widow declared this great boon to humanity had been to her and her family an unspeakable evil; since it cost the life of her husband, and substituted the "*res angusti domi*," in place of a lucrative profession and a happy home. Dr. E. adds: "Knowing Wells intimately, living beneath the same roof at the time when he went to Boston to announce his discovery, and in almost daily communication with him during the whole period between the birth of his great thought and the hour when his dead body, a sacrifice to his zeal and love of truth, was borne from my own door to its last resting-place, I can, and do, bear witness before high heaven, that to Horace Wells only, belongs the honor of giving to the world a discovery which has played a more important part, as respects surgery, than any other ever made, unless we except Harvey's of the circulation of the blood. The full value of this discovery is not yet known; after-ages will make new applications and further improvements."

Dr. Ellsworth says: "Dr. Wells died in New York on the twenty-fourth of Jan., 1848, aged thirty-three years, at a period when his claims were being acknowledged by Europe and America, and just as he had received the announcement that the French Academy had honored him with the honorary title of M. D. He went to New York a few weeks before his death, for the purpose of introducing Anæsthetics in the hospitals and in dentistry. But the impression that chloroform was a better agent than nitrous oxide gas, or ether, led him, with his usual zeal, to experiment upon himself, to a dangerous extent, with this powerful and almost unknown agent. By this his mind is believed to have been injuriously affected, and this was soon conclusively indicated by acts wholly foreign to his nature. His unfortunate end, and the circumstances attending it, consummate the proof on this point—his reason had been upset, and there was nothing to stay the hand that cut the thread of life.

"He sleeps now in the North Cemetery in Hartford, where his grave will in years to come be visited and honored by those who revere the memories of the benefactors of mankind, among whom Wells certainly was not the least."

A bronze statue of Dr. Wells, by the sculptor Bartlett, has been erected by the joint contributions of the City of Hartford and the State of Connecticut, as a Centennial tribute to the memory of this too long neglected discoverer, and benefactor of mankind.



J. Prentiss

FRED. PRENTICE—PETROLEUM.

THE development of Petroleum has been the most surprising and rapid of any branch of American industry, ranking already as the third in value of our exports. Prior to 1859, small quantities were gathered by the Seneca Indians, by means of blankets from the surfaces of springs and creeks, and also from pits dug in their vicinity. It was sold for medicinal purposes only. In August, 1859, the first producing well was struck by Col. Drake, and this grand illuminator, which to-day furnishes light to the most distant parts of the earth, was first brought to the surface in sufficient quantities to attract the attention of the commercial world. During the past sixteen years, nearly \$400,000,000, have been received into the country for the amount exported; while, during the late civil war, the tax imposed upon it went far to make good the losses sustained by the interruption of the export of cotton. In the infancy of the business, the machinery and appliances in use were of the crudest kind; but to-day they are marvels of ingenuity and adaptation. From the first operations to sink a well, till the refined petroleum reaches the consumer, are everywhere found these marvelous inventions. This great interest has, during the past two years, undergone a terrible ordeal, the result partly of monetary troubles, which have affected all kinds of business, but more largely to over-production in 1874, and the early months of 1875. For a short time during this period, the production was 40,000 barrels per day, being 15,000 more than the consumption: while, during the first quarter of 1876, the daily consumption exceeds the daily production by about 5,000 barrels, with indications of a further decline in production, since the developments of last year failed to open any new fields worthy of note, while the partial exhaustion of the region already outlined, is clearly indicated by the fact that the wells struck during the past winter averaged only one-half as much as those struck before. This will compel the putting down of a vast number of wells on territory heretofore considered nearly worthless.

The rapid increase, however, in consumption, bids fair at no distant day to tax to the utmost the already circumscribed probable petroleum area. Large capitalists are getting control of the yet undeveloped lands, with a view of regulating at all times the production to such an extent as to secure a more steady, and at the same time a remunerative price. The following tabulated statement which has been prepared with no little expense, gives many interesting facts in connection with the rise and progress of the business.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

PETROLEUM TABULATED STATEMENT.

YEAR	Total Production.	Daily Production.	Export.	Crude at Railroad.		Average in New York.		Wells drilling Aug. 1st each year.	No. of Wells producing.	Average Production each well.
				Highest.	Lowest.	Refined	Crude.			
						Cents.	Cents.			
1859..	82,000	225	
1860..	500,000	1,370	
1861..	2,113,000	5,790	44,643	
1862..	3,056,000	8,373	324,042	
1863..	2,611,000	7,153	840,795	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	
1864..	2,116,000	5,797	948,600	\$12 75	\$4 00	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	41 $\frac{1}{2}$	
1865..	2,497,000	6,841	887,069	10 00	4 00	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	
1866..	3,597,000	9,855	2,006,858	5 00	1 65	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	
1867..	3,347,000	9,170	1,995,596	4 00	1 50	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	
1868..	3,523,176	9,811	2,954,814	5 50	1 80	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	327	
1869..	4,210,720	11,525	3,059,779	7 00	4 25	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	310	
1870..	5,673,195	15,543	4,189,319	4 90	2 75	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	319	{ Aug. 31, 2,696 }	
1871..	5,715,900	15,660	4,657,008	5 15	3 40	24 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	353	{ Sept. } { 3,466 }	
1872..	6,531,675	17,895	4,585,265	4 60	3 00	23 $\frac{3}{4}$	12 $\frac{3}{4}$	349	{ Aug. } { 4,309 }	
1873..	9,928,000	27,200	7,067,906	2 75	1 10	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{5}{8}$	180	{ Feb. } { 4,485 }	
1874..	11,591,590	31,766	6,998,308	2 40	0 73	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	128	{ Sept. } { 7,254 }	
1875..	8,787,506	24,075	6,929,746	1 95	1 00	13	6 $\frac{5}{8}$	118	{ 3,067 }	

Mr. Frederic Prentice, whose portrait appears with this article, was one of the first to embark in petroleum as a legitimate business. He entered it in 1859, and has been continuously interested. He may justly be considered the oldest and most successful practical operator. He drilled the third well ever put down in Pennsylvania. He bought the Wash McClintock farm on Oil Creek, Venango County, in 1863, and formed the Central Petroleum Co., which he controlled as Superintendent and Managing Director during the first three years. Within six months from the time he bought the property he by judicious development had increased its dividends from \$20,000 a year to \$50,000 per month, or \$600,000 a year, over all expenses, which dividends the Company continued to pay for nearly four years. In less than a year after he relinquished the control. The Central Petroleum Company has paid to its stockholders over \$3,000,000 in dividends, and Mr. Prentice claims might still be paying largely, and their business on as reliable a basis as any railroad company in the country, had the management pursued the policy of buying fresh and promising territory as its old territory became exhausted. Returning in 1870 from a visit to Europe, he again took the field, and from that time, to the fall of 1875, he has been the heaviest operator in the petroleum region. Feeling the necessity of a more thorough organization of the petroleum interests for mutual protection, he founded "The Producers' Consolidated Land and Petroleum Company," starting with a capital of \$2,500,000 all paid in. Three-quarters of all the oil produced comes from the Counties of Butler, Armstrong, Venango, and McKean, and this Company own and control in fee and

FREDERIC PRENTICE—EARLY LIFE.

leasehold in the counties named several thousand acres of choice oil territory. It is the intention soon to increase the capital to \$5,000,000, which will also give the Company the control of the transportation through its pipes, with the right to purchase at cost of production all the oil produced on some 40,000 acres additional, thus giving it a powerful control of the business of producing petroleum. This consolidation was the work of Mr. Prentice. His long experience in the lumber business of the West, with his mature and enlightened judgment, had specially qualified him for so important an undertaking. The petroleum interests needed a steadying hand, for the operations of speculators and a blind production without reference to the commercial demand, resulted in ruinous fluctuations of rates. The price was fixed in foreign markets, not by the producers; and hundreds of millions legitimately earned were lost—another instance of the curse which has always rested upon American enterprise—settling the prices of cotton at Liverpool, tobacco at Amsterdam, and grain and provisions in London.

During his residence in Europe, Mr. Prentice thoroughly explored the source of the great evils that had robbed the petroleum producers of the enormous advantages they should have enjoyed, but for this shiftless policy. He impressed these views deeply upon the chief producers of petroleum and other capitalists; and they joined him in the effort of weeding out and substituting order for chaos. The policy of this Company and other large holders of territory—now steadily kept in view, is to restrict the developments of their wells to the wants of trade. The extensive tracts controlled by the Company and other strong capitalists, with their abundant facilities for the thorough prosecution of the business under wise management—the fruit of practical experience—showed what could be done by men capable of comprehensive organization. Nearly all the petroleum interests are now in the hands of men producing and handling it; and the fruit of it will doubtless be witnessed hereafter in securing a uniformity of price by an adjustment of production to the demands of trade—thus imparting a new value to one of the greatest discoveries of the last half of the nineteenth century.

The transitions from wilderness to civilized life has been so rapid in the West, that it will be difficult for those who come after us to comprehend the suddenness of the transformation. The time has even now come, when the word wilderness as it was understood less than fifty years ago, is a thing of the past.

Born of a hardy primitive English ancestry, who were among the first settlers of Connecticut, where they cut their record clear in the early history of that heroic colony, all the elements were present to make the manly characters of the future. The father of the subject of this sketch having become favorably known during the war of 1812 to many army officers, as a large contractor and builder, he was invited to join them in settling lands in Ohio, where the City of Toledo now stands. Leaving Brooklyn in the fall of 1814 for his destination, an early winter compelled him to find shelter for his family at Ashtabula, Ohio, from whence he proceeded with a guide and dog-sledges to the mouth of Swan Creek, at the head of Lake Erie; there the pioneer began to lay out a town. He constructed the first warehouse in the settlement partly of logs and a part frame, and was compelled to occupy a part of it as a dwelling, while building his own residence; during the family occupancy of the warehouse, on the 6th of December, 1822, Frederic Prentice was born, the first white child in the place. Until

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

he was several years old, he never saw a white child, and seldom heard English spoken outside of his own family, being surrounded by the Indians, whose friendship had been won by the justice and humanity of the first settler.

Having expended his all in an unsuccessful attempt to build a town, the elder Prentice exchanged his property with the Company for some lands across the river, where he built himself a log-cabin; the first few years was a hard struggle for subsistence. The boy Frederic grew up in this wild, working life in the school of nature, helping to support the family. Before he was able to do heavy work, he became an adept in fishing and hunting. This training prepared him for the harder life he was to lead. His father's health failing, the support of the family fell on the boy in his thirteenth year. Except the raising of some of the common necessities of life, he had no resources beyond hunting and trapping, his living being derived from the sale of furs and wolves' scalps—receiving a bounty for the latter of \$7.50 each. He also received a small amount for acting in the capacity of interpreter to the Indian agents. Thus the family lived in comparative comfort, each year improving their circumstances; while young Prentice, who had imbibed from his mother aspirations for education, lost not a day during four winters in attending the first school established in that region.

One of the most striking proofs of an overruling Providence, seen in preparing all men who are to be honored by a larger share of hard work than falls to the lot of the multitude, is found in the special training they are called on to pass. The study of theories never can accomplish this business. The law of success lies through the gateway of hard work. No other prosperity is real. It is impossible to put any just valuation upon that which comes as the mere gift of fortune. It is only the rest of the laboring man that is sweet. There is no triumph that brings true satisfaction that is not fairly won.

Therefore it was in this field of hard training that this Toledo boy grew up into a sturdy manhood, which was ever afterwards to prove strong enough to sustain all the burdens of life, and successfully to resist all its shocks. A careful study of the elements which enter into the successful American character, will readily account for the innumerable instances of prosperity which mark the progress of our people. We are not acquainted with any other nation where such grand results of labor have been reached. It appears not only in the establishment and preservation of the whole series of institutions which make up the sum of Christian civilization; nor in the vast number of instances of the accumulation of individual wealth; but in the general physical well-being of the whole people, which presents an amazing exemption from private dependence and want. The vast proportion of the poverty, and the crime traceable to it, being the direct fruits of European ignorance and vice cast upon our shores.

The foreigner who would understand our institutions must study them in the light of these facts, for they alone can guide him to a comprehension of American life. What ages of wealth and luxury may do here, can be determined only in the future. But thus far we know, that the chief portion of our prosperity and progress is to be mainly attributed to the development of a spirit of self-reliance on the part of each individual man, where no class has been exempt from the necessity of labor and of intellectual culture. The subject of this sketch seemed naturally to suggest these considerations.



John L. Leaf

COLONEL JOHN L. LAY.

THIS eminent engineer was born in Buffalo, New York, and is now about forty years of age. He entered the Engineer Corps of the U. S. Navy in 1861, and served till the spring of 1865, taking an active part, especially in the closing scenes of the war, when advancing up the James River in the torpedo-boat Spuyten Duyvil ahead of the fleet, he removed the obstructions opposite Howlett's battery. Shortly after this he resigned.

In 1862, at the request of Captain Renshaw, he devised and constructed a torpedo, and made numerous successful experiments with it, which resulted in the invention and construction of the spar torpedo, used by Commander Cushing in destroying the rebel ram Albemarle. He also invented, designed, and superintended the torpedo and torpedo machinery of the Spuyten Duyvil, an iron-clad torpedo-boat, which attracted much attention among naval and military men. After leaving the Government service, he was, in 1866, employed on the Peruvian coast, in constructing submarine defences in the harbor of Callao, to prevent the near approach of the iron-clads, and other vessels of the Spanish fleet.

While engaged in these operations he conceived, and partially developed his present system of movable torpedoes, guided, controlled and exploded by electricity. Returning to this country in 1867, he afterwards applied for patents for all his inventions. His first movable torpedo-boat was finished for the Egyptian Government in 1871. His success induced our Government, while Rear-Admiral Case was Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, in 1872-73, to order a movable torpedo-boat for the Navy. Secretary Robeson, who was quick to perceive the value and importance of this new implement of warfare, gave Col. Lay from the first his cordial support, and has most efficiently aided in the development of the invention. This boat is now at the torpedo station at Newport, and has done all that was predicted for it. In 1874 the inventor went to Egypt a second time, and conducted a series of experiments in the use of torpedoes, and in constructing fixed mines. Since his return last year, he has modified and improved his inventions, and brought his movable torpedo to such completeness that little seems to be left for discovery in that direction. It is believed that the new boat built for our Navy is the most perfect implement of war in the world. In simplicity of construction, and the absolute safety of operating it; in the certainty of propelling, guiding and controlling its movements, and in the efficiency with which it is exploded, the Lay movable torpedo seems to

be the greatest achievement of science and skill hitherto applied to submarine defence and warfare.

Colonel Lay has also invented and constructed a submarine fortification or caisson battery, which will hold in readiness for instant use five or more of the movable torpedoes. It can be submerged and raised at will, and readily charged and recharged, and transported at the shortest notice from point to point. This latest invention renders fortifications on land as a means of harbor defence unnecessary, and puts all attacking vessels, of whatever force, wholly at the mercy of the submerged battery.

SUBMARINE WARFARE—TORPEDOES.

THEIR HISTORY.—The use of torpedoes charged with explosive material, we believe was first proposed by Bushnell to Gen. Putnam, during the American Revolution, for the destruction of the British fleet in New York Bay. His device is described as: "A contrivance which could be propelled beneath the surface of water, guided by a skillful oarsman, so as to strike the side of a vessel with sufficient force to attach a torpedo charged with powder, leaving it disconnected from the 'submarine turtle,' used as the carrying agent—leaving the torpedo to be exploded by clockwork." In 1782 a nearly successful attempt was made with this device, by Ezra Lee, on the "Eagle," a sixty-four, the flagship of Lord Howe. An accident alone prevented the success of the undertaking. Robert Fulton was the next to enter this field, showing to France, England and America, several successful experiments of blowing up hulks. But discouraged at the want of appreciation and support by these different governments, he gave up the whole subject. There the matter seemed to have rested till 1845, when Col. Samuel Colt of Connecticut, demonstrated the possibility of exploding powder under water, by means of electricity. These remarkable experiments were made on the Potomac, under the inspection of our Government, by an appropriation of money; but we can obtain no records of the result from any Department at Washington. The first practical attempt to use torpedoes after this, in actual warfare, was made by Russia, in the Baltic, during the Crimean war—but without success. The whole subject seemed to be beyond the comprehension of statesmen; and no progress was practically made until our late civil war, when torpedoes became recognized as effective weapons. The Confederacy adopted them, and with terrific effect. Our Government made little use of them till the case of the Albemarle, when their utility and power were fully displayed.

CHANGES IN THE SYSTEM OF NAVAL WARFARE.—When steam on the water abolished the old system by sails, agencies that were invincible in Nelson's days became playthings, since the Aboukirs and Trafalgars were afterwards to be fought by gigantic iron-clad steamers, which every nation—even to China and Japan—are constructing in the mad and costly race for the supremacy of the ocean, although monster iron-clads, armed with monster guns, have, as in the case of the Vanguard, proved that a slight accident to their

SUBMARINE WARFARE.

hulls below the water-line, can sink them and all they carry to the bottom in an instant. But the use of electricity as the agent in communicating orders, exploding submarine torpedoes, and directing their movements, has invoked still more powerful instruments of destruction. Instead of expending vast treasures for the protection of harbors and exposed sea-coasts, it has been found better to suddenly destroy hostile fleets before they can make an attack, than to construct interminable lines of defence, or enormous and costly iron-clads.

THE LAY SYSTEM OF MOVABLE TORPEDOES.—This seems to be the most ingenious, formidable, scientific, and readily-controlled means to produce these results, that has yet been devised. Being in process of development from an early period of our civil war, its first successful results were witnessed in 1864, when the late Commander Cushing destroyed the Confederate ram Albemarle, by one of Lay's spar torpedoes, and made his name suddenly famous. Since that time, Colonel Lay has quietly worked with his two great allies—patience and science—in completing a system of submarine movable torpedo-boats and caisson batteries, armed with immense charges of gun-cotton or dynamite, so directed by electricity, that their destructive energy is sure to strike any ship far below its water-line, and hurl the floating structure to instant ruin; while under perfect protection, a few trained men can guide from shore or ship, the flying messenger at will. The scientific means used by Colonel Lay, while very simple, are regarded as among the most wonderful of modern discoveries. His movable submarine defences may be anchored anywhere—in a channel or a harbor—where, with any desirable number of movable torpedoes, any enemy can be approached. They can be moved from point to point along the coast, and thus multiply the power of destruction indefinitely, until their terrible engine shall be used in some inevitable struggle.

BUSHNELL, FULTON, COLT, AND LAY.—These historic names, which will always be associated with the development of submarine warfare, and the successful introduction of the torpedo, are all Americans. Of Fulton's history we have elsewhere spoken. Colt is inseparably connected with the revolver and repeating firearms; while with more patient proceedings, and greater experimental knowledge than his predecessors, Lay has continued unfalteringly at his work, till he has mastered its details, and overcome its difficulties. His attacking party control their movements under water, with absolute precision, and with the certainty of being safe when they attack and destroy an enemy. Experiments have proved that the operator of a Lay movable torpedo, from his own vessel, or from the shore, holds—without risk to his life—even at a distance of two and a half miles, absolute control of the direction, movements and time of igniting the charge so as to secure the most effective results. The cost of these implements, as compared with any other of the great inventions of modern warfare, is trifling. They can be quickly constructed, and transported at an instant's notice. They can be used with equal facility from a ship on her voyage, or from the shore; their approach cannot be observed by the enemy, and they dispense with fortifications on land, even with iron-clads at sea, or fixed mines in harbors.

COLUMBIA WELCOMING THE NATIONS.

"Now Welcome to these western shores!" behold, Columbia cries:
A glory round her star-girt brow and in her beaming eyes,
Her arms outstretched, her head upraised, her banner high unfurled,
She greets the nations as they come—a Congress of the World!

She waits in gentle majesty upon the soil where Penn
First taught the troubled Western World the brotherhood of men.
His spirit lingers in her look, his tones within her voice,
That calls aloud throughout the earth, "Come ye, with me rejoice!
Come ye like armies, but without the slow and measured tramp;
Nor rank nor file; forgotten all the insignia of the camp,
Come ye in peace; no war-cloud now casts shadow o'er the land;
No thought of strife; like host and guest, we meet with clasped hand."

Behold! they come; their steeds are fire, outspread the swelling sail;
Their footsteps touch our eager shores; the nation cries "All hail!"
A shout of rapture cleaves the air; a thousand welcomes sound:
They come! the stranger's foot is set on friendship's hallowed ground.

Amid the glittering array, fair Spain claims greeting first:
The iron bands of ignorance her sons had strength to burst;
When locked within a watery world none other dared to brave;
Columbus rose in might, and wrung the secret from the wave.
Thy Queen had manned the deck he trod to triumph o'er the main;
Thou land of sunshine, thine the praise—All hail to thee, O Spain!

To England, then, whose pilgrim band first reared upon our sod
Their altars sacred to the names of Liberty and God.
Thine impress lies upon our life, O England, proud and bold
Foremost among thy children's names our own is still enrolled,
Thou would'st have curbed the adult strength that struggled to be free;

Yet grown-up children cannot cling around a mother's knee.
We only shook thy shackles loose that we might clasp thy hand,
As sons their sires, when, side by side, of equal height they stand.
Nearest to us of all who come, we spring to thy embrace,
Our mother England! we are not a strange or alien race,
Thou leav'st to visit us to—lay thy proud ancestral domes,
As one who journeys to behold her children in new homes.

Hail to thee, France! Thy noble sons did many a valiant deed,
Thine arm sustained our fading strength in hour of direst need.
Behold the name of Lafayette! we write it side by side
With his, the Father of our land, her savior and her pride
Baptized with fire, the war-cloud since has darkened o'er thy brow;
Yet, like a giant, maimed a while, thy strength returneth now.
True to thyself, as true to us, the furnace seven times hot
Through which thy suffering feet have trod ere long shall be forgot.
And since for us in days gone by thy sons left song and dance,
Columbia greets thee as of old, thou great and glorious France!

All hail, Germania! from thy seat beside the castled Rhine;
Thy language that was learned beside the River of the Vine
Rings out a welcome on the air; its accents greet thine ear;
The children of thy Fatherland, they spring to meet thee here.
Columbia knows thy voice of old. Behold! she bids thee stand,
With foreign soil beneath thy feet, no stranger in the land.
The tidings of thy warlike deeds have sounded o'er the sea;
Mighty in war, thou lovest peace. Germania, hail to thee!

Thus on by one before her eyes they pass in proud review;
The nations of the earth arise, the Old World and the New.

With trophies from the glowing South and from the frozen North,
From Orient and Occident—behold they hasten forth.
Columbia bows her stately head; no younger land can vie
With all the storied wealth that glows beneath an Eastern sky.
The fabrics spun by Europe's looms she may not match in hue;
Her sons wore homespun many a year; her silken robes are new.

And ye who come from Europe's shores, expect not to behold
Within the New World's borders all the wonders of the Old;
Our nation is of yesterday, and all but Nature young;
From forest and from wilderness our towns and cities sprung;
No gorgeous palaces have we to match your stately piles—
Cathedrals old and gray with time, in whose dim-lighted aisles
The feet of many centuries have worn the graven stones
Beneath whose sculptured effigies sleep many a hero's bones;
We cannot boast the treasured art of Athens and of Rome;
Not these we offer to your gaze in Freedom's Western home.

Our labors are of sterner mould; Columbia may not boast,
But yet may point with modesty that e'en becomes a host
Who leads a guest throughout his halls—one who desires to know
What of the richest and the best their master has to show.
Behold our lands, their wide extent; and yet from sea to sea
Our steeds of fire on paths of steel sweep on triumphantly.
Behold the lightning chained and bound, whose flash can well
reveal

Each impulse of the nation's heart that guides the common weal,
And threaded by the silver streams traced out by man's own hand,
The produce of our prairies wide flows forth to all the land.
A thousand cities flock the plain; their towers and steeples high,
They shimmer in the glittering sun, and point toward the sky.
Our ships ride on the swelling wave, and each one as it goes
Reveals the story of the wealth with which our land o'erflows.
Our tasks were homely; but when sure the firm foundation lies,
Naught lacks but time; the years shall see the glorious fabric rise.

A hundred years of weal and woe; and thus our work has sped,
And yet within the century that o'er her life has fled,
Three times Columbia bared her breast to meet a mortal shock;
Three times her pure and peaceful brow the war-god rose to mock.
She bent beneath the discipline of blood and fire and sword;
And, purified like saints of old, her voice rings out abroad,
"Send forth your suffering and your poor!" To them the summons
goes;

Behold! to them the wilderness shall blossom as the rose;
The forests yield, the wheat-fields rise, the rocks retire apace,
And richest harvests crown the land in Freedom's dwelling-place;
Our sons, like Judah's, sit beneath the fig-tree and the vine;
The olive and the Sharon Rose around our homes entwine.

O ye that journey from afar from every clime of earth,
Who come to join a sister-land in her Centennial mirth,
Take to your heart the welcoming that heartfelt we extend,
And hail the auspicio reign of peace, God grant may never end!
Hushed be the brazen throat of war; the battle-flags lie furled;
The light that beamed from Bethlehem's star shine over all the
world;

The gracious message that was heard of old in Galilee,
Re-echo now from pole to pole, and ring from sea to sea!
United now as ne'er before, since Time's first cycles ran,
Earth learns the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man!

—Harper's Weekly.



Oliver C. Thorne
G. M.

New York

FREE MASONRY AND ITS TEMPLES.

JUNE 2, A.D. 1875, A.L. 5875—was to be marked by a white stone in the history of humanity; for it was to witness the dedication of the most chaste and imposing Temple erected on this hemisphere for the sublime and holy purposes for which the Order of Free and Accepted Masons had been founded in previous ages. As the Masonic Temple of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York now stands on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, it is a monument which has been raised during the last thirty years, from the small beginning of a single silver dollar cast on the altar of his lodge by Greenfield Pote, a hard-laboring man, who in some plain but eloquent words forecast the magnificent result now seen in the stately edifice, which with the ground it stands on all complete, exceeds the stupendous sum of one million dollars of expenditure. The "Hall and Asylum Fund" was primarily established with a view of furnishing aid and protection to those Masons who had become enfeebled by age or sickness, and to the widows and orphans of members removed by death. It also embraced the further idea of the construction of a Temple which should be the home of the Grand Lodge of the State, and afford accommodations in its numerous and spacious rooms for the meetings of subordinate lodges of the city, and the chapters and commanderies of the State and Nation—a spot where Masonic treasures of all kinds might remain secure within the enclosure of a building which seemed capable of resisting the wasting destruction of the most desolating fire.

The Masons of the last generation of the State of New York who founded this fund, settled the question of its investment before they began. It was wisely determined to invest the fund in real estate in New York City, which when paid for, should be as secure as any material property can be, and ever after produce an income for the maintenance of the Asylum which it was proposed to found in the interior of the State. The fund steadily grew from small contributions, with occasional entertainments given by artist-members of the craft, among others, Ole Bull and Edwin Forrest. In 1866 the fund had swelled to \$120,000, with which the valuable property on the corner of Grand and Crosby Streets was secured. The following year a Masonic fair netted \$51,000, and a further increase of \$42,000 was realized on the net profit of the sale of the real estate first purchased. The fund now rapidly increased until 1870, when it was raised to \$381,000. In January of that year, under a perpetual charter from the State of New York, the plan of the

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

architect, Mr. Le Brun, was accepted, and on the 8th of June the corner-stone was laid in the presence of not only 700 lodges of New York State, but of many thousands of Masons from every part of the country. From that day the work was steadily carried on until its completion. The procession and the ceremonies of that great event were among the most imposing ever witnessed in the metropolis. The solemnity of the occasion, and the dignity with which all the proceedings were conducted, made a profound impression upon the vast multitudes who witnessed them.*

We have but a word for a description of the Temple. The exterior is designed in the pure French Renaissance style, each story being indicated by a separate subordinate order, commencing as is the rule in the most classic examples of that style, with the massive and simple Tuscan, and increasing in the other stories in richness and lightness through the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders successively, till the Mansard, or fifth story is reached. To impart to the base of the pile the appearance of stability and support, the light blue granite facing of the building is combined in the Tuscan story with bands of Quincy syenite of a darker hue. Imposing projection is given to the columns, pilasters, and rustications; and the reveals of the windows being deep, and the solids and voids well and boldly balanced, the general effect of strength and repose fully satisfies the most experienced eye. The building is divided perpendicularly on Twenty-third Street into a central columniated pavilion fifty feet wide, in which

* The chaste and brief Address of the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the State of New York, so completely embodied the objects and sentiments which had given origin to the enterprise, and then inspired the whole Fraternity, that it is worthy of a place in this brief record, after a sketch of the man himself.

ELLWOOD ENGLE THORNE, the present Grand Master of the State of New York, was born in Philadelphia October 2, 1831; his father being a physician of some eminence, and an "approved minister" of the Society of Friends. At the age of thirteen, his education was so far advanced, he was appointed librarian of an extensive collection. But aspiring to a more active life, he spent some years in traveling through the Western and Southern States, on long journeys, often on horseback for several hundred miles, as the confidential agent of large mercantile houses. After a long experience in these and confidential missions, he joined a large commercial house in New York, which he was induced to leave, only to take the management as President of the Central Safe Deposit Co., which was first suggested by him. His Masonic record dates from 1854, in connection with the Lafayette Lodge, No. 81, of Cincinnati. In 1857 he joined the Holland Lodge of New York City, its name and number being afterwards changed to Prince of Orange, No. 16. Serving in the different offices, he was elected Master in 1859, and re-elected for twelve successive years to that important position. His great services to the Masonic Fraternity were appreciated, and in 1872 he was elected Deputy Grand Master, and unanimously re-elected in 1873. The following year he was elected Grand Master, and re-elected unanimously on the 3d of June, 1875. In that capacity he dedicated the new Masonic Temple of New York, and subsequently the new Hall at Albany. He has been elected to the Thirty-third Degree of Scottish Rite—been presiding officer of Phoenix Chapter, No. 2; Adelpic Council, No. 7, and Palestine Commandery, No. 18, of Knight Templars. As President of the Board of Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund, and Chairman of the Building Committee of the Temple, he has had more hard and responsible work thrown upon his shoulders, than any one of his predecessors in that exalted position. With all his abilities, and as an executive business man, and his shining qualities as a Mason—up all whose steps he has passed so brilliantly—he would have been utterly unable to complete such a record, without the hearty co-operation of his brother associates.

BRETHREN :—We have assembled at this time and in this place, to crown the work of more than a quarter of a century, by solemnly dedicating and setting apart this building for the purposes of that great fraternity of which we are all proud to be constituent members—and while we may justly feel elated, that, in this, the great commercial

FREE MASONSRY AND ITS TEMPLES.

the granite work extending through the Mansard story, is capped by a quadrangular dome ; on each side of which are two curtains containing niches for allegorical statues : and at each angle heavy rusticated pavilions, each 26 feet wide, form a massive framework to the design. The height from the sidewalk to the main cornice is 94 feet. The Mansard pavilions extend 30 feet higher, and the dome overtopping all, attains an altitude of 165 feet from the curb level, thus giving a grand pyramidal finish to the structure. Even with a minute description of the interior drawn by a master-hand, an architect himself could form little idea of the simplicity and complete adaptation of all the rooms to the special purposes for which they were intended ; least of all to the inimitable blending of chasteness and splendor which everywhere greets the eye, and refines while inflaming the imagination. The whole of the first story is devoted to spacious and magnificent rooms for commercial purposes ; and from which a large revenue is sure to be derived in the future. Two of the principal apartments are worthy of special mention. The Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street corner is occupied by D. B. Howell & Co., manufacturers of Masonic goods, and publishers of Masonic Literature and blanks. They have well earned their reputation as standing at the head of this important department of art, manufactures, and commerce.

At the other end of the Temple, on Twenty-third Street, the large apartment—52 feet by 100—is occupied by the Central Safe Deposit Co., the fourth great institution of this kind established in New York, and in all respects the most complete. The names of the founders *

metropolis of our country, there is at last a temple built with the best care and appliances of human skill, garnished and adorned in a manner fitting the wealth and power of the hundred thousand craftsmen of this jurisdiction, yet *that* after all is the least important part of the work. These solid walls built to stand unshaken before generations yet unborn ; the proud dome overlooking the marts where commerce and manufactures give sustenance to millions, may lend additional lustre to the eye, and an honest swelling of the heart to the craftsmen who look upon them and feel that this is the work of their hands—the splendid result of their labor, devotion, and sacrifice. The earnest and gratefully received congratulations of our peers from every part of the world may excuse our joy on this festal day. But more than all this, is the reflection that, with the close of this day's labor, we have reached the second step in that great undertaking conceived in fear and amid doubt and perplexity, that there should be erected in the City of New York a *Hall*, the revenues of which are to be a perpetual and an inalienable endowment to the largest system of benevolence ever undertaken by the craft. This Hall, therefore, is not so much for the convenience of our working, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, as it is for the benefit of the aged and needy brother, the destitute widow and orphans of our household. I would, therefore, dear brethren, while we pause for the solemn services of this occasion, that we here and now gather fresh zeal, more earnest devotion, more unchangeable resolve to go on with the appointed labor. I would that in your prayers, you solicit from the Great Architect, not only the continuance of the blessings He has thus far and so abundantly showered upon the work of your hands, but that He will give light and courage and tireless energy to persevere unto the end. I would that you may all understand and appreciate how great, how noble, how elevating the design drawn upon our trestle-board by the founders of this enterprise, and that it may be given to each of you to give a portion, at least, of his Masonic life to the completion of the task still before us, looking not here for our reward, but remembering that our Father, who seeth in secret, will reward us openly, remembering that when we have received the summons, which bids us lay down the working tools of our profession and pass to the better life beyond, the gratitude and prayers of the little ones will adorn our memory as with gems of untold value. I now invoke your assistance in the ceremonies of the dedication.

* *DIRECTORS*.—Charles Roome, President Manhattan Gas Company ; Darius R. Mangam, President National Trust Company ; Edward V. Loew, President Manufacturers' and Builders' Fire Insurance Company ; George Pan-

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

of this noble institution were a sufficient guarantee of the solidity of their work, and the certainty of their embracing in it not only every improvement hitherto known, but the introduction of many others which had been suggested by imperfections in previous enterprises, but whatever inventive genius and skill, handsomely rewarded, could devise.

Nothing has been spared by the builders to attain absolute security against fire, burglary, or a possibility of a betrayal of confidence.* Such an institution as this is *exclusively an American idea*. There was an imperative need in the City of New York for the establishment of the most perfect one that could be devised. The American people are beginning to comprehend the inestimable value of such a Safe Deposit as this. The Banks cannot do this business, for they are not legally responsible for the safe-keeping of anything deposited with them except money; nor is the guarantee, or means for the safe-keeping of treasures by private bankers, sufficient for adequate security. Hence the occasional occurrence of heavy failures or defalcations, robberies, or fires, which have been attended with such heavy losses to innocent but unfortunate parties. So close have the relations of every part of this country, and many foreign nations, become with the City of New York, that the knowledge of the existence of such an institution, and the facilities it affords to visitors to secure and preserve their many valuables, as well as to persons at a distance who wish to secure the same results, that it will doubtless grow into a Safe Deposit for people in every part of the country.

And thus in the Centennial Year, this grand Masonic Temple stands, overlooking the Atlantic coast, holding out its blazing signal to greet the Masons of the World to a spot where they may feel at home—since our Brotherhood is limited to no clime, and is circumscribed by the boundaries of no Nation.

If our object had been to attempt to cast glory on the Masonic Fraternity, we should only have had to point to the long line of worthies who adorn this work in every department of American achievement, since the great majority of them, from Washington and Lafayette down, were honored and cherished lights in our Masonic Temples, and have been translated to the Higher Circles above.

coast, President Archer & Pancoast Manufacturing Company; Edward B. Bulkley, President Jefferson Iron Company; Alexander M. Lesley, President Trades Savings Bank; Thomas L. James, Postmaster, New York; George E. Sterry, Weaver & Sterry, Importers of Drugs; William H. Howell, Howell, Barr & Co., Dealers in Syrups; Archibald Hance, Superintendent Dry Dock, E. B. & B. R. R. Company; Ellwood E. Thorne, 71 & 73 West Twenty-third Street. Ellwood E. Thorne, President; John P. Roberts, Secretary and Treasurer; William A. Frazer, Sup't.

* *DESCRIPTION OF VAULTS.*—The vaults containing the safes for deposit of securities and storage of valuables are founded upon a ledge of rock beneath the building in which erected, and are constructed in the best possible manner of five plates of welded steel and iron, two and one-half inches thick, fastened together with patent conical twisted steel and iron screw bolts; each corner is secured by solid welded steel and iron angle-irons. The massive doors are fitted with patent dovetails, tenon and grooves closing into corresponding dovetails, tenon and grooves in the jambs, and are secured by the most approved combination double-dial bank-locks. These plates are surrounded by a brick wall thirty-four inches thick, laid in concrete in the most thorough manner. An iron casing with additional heavy double fire-proof doors and patent locks encloses the whole. These vaults and safes having been built by one of the foremost and most celebrated makers, combining the valuable patents of himself and others, are faultless in construction, and are offered to the patronage of the public with the fullest confidence and assurance of the most perfect safety and security.



L. B. Beemer

LUCIUS B. BOOMER.

BRIDGE-BUILDERS—from the time of Julius Cæsar, who spanned a great river with a bridge constructed on principles that have never since been ignored—have been ranked with State-builders, as we have already had occasion to remark. This Record should contain the name, the portrait, and some account of the works of the man who has built more bridges than any other man living, and his structures have stood the test of time, with its floods and tornadoes, under severest tests, which show not only his genius as an engineer, but his integrity as a man, which has never been impaired, great as his labors, and short as his life has been. He has built bridges in four of the Territories, and all the States of the Union except six of the Middle and Southern, and those on the Pacific coast. Starting with small beginnings, his company has already closed the contract for spanning the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, which will be completed within contract time, and which will be the largest bridge in the world: the length being 5,300 feet, five spans of which will be 525 feet each. It is to be 300 feet from the bedrock to the grade. The water is from fifty to sixty feet deep, and the bottom of the bridge is to be 130 feet above high tide. The track will be on top of the trusses of the bridge, which are 60 feet in height, making the track 190 feet above high tide. The piers will be of first-class masonry, laid upon pneumatic caissons.

Mr. Boomer was born near Worcester, Mass., on the semi-centennial day of the nation, and his life for half a century has been crowded with struggles and triumphs. Springing from a strong, self-reliant, Massachusetts stock, father and mother descended from ancestors that any brave man might be proud of, but like most of the founders and sturdy sons of New England, hard working people, caring more for education and independence for themselves and their nation, than for wealth, he was early taught at home, and in the district schools, to work out his own fortune: and so the bright boy at the age of fourteen, left the old roof-tree to take care of himself. After some experiments as a clerk on small pay, he finally engaged with Boody, Stone & Co., bridge-builders and railway contractors of Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1846. He began at the bottom, using workman's tools from the saw and the jack-plane, till he mastered the art well enough to be sent as their agent where they had work to do in the State of Vermont. After some years of this sort of apprenticeship, he started for Cleveland, Ohio, to begin a business on his own account which would afford a larger field for the use of his experience in bridge-

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

building which had early become his choice as a pursuit for life. He made contracts for building the bridges of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh, the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, and the Jeffersonville railroads, in connection with his partners, Thatcher, Stone & Co., all of which he carried through promptly and well.

In 1850, when the death of his wife left him no solace except in a surviving son and hard work, he dissolved partnership, and, in 1851, journeyed extensively through the new growing States of the West, where his observations taught him that Chicago was the coming capital of that region; he again became associated with his friend Mr. Stone, one of his late partners, and they established themselves there under the firm of Stone & Boomer.

Success attended this combination of enterprise and experience, and they added car-building to their business, turning out the first car ever built in Chicago. In September, 1855, their establishment with all its materials and many cars finished or on the way to completion, was melted in fire. The Phoenix of his ambition rose from the ashes. The American Car Co. of the same city had failed, and purchasing their property, then under the control of the Illinois Central Railroad Co., by paying down \$60,000, with an agreement to pay to them a certain per cent. on the orders received from them towards a liquidation of the balance of the purchase-money—and payable in no other way. But railroad construction soon began to decline, owing to excessive credit of the commercial world, and their works were sold to the Illinois Central Railroad Co. in December, 1856. The partnership was dissolved in February, 1857; but their record had been a very noble one, for up to this time they had built all the principal bridges for all the railroads, including the first bridge over the Mississippi River at Rock Island, as well as many highway bridges and canal viaducts in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri.

Mr. Boomer now devoted himself exclusively to the bridge business. His fortune, which had been quite large, was swept away by the crisis of '57, and like most men in his business whose hopes and enterprise outstripped such volcanic ups and downs, he found himself \$75,000 in debt. He now struggled hard; but with all the resources of his talent, whatever he touched seemed to prove as fatal as rank poison. He got his creditors together, and after reducing them to five parties who could not afford to have him fail, he laid out his plans for action—their only security being his integrity and courage. He went to work to reduce his indebtedness, and it was through what was then known as "stump tail" times. But he worked sturdily through all those troubles, never losing the confidence, for a moment, of the men to whom he owed the most money; for they had implicit faith in him, stripped as he was.

The war to save the Union came on. Gen. Grant, then in control of the broad region of the Ohio and Mississippi, knew of this bridge-builder, and sent for him. In 1862 he contracted with the General to rebuild the bridges of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad for army transportation. These two men, so great in their two departments, were fitted for one another. The first contract was promptly and efficiently carried through. Again Boomer was wanted to rebuild the bridges on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. The job was done on time. The third order was on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad. The latter involved

LUCIUS B. BOOMER.

about 5,000 lineal feet of construction, and the contract was made in November, too late to permit lake navigation, and as the contractor had very little lumber in his yard at Chicago, he applied to a railroad company there, which had an ample supply of the material he wanted. He became master of the situation. Of short timber, he had a supply from several mills in Wisconsin. In those times emergencies were common, and on the road to victory Grant knew no obstacles. Those bridges to make the road for Grant's victorious army had to be built when wanted; and he gave to his contractor authority to use all the forces of the government, even to seize materials and rolling-stock for transportation. This perilous contract was filled. It was to be completed in ninety days; it was perfectly done in seventy-eight. Nor had he been obliged to use the special powers which Grant had given him! He made arrangements to run a regular train from Chicago, manufacturing and transporting more than 6,000 tons of timber and iron over 750 miles of railway.

Once more Gen. Grant asked him how long it would take to complete another job of 10,000 feet of Howe-truss bridge. Boomer said "ninety days if you pay my price." Grant gave him all the bridges to Atlanta, and Boomer built all the military railroad bridges in the department of Tennessee and Cumberland. Meantime he was extensively engaged in building bridges for railroad companies in the North; none of these enterprises, difficult as they were, interfering with his contracts for the government, which were carried out promptly enough to satisfy even the exacting demands of Grant himself.

He now began to build the bridges on the Union Pacific Railroad, and completed them all, proving that he had mastered all the combinations of iron with wood in such constructions. He had long contemplated the construction of iron bridges as a permanent substitute for less fragile structures, and he closed the contract for the building of the iron bridge, including the pneumatic substructure, over the Missouri River at Omaha. The structure of this bridge was different in principle from any that had been built in this country, with two exceptions—one over the Pedee in South Carolina, the other over the Harlem, both of them comparatively small structures. The pneumatic tubes required for the Omaha bridge being eight and one-half feet in diameter, and their foundations ninety feet beneath low water, it was very difficult to get the columns which composed the piers cast, or faced up. He had to devise means for this difficult work. All this required the construction of the largest iron-bridge manufacturing works in this country. They were built in Chicago, covering three acres of buildings under roof, and were filled with bristling machinery. Owing to the profusion of surface water in that city, he was obliged to make a concrete bottom to his pit (for casting these columns), which was forty-eight feet in diameter, and fourteen in depth, with a masonry wall water-tight around it. In that pit he made eight others of sufficient size to admit of casting cylinders ten feet long; and by inserting an ingenious core-barrel composed of eight movable perforated staves properly fastened to a cast-iron sleeve, which slipped over a wrought-iron spindle which was securely fastened in an iron spider-frame about two feet from the bottom of the pit, which was accessible by means of a man-hole, to admit a person into it for the purpose of loosening the keys after pouring the metal—he succeeded. Each cylinder had a flange within half an inch of each end, projecting about three inches from the inside

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

of the shell, and of an amount of metal equal to the strength of the shell, one-half of the number of which were one and a half inches thick, and the other, one and three-quarter inches. These new and ingenious devices resulted in the production of cylinders without any strain upon the iron. All this was a great advance in the science of bridge-building, and covered a field of mechanism of which we had before no knowledge. He was obliged in these processes to invent devices and construct machinery which had never been made, or perhaps conceived of. These enormous cylinders, of the average weight of ten tons each, had to be rolled from the pit into a lathe that would swing 10 feet, where each end was faced up at the same time, and from there between a pair of drills which drilled the holes of both flanges five inches apart at the same time, when they were sunk to their places on the pneumatic principle by means of a newly contrived air-lock placed ten feet from the bottom of the column, where, bolted together, they answered every purpose for which they had been designed. The men worked in them with safety and convenience. Thus underground and submerged in water, by a marvelous combination of steam-power and air, the men went to their work, laying foundations entirely beyond the reach of tide or flood, of heat or frost—always accessible if repairs should be needed, and always under the control of the builder.

We have no room to enter farther into the details of these mechanical processes. It is enough to say that Mr. Boomer has mastered every difficulty he has encountered, that ever arrested the progress of his predecessors or rivals, until he has won the fair reputation of being the most extensive and successful bridge-builder that ever lived. In the year 1870, his business growing so extensive, he was obliged to consolidate all his interests into a stock company, styled the American Bridge Co., which in 1872 built nearly eight miles of bridges, including all iron and iron in combination with wood, and besides about 400,000 superficial feet of passenger, and engine house, and machine shop roofs; among which was the roof of the Lake Shore, Michigan Southern, and Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railways at Chicago; and the company is now prosecuting its business wherever in the East, or through the West, great and difficult enterprises have to be carried through.

Their latest and grandest enterprise will be the spanning of the Hudson River to which we have already alluded, and which, being in the hands of such men, is likely to be completed at an earlier period, and with more reliability, integrity, and economy, than any enterprise of a similar magnitude at any period of history—neither will it be attended with the stealings of rings, nor exhaust the treasures of two cities.



John Anderson.

JOHN ANDERSON.

THIS thoroughly self-made man, was born in New York City in 1813, the son of an Englishman who fell during the War of 1812 in the cause of his adopted country, his mother being a native of New York. No one more fittingly represents the important element of agricultural and manufacturing wealth which tobacco occupies in the industries of the country. There are few parts of the civilized world where "John Anderson's Solace" has not found its way. From this business he is understood to have acquired a large fortune, devoting it generously to humanity, science, patriotism and art. Leaving his prosperous business to an only son of the same name, he retired from commercial life—still in the full vigor of his prime—to devote himself to his higher tastes for study, society, travel and culture. Often pressed to accept the nomination for the chief magistracy of his native city, and for Congress, he persistently declined, although he has always manifested a lively sympathy in public affairs. Although strongly opposed to the adoption of extreme measures against the South, yet when the Rebellion rendered the great struggle for the integrity of the Union inevitable, he threw the whole weight of his personal and pecuniary influence on the side of the Republic. When it was believed that New York City lacked legal authority to raise a bounty fund for the support of the families of drafted men, Mr. Anderson headed a subscription for the special, unauthorized loan of half a million. His example being followed by other patriotic men, the amount was raised at once. So, too, when Jersey City could not legally provide for sending its contingent to the field, he sent to the Mayor his check for \$60,000; in both cases his acts inspiring a deeper and more enthusiastic patriotism.

When the battle-cry for the Union and Independence of Italy struck the shores of America, it met one of its most earnest and generous responses in the heart of John Anderson, and he led the popular movement in this country which was so profoundly felt throughout the land of Columbus. Finding Gen. Avezzana in New York, with many other brave Italians, without means to join their friend Garibaldi, Mr. Anderson came to the rescue, and Avezzana reached Garibaldi in time to participate in the glories of Caserta. The Dictator of the Two Sicilies sent back the most touching expressions of his gratitude to "The American benefactor of Italian Liberty." Again, he projected and carried out the memorable Italian meeting in New York, December, 1860, heading the fund to aid Garibaldi in his heroic struggles. Recently, when it became known that Garibaldi had preferred poverty in his old age;

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

to gifts from a king, Mr. Anderson, who had been his guest at his home, wrote an affectionate letter to the old hero, enclosing a draft for 5,000 francs, and announcing that a like annuity would be continued during the rest of his life. Such a tribute from the American Republic, and a cherished friend, the unselfish and heroic democrat could understand and accept ; and it enabled him to decline gifts from his countrymen, who had thus been stimulated by the spontaneous act of a foreigner, to a tardy recognition of the claims of their chief deliverer.

Hearing, in 1873, that Professor Louis Agassiz, the chieftain of modern science, was in search for a fitting location for a summer School for the instruction of teachers in Natural History, Mr. Anderson presented to him his island of Penikese, with \$50,000 to aid in the creation of an endowment fund for the support of the Institution. The money was employed by the Professor in the erection and furnishing of a school-building. The Institution he duly inaugurated, under the name of the Anderson School of Natural History, and successfully superintended in person during the session of the first year. The School however, suffered an irreparable loss in the death of the great scientist in the early part of the following year.

DOES THOUGHT DIE?—Is thought, as well as mind, eternal? Is motion the unvarying law of thought as well as matter, and consequently, is absolute rest for anything in the universe, an impossibility? The *a priori* argument in all broad philosophy in a moral system, implies the doctrine of the contending forces of good and evil as being everywhere present. It *may* be possible to conceive of a moral system in which there should be for a while complete order and harmony, without conflict, collision or struggle. Common ideas of Heaven suppose this to be the case. But harmony we always think of as limited to a place, like the quiet of a household or some sweet landscape in nature, and yet in neither is repose ever found.

It would be hard indeed to conceive of a widely-extended system of absolute quietude. The nearest approach to it, perhaps, would be one of apathy, which, in the degrees to which the conception was carried, would be an approach to absolute death—the suspension of all motion, even of the transmission of thought.

The practical fact is, that we have no knowledge of the existence of such a moral system, nor have we any analogy in nature on which to base such a conception. It is a well-ascertained fact that there is nothing in the physical universe yet found to be in a state of actual repose. All matter that we are acquainted with has not only one motion, but many ; from all separate atoms to all their congregated masses, as they advance from the minutest visible forms to the most extended sidereal systems. The vital forces of nature—and all nature's forces are vital—even decay in its processes, being one of the mightiest elements of power we ever encounter. All this involves ceaseless activity, so that the mind which is acquainted with the

DOES THOUGHT DIE ?

laws of the physical creation has no longer the power of conceiving of such a thing as *absolute rest*. A dreamless *sleep* even, is not *thinkable*.

We know that when we leave the physical, and enter upon the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual realms, we find what seem to be corresponding forces of vitality and movement. Extending our observations still further, we take up the analysis of a single human thought. That thought is the product of inconceivable other ranges of thought—the fruit of infinite series of moral waves of propulsion. Hence, we find no difficulty in adopting, but rather a difficulty in rejecting, the theory that a thought once conceived, an aspiration once heaved, a wish once passing from the soul, enters upon its eternal rhythm, acting on and being acted upon forever. This theory of the ceaselessness of motion in the moral, as well as the material universe, is forcibly illustrated by Herbert Spencer in his “First Principles of Philosophy.”

Considering then the endlessness of every influence which goes forth from an individual mind, conscience exacts that perfect purity of soul which exempts it from all possible blame being attributed to it in eternal ages. It is not possible to conceive that the evil results of any violation of the pure moral law of God can ever cease. It is not conceivable that the perpetration of a wrong act can ever bring pleasure in the recollection. The sharpness of the pang of the first penitential sorrow, may grow less acute on the recurrence of the memory ; and mitigating circumstances might have a tendency to soften the asperity of grief. But the down feathers of the eternal wings that shelter the soul, will never be so soft that perpetration of any wrong will not bring with it something of regret to disturb them. The presence of higher joys and mightier occupations may leave less time for such memories to recur ; the wave we leave may get to be so far behind us, that its heavy swells may die away into an almost imperceptible ripple ; but the rhythmical law of memory, however aptly it may be invoked, will not meet the case far enough to make the physical analogy hold perfectly good.

The necessarily eternal type, therefore, of results that will attend every moral act, must adhere forever to the memory of its performance ; and thus the only comfort we can legitimately draw from that dark side of our spiritual life, is in the fact that we progress from one stage of purity to another, in the strange work of subduing the passions, and accelerating our progress in climbing the heights of the everlasting mountains.

After leaving the First Great Cause, it is impossible to conceive of any being or thing which exists independently and of itself. All results, therefore, physical, intellectual, moral, or spiritual, spring from causes that often elude our observation. This is especially true when we are dealing with the realm of what is called the invisible—by which we mean those facts, beings, and transactions, in the moral and spiritual universe, which are neither palpable enough to our physical senses to be appreciated, nor yet so entirely beyond the grasp of our imagination as to elude our approach to them nearer or more remote.

Science tells us that every grain of matter is attracted by every other grain, so that the least atom of the farthest star sends forth its tiny wave of power, to be felt by the central sun. Let us, by a sudden leap of the imagination, place ourselves by the side of Plato, the Gods of whose Heavens were moved by the strifes, the struggles, the aspirations, and the prayers of mortals. Let us plant ourselves upon the mount of Christian vision, and we shall

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

see the heavenly hosts suspend their anthems while the Man of Nazareth was passing through his final suffering. We cannot conceive of a "Father in Heaven," who is not touched with a feeling of our infirmities. So throughout the realm of the moral universe, we find this rhythmical power emanating from each individual soul, swaying with greater or less potency the whole system of which it constitutes but an atomic part.

A feeble but apt illustration may be found in support of the rhythmical theory of spiritual power, in the influence of the knowledge of any act, good or evil, done by any moral being upon every other moral being that ever finds it out. Here the sway of the novelist and poet, the great artistic creators in sculpture, painting, architecture, and music asserts its masterdom.

Among the least, but most striking, of the incidents in the life of Jesus, we find the story of the poor widow who cast her mite into the treasury. Many that were rich cast in much; but she cast in more than all, for she gave all she had. It was no deed of very great magnanimity which is recorded to the deathless praise of the good Samaritan, but it will live forever; and the tender act of the redeemed and beautiful woman who brought her all to anoint the head of the "Man of Sorrows," he accepted as a holy offering—a preparation of his body for the already waiting tomb. The narrator says, "Wheresoever this gospel is preached, the same shall be told as a memorial of her."

We even borrow inspiration from the noble examples of generosity so often set us by the brute creation. The humane Newfoundland dog that rescued the drowning boy, was worthy of the medal given him by the Humane Society, and of the portrayal of Landseer's pencil.

If, then, no good thought shall ever die; if no holy aspiration shall pass with wearied wings into the far-off future; if no prayer from the stricken spirit of suffering man shall ever fall on unheeded ears above; but if every pure finger that touches the eternal harp wakes melody that is ceaseless, why cannot we conceive of a universe in which the conquest of good over evil may finally be complete, or at least where the bark of humanity, tossed on so many oceans, may at last glide into a calm harbor, so guarded and bound by the eternal rocks of ages, that trouble can never enter, and sorrow be no more?

With such sapphire tints of fadeless day flashing from the immortal land upon strained and o'ertired human vision, why cannot such prospects nerve the arm of the weakest who are good, to reach down and bring up those that are fallen the lowest? Why can there not emanate from the very glow of these half-dimmed eyeballs such ineffable light as will attract to us those who without some such allurements may be doomed still to wait?



Long, Perry

LORING PICKERING.

THIS gentleman, who has done so much for journalism in the far West, and fairly won the honor of being among the early and indefatigable builders of the New America on the shores of the Pacific, was born in New Hampshire, July 31, 1812. At a very early period his ancestors had settled in Salem, Massachusetts. He received the usual education given to boys sprung from such noble descent, among whose priceless inheritances is an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Thus his intellectual culture could not be measured by the simple advantages of district schools and academies, for his desire for learning prompted him to seize every opportunity afforded by books, periodicals, and intellectual society.

His ambition rose above his surroundings, and in 1832 he started for the West, which had then become fully recognized as the Promised Land of genius and enterprise—quite able to make his way wherever industry, talent, and probity were wanted. He sought and embraced transient opportunities for business in Louisville, New Orleans, Illinois, and St. Louis, successfully prosecuting such commercial enterprises as promised best, and finding himself on the way to fortune. During the period of his wanderings he had made frequent contributions to the leading journals where his business called him, and at last, in the spring of 1846, he found himself so irresistibly drawn to journalism that he adopted it as a profession for life. He did not reach this decision until he became convinced that it was the field which his studies and observations had specially qualified him to enter. Having thus made a final decision, he went to its execution with zeal and enlightened firmness; and he brought to his undertaking the rare combination of qualities which could alone account for his subsequent success. He purchased the two influential daily papers of St. Louis—the *Reporter* and the *Missourian*, and soon after established the *St. Louis Union*, which very shortly became one of the leading journals of the West, and gaining a large circulation in other portions of the country. His character and abilities were soon appreciated by the great community in which he lived, and he was elected by the State Legislature a director of the Bank of Missouri—an institution of large capital, which controlled to a great extent the finances of the Upper Missouri Valley—and in that capacity he put forth untiring and enlightened exertions in behalf of the prosperity of that vast region, until he left the State and joined the great army of crusaders who started for California in 1849. For a while he seemed likely to be attracted to the hazardous but tempting offers of

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

"luck," which from the beginning had allured all comers to the gold-land. But he was deterred by his good judgment from the wild schemes in which the proverbial fickleness of fortune gave one man a prize, and nine hundred and ninety-nine blanks. He again engaged in journalism, publishing the *Placer Times*, which was afterwards merged with the *Transcript*, and not long after removed to San Francisco. The *Placer Times and Transcript* was the leading democratic journal of the State. For a time he became partner and editor of the *Alta California*; but his health having become impaired by his devotion to such absorbing engagements, he wisely surrendered the management of those journals to other hands and started for Europe, with the hope of regaining his strength during a period of leisure and observation, which could be enjoyed and improved with the greatest delight and advantage, by a man who had seen so much of the world, and profited so largely by his experience and studies. He resided abroad several years, slowly but surely recovering his health; continually writing letters for his favorite journals which elicited general admiration.

Returning to San Francisco in 1860, in connection with his present partners, he purchased the *Bulletin* newspaper, to which he has devoted his ripe abilities ever since; we might have said undivided attention, but for the fact that in 1868, he and his associates came into the possession of the *Morning Call*, both of which have since been published, one as a morning, the other as an evening paper, constituting a well-recognized journalistic power on the Pacific coast. It would be difficult to name any person who has put forth a more powerful, or beneficent influence, in shaping the institutions of the Pacific States, than the subject of this sketch. For more than a quarter of a century he has been actively engaged in writing for the leading journals of California. Nor has any question of importance occupied the interest of those growing communities, in whose discussion he has not taken a prominent part. In the early organization of society in California, when the regular administration of law was found to be unequal to the task of giving security to good citizens, vigilance committees were created for the preservation of society, and he labored for the interests of the people. When the Union was threatened by incipient rebellion, Mr. Pickering was one of the first men in California who advocated a resort to force to preserve the Republic. In the inception, and through to the completion of the great continental railway, he was an active and powerful co-operator, encouraging its progress with all his influence.

This sketch would be still more incomplete than we now feel it to be, if we should overlook the invaluable aid which Mr. Pickering has brought to developing the resources of California, by assisting the industrial classes; stimulating them to that wonderful organization of well-directed industry, where out of what in any other land would have been a chaotic conglomeration of materials, was wrought a system of orderly and well-directed labor. It is acknowledged all over the world, that the history of civilization furnishes no instance on so large a scale, of the creation of a State, which has developed such astounding resources, and managed them so well—making California the miracle of modern society. In this gigantic work, Mr. Pickering has been an untiring, powerful and benevolent leader. Not an enterprise connected with the growth of California has been undertaken, in which he did not lend his best influence and

LORING PICKERING.

counsel. No institution for the advancement of society and the culture of the people that did not owe something to his shaping hand. And in every good movement his influence has been felt. If sometimes he was impelled to resist the fanaticism of the hour his courage never quailed, and public sentiment has always come back to him at last. The estimation in which his exertions are held is best illustrated by the success of the two journals to which he has devoted life and fortune.

MARCO BOZZARIS.—

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard:
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day,
And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won:
They saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;

Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf—blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian Isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

—Fitz Greene Halle!

CHRONOLOGY OF OUR CIVIL WAR.

1861. Attack on Fort Sumter, Ap. 11.
 " Fort Sumter evacuated, Ap. 12.
 " Lincoln calls for 75,000 troops, Ap. 15.
 " Volunteer troops attacked in Baltimore, Ap. 19.
 " 64,000 more troops called for, May 4.
 " Virginia invaded by National forces, May 24.
 " Battle at Big Bethel, Va., June 10.
 " Battle at Romney, Va., June 11.
 " Congress met in extraordinary session, July 4.
 " Battle near Carthage, Mo., July 5.
 " Battle at Rich Mountain, Va., July 11.
 " Battle near Centreville, Va., July 18.
 " Richmond headquarters of Confederates, July 20.
 " Battle at Bull Run, Va., July 21.
 " Battle at Wilson's Creek, Mo., Aug. 10.
 " Capture of forts at Hatteras Inlet, N. C., Aug. 20.
 " Battle at Carnifex Ferry, Va., Sept.
 " Battle at Ball's Bluff, Va., Oct. 30.
 " Battle at Belmont, Mo., Nov. 7.
 " Capture of Port Royal Entrance, N. C., Nov. 7.
1862. Battle at Mill Spring, Ky., Jan. 8.
 " Capture of Roanoke Island, N. C., Feb. 8.
 " Capture of Fort Donelson, Tenn., Feb. 16.
 " Battle at Pea Ridge, Ark., Mar. 5-8.
 " The Congress and Cumberland sunk by the Merrimac, Mar. 8.
 " First appearance of a Monitor, Mar. 9.
 " Newbern, N. C., captured, Mar. 14.
 " Battle at Shiloh, Tenn., Ap. 6-7.
 " Capture of Island No. 10, Mississippi River, Ap. 7.
 " Capture of Fort Pulaski, Ga., Ap. 11.
 " Capture of New Orleans, Ap. 24.
 " Norfolk, Va., captured by the Nationals, May 9.
 " Natchez, on the Mississippi, captured, May 12.
 " Confederates driven from Corinth, Miss., May 26.
 " Battle at Fair Oaks, Va., May 31 and June 1.
 " Memphis surrendered to Nationals, June 6.
 " Seven days' battle on the Virginia peninsula commenced, June 25.
 " The President calls for 300,000 more troops, July 1.
 " Battle at South Mountain, Md., Sept. 14.
 " Surrender of Harper's Ferry to the Confederates, Sept. 15.
 " Battle at Antietam Creek, Md., Sept. 17.
 " Battle at Iuka, Miss., Sept. 19.
 " Battle at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13.
 " Battle near Murfreesboro', Tenn., Dec. 29, Jan. 4.
1863. The President's Emancipation Proclamation, Jan. 1.
 " Capture of Arkansas Post, Ark., Jan. 11.
 " Battle of Chancellorsville, May 2-3.
 " Grant's six battles in Mississippi, May 1 to 17.
 " Lee invades Maryland, June.
 " Capture of Confederate "ram" Atlanta, June 17.
 " West Virginia admitted into the Union, June 20.
1863. Battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1-3.
 " Surrender of Vicksburg, Miss., July 4.
 " Capture of Port Hudson by National troops, July 8.
 " Great riot in New York city, July 13-16.
 " Morgan's guerilla band broken up in O., July 26.
 " Fort Smith, Ark., captured, Sept. 1.
 " Little Rock, Ark., captured, Sept. 10.
 " Battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 10.
 " Battle of Chattanooga, Ga., Sept. 23.
 " Knoxville, Tenn., besieged, Nov. 29.
1864. President orders draft for 300,000 men, Feb. 1.
 " General Sherman's invasion of Miss., Feb. 3-21.
 " Grant created a Lieutenant-General, March.
 " Capture of Fort De Russey, La., Mar. 13.
 " Massacre at Fort Pillow, by Forrest, Ap. 12.
 " Grant orders a general forward movement, May 3.
 " Battles in the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 6, 7.
 " Battle near Pleasant Hill, La., May 8-9.
 " Porter's fleet passes the Red River rapids, May 11.
 " Lee falls back to Richmond early in June.
 " Potomac Army south side of James River, June 15.
 " The Alabama sunk by the Kearsarge, June 15.
 " Third invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, July.
 " Chambersburg, Pa., destroyed by the Confederates, Sept. 30.
 " Petersburg and Richmond besieged, July-Sept.
 " The Weldon Railroad seized, Aug. 18.
 " Capture of forts and dispersion of the Confederate fleet near Mobile, Aug.
 " Capture of Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 3.
 " The President, by proclamation, recommends public thanksgivings for victories.
 " Nevada admitted into the Union, Oct. 31.
 " Slavery abolished in Maryland, Nov. 1.
 " Sherman leaves Atlanta for Savannah, Nov. 14.
 " Milledgeville, the capital of Ga., captured, Nov. 20.
 " Sherman enters Savannah, Dec. 21.
1865. Slavery abolished in Missouri, Jan.
 " Capture of Fort Fisher, Jan. 15.
 " Act to amend the Constitution, so as to abolish Slavery throughout the Union, passed both Houses of Congress, Jan. 31.
 " Slavery abolished in Tennessee, Feb.
 " Capture of Columbia, S. C., Feb. 17.
 " National troops enter Charleston, Feb. 18.
 " Capture of Wilmington, North Carolina, Feb. 21.
 " Flight of the Confederates from Richmond, Ap. 2.
 " President Lincoln enters Richmond, Ap. 4.
 " Surrender of Lee's army, Ap. 9.
 " Assassination of the President, Ap. 14.
 " Andrew Johnson inaugurated President, Ap. 15.
 " Surrender of Johnston's army, Ap. 26.
 " Capture of Jefferson Davis, May 10.
 " Close of the Civil War, May.



David McCollum

DAVID D. COLTON.

ALTHOUGH we are removed little more than twenty-five years from the acquisition and settlement of California, yet the soberest records of its annals already seem to partake more of the fancy work of the romancer than of the writer of history. It was the strangest mingling of the elements of barbarism and civilization the world had ever witnessed. It was not only an invasion of wild and nearly unknown regions, rescued from savage tribes who claimed the dominion of the wilderness forests; but there was the inevitable certainty of fierce collisions which would grow up among civilized men, transported by the terrific passion for gold. No wonder that life became cheap, and that in the seething of these elements, chaos for a while became king.

But in the midst of all this, under the dominating spirit of Anglo-Saxon men, the empire of reason and intellect was sure to assert and maintain its supremacy. In fact, the history of the Pacific States is made up of these struggles and triumphs. The law of the evolution of society from such incongruous elements, seems, in the social world, to conform to similar laws in chemistry. Homogeneity is produced, not by the mingling of homogeneous elements; it is only when acids and alkalies meet that harmony or equilibrium follows effervescence.

On the Pacific coast we now witness such a condition of social life, as we see in the atmosphere after a thunder-storm. Equilibrium comes at last; but in the case of California, it was reached quicker than it had ever been before; for reports of vigilance committees, and the assertion of lynch law, seemed quickly to be followed by a feeling of security for life and property which is the fruit only of civil order.

As geologists cluster around the scenes of recent or remote convulsions of nature, to study their various processes during such periods, so will historians hereafter visit the Pacific coast to see the indices of the processes by which these mighty results of order, liberty, and the supremacy of law, have been reached. Every investigator of these processes will, as in the researches of geology, be most interested in tracing the prevailing forces which at last won the victory—he will readily discern where the upheaval took place, and read the lines of ante-clinal ridges, breaks, depressions with all their strata, as clearly as the classic scholar now traces the records which ancient nations have left upon their monuments.

Although many of the pioneers of California have passed away, yet a considerable number of them are still found in the scenes of their early struggles and adventures, rewarded with wealth and honor; albeit, like the veterans of Waterloo,

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

who, on the anniversary of the great battle, assembled at Apsley House, around their chieftain, they may be all scar-bearers—for such victories are not harmlessly won. Among these is the name which stands at the head of this chapter.

Gen. Colton was born in the State of Maine, 1830, four years before his parents removed to Galesburg, Illinois, a settlement then standing in the midst of a wilderness. Black Hawk with his warriors had only just been driven beyond the Mississippi by Gen. Scott's small but invincible army, in which Abraham Lincoln served as a private soldier. There was plenty to eat, but of the rudest fare; and the surplus, after sending the grain to market by the slow and expensive means of transportation, left them none of the luxuries of life. But there was sure to be some school in the neighborhood, and sprung from such a parentage, the boy was sure to take advantage of it. A little later, an academy, which has since grown into a flourishing institution, known as Knox's College, was founded at Galesburg; and what it could do for the youth was done. While he was yet prosecuting his academic studies, he became a teacher. But before he had reached his sturdy manhood, he had emerged from the Sierras and come out in the new town of Sacramento. The fortune which he believed he could reach, he was ready to stake his all upon. He began working at mining for ten dollars a day on Feather River; but in two weeks was struck down by fever, and lay more than a month without a tent under a tree. Undismayed, he took the road of other unsuccessful miners to San Francisco. He seems to have been attracted to Oregon, and managing to get money enough to pay for a steerage passage, he embarked for that region on a schooner, in 1850. There he found himself amongst a wild population, made up chiefly of emigrants who were glad, for the most part, to be freed from the restraints of civilized life. But young Colton was ready to do anything—to teach school, or practice law.

Suddenly gold was discovered in the valley of the Willamette. This did not seem at first to attract Colton, but when Gen. Joe Lane—"a backwoodsman of the old school"—came from Siskow Mountains, announcing that he had discovered rich gold mines at Shasta Butt, the Oregonians started for it, and Colton was among the first on the ground. He soon became known as one of the boldest of the leaders of prospecting parties. With rifle and revolver, pick and pan, small squads penetrated within the borders of the Indian country, and of course, were often slaughtered by the savages. Colton's prowess and good judgment soon secured him the confidence of the settlers, and he was elected sheriff of Siskow County, holding office from 1852 to 1856, during the most trying days of early California life. This was a period of peril, for he was not only obliged to chastise hostile Indians, coming out with hair-breadth escapes from which he bears the marks to this day, but boldly defying the attempts of a desperate population who resisted unto blood, the substitution of legal proceedings for their old lynch-law reign.

Having established a reputation unequalled for courage and wise management in that region, he was in 1855 appointed by Governor Bigler brigadier-general of the northern division of the State. He prosecuted his duties with the utmost vigilance, and during the winter, forced the Indians into a treaty, which he negotiated in company with Judge Roxbury and Mr. E. Steele—the first treaty made with the Modoc Indians through their chief leaders, but

DAVID D. COLTON.

it was held inviolate till the late Modoc war. During all this period of hazardous life, in which he had displayed qualities which commanded the admiration and respect of the inhabitants of that wild region, he had always cherished the idea of studying law to pursue it as a profession for life. With this purpose he came East, entering the Albany Law School, where he graduated in 1859. Purchasing a fine law library, and accompanied by Ralph C. Harrison, a fellow-graduate, the two returned and settled in San Francisco, and opened a law office. But his wild life had disqualified him for the monotonous studies and labors of a legal career; and he dashed into the more exciting scenes of politics and speculation, which soon brought him popularity, fame, and fortune. He seemed to overcome every obstacle that lay in his way, and success crowned every effort, his business qualities seeming unequalled. Working his way boldly to the front, he succeeded, through strict, conscientious, and honorable means; and although cautious in entering new fields, firm and unhesitating when once resolved, systematic, full of resources, strict, and of temperate habits, he made his way up legitimately, till he felt satisfied with his success, and resolved to enjoy its fruits in a period of tranquillity. He could now do it with a clear conscience, with every facility for making the most of his studies, his leisure, and his fortune.

Before leaving Illinois, with the deliberation which has characterized all his acts, he determined to marry the young lady of his choice; but the intervention of a stern father interposed an obstacle which was not removed until, on the distant shores of the Pacific, he had courted fortune and won its favors, when he returned to be gratified with the full fruition of his hopes. In 1865, he started to spend two years in extended travels in Europe. He returned, and has since given his personal attention to his business affairs, which have grown into importance and ramifications altogether exceeding his ambition. None the less does he devote himself carefully to his business with a vitality and power for work almost inexhaustible. He is one of the stockholders and managers of the Pacific system of railroads, which has done so much to create the wealth and develop the resources of the Pacific coast.

But neither the increase of his wealth, nor his devotion to business, seem to have imparted one sordid element to his character. The gifts of fortune he has looked upon as means for social and intellectual culture in the family and in the State. His home is his great pride. His residence, known as the Colton House, is one of the most extensive and magnificent on this continent. It is filled with rare pictures, statues, and other works of art from all parts of the world, selected by himself, his family, and his friends, from the centres of culture and taste, at home and abroad. His library is chosen with such taste and discrimination as unmistakably indicate intellectual culture. It is the delight of every scholar who enters it. Those who have been guests in his spacious and superb mansion, speak in the same strain of admiration that scholars and persons of taste indulged in when giving to their friends in other countries, the impressions they received after they had been entertained by the merchants of the age of the Medici.

THE LITERARY MONUMENT OF THE CENTURY.

ALTHOUGH the sum expended on the preparation of *Appleton's New Cyclopædia* for the press—upwards of half a million dollars—far exceeds that of any other literary work ever produced on this Continent, yet this expenditure, vast as it is, gives no adequate idea of its essential value as it now stands complete in the closing month of our centennial year. The most impartial criticism will hereafter regard it as the noblest literary monument of our first hundred years.

This judgment is rendered on grounds amply sufficient to justify the verdict which has been so widely pronounced. We can only glance at a few of the chief characteristics of the work.

It is a treasure-house of American learning—a universal library for the intelligent American citizen—giving the substance of all which need be known, except by the limited class who devote themselves to special departments of knowledge.

While it ignores no proper subject of human inquiry, it is chiefly distinguished for the simple presentation of the cardinal facts which constitute the foundation and enrich the superstructure of universal learning. As a repertory of facts concerning this hemisphere, the American needs no other guide-book.

The conduct of the work could not have been committed to abler hands. Some twenty years ago the Appletons brought out their first *New American Cyclopædia*, under the direction of Messrs. Ripley and Dana—two men of rare intellectual powers, enriched by vast and varied acquisitions in almost every field of investigation—above all, men who have always led, instead of following their age. But the country soon outgrew that first *New Cyclopædia*, valuable and, indeed, indispensable as it was at the time. A larger and deeper want had to be supplied; and five years ago the present *NEW CYCLOPEDIA* was undertaken by the same editors, and under far better auspices. A tribute was laid not only upon the educated talent of this country, but of all civilized nations. The result is given in sixteen massive illustrated tomes, for the inconsiderable sum of eighty dollars. Within such a space and for such a price is comprised more valuable and attractive knowledge than has ever before been given to mankind.

This work can never lose its intrinsic value. It will be long before it can be in any sense superseded; while in the distant future it will be oftener consulted than any other index of American progress that has appeared up to the close of the first century of our National Life. If all the libraries of the earth were destroyed, the world could go on with this *Cyclopædia* in its hands.



Chas. Höhler

CHARLES KOHLER.

AS this chapter is devoted to a sketch of the pioneer vintner of California, it may be well to first glance at the magnitude which the grape-culture has assumed in that State. In a late number of the *Commercial Herald's Annual Trade Review*, a summary, which will doubtless be regarded as authentic, will be found in the note below.*

Some account of the pioneer of this whole business can hardly fail to prove interesting. Charles Kohler was born in Mecklenburg, Germany, in 1830. After leaving school he studied music five years with success. Catching the spirit which had then just begun to stir the mind of young Germany, after getting possession of all the information he could about the United States, he set out for the Western Land. He landed in New York in 1850, with the single accomplishment of being a good musician. Not satisfied with his success after two years, he set his face towards the Pacific, hoping to find a more promising field for his pursuit. He soon became a favorite in his profession at San Francisco, where he was the first to introduce and interpret the beautiful compositions of Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn, to the rough adventurous population, who at that early period consisted principally of young men, without the refining influence of woman or homes. In 1854 his attention was attracted to some very fine grapes sent from Los Angeles to San

* California has now nearly 40,000,000 of vines growing, of which over one-half are in bearing condition. The crop of 1875 amounted to about 8,000,000 gallons of wine, and probably some 80,000 gallons of grape brandy. The vineyards last year suffered considerably by frosts, so that in some sections the product was less than a half crop, but as this happens with us very seldom, the rule being nine full crops out of ten, we hear no complaints about it. In fact, California is so happily situated, that a failure of our grapes is unknown here, as our summers are warm and dry, no rain falling after April, until about the end of October, when most of the grapes are harvested. Besides this, every berry on the bunch ripens at the same time, and is perfectly sound and sweet, and the price of grapes so very low that our vintners and wine dealers have no inducement whatever to adulterate the product. The principal wines produced by Kohler & Frohling are: White Wine, or Hock, Riesling, Muscat, Tokay, Gutedel, Claret, Zinfandel, Malvoisie, Burgundy, Sherry and Port Wine, Angelica, &c. Our wines at present go mostly to the Western and Eastern States, where they are more appreciated every year; besides this we ship to Mexico, Central America, Sandwich Islands, Japan, and even to Europe. California has at least eight or ten million acres of land fitted for grape-culture, which can produce more wine than France, Germany, and Spain together. In order to show the great importance of grape-culture, we will state that a single firm of this city, Kohler & Frohling, work up annually from three to five million pounds of grapes in their Los Angeles and Sonoma vineyards, and support sixteen families and some twenty men all the year round, in making California wines, besides employing during the vintage season from 200 to 300 hands. In France one-twentieth of all the agricultural land under cultivation is occupied with vines, and such lands as would be almost unfit for anything else, and this one-twentieth portion supports fully one-fifth of the entire French population, which are the wealthiest and happiest citizens at that.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Francisco; and from this little incident has grown up the vast wine trade of California, an account of which is sketched in a lively manner, and forwarded from San Francisco.*

It was no small undertaking at that time, for very few persons in California believed in its great agricultural resources, no rain falling there from April till the middle or end of October. But Kohler and Frohling were determined to try the experiment, and together they went to Los Angeles to prospect, as the miners call it when looking for new gold-diggings. The prospect did not look very encouraging; they found only a few scanty vineyards, planted originally by the Jesuit missionaries, and these very poorly cultivated, producing fruit only for the table, with a little poor wine. But they bought from a Mexican a small vine-

* In 1853 three musical friends in San Francisco often went, on fine summer mornings, out to the Golden Gate, where the Cliff House now stands, to enjoy the fine air and the roaring of the sea-lions. In going out they passed the time, like many romantic young men, in talking over all kinds of wild speculations, without ever thinking of carrying them out, or, as the old saying goes—building castles in the air. On one of these excursions, one of the trio carried something in a paper, which he handled very carefully, and when asked by his friends what it contained, would answer: "Wait, and you will be surprised."

When they reached their destination, the package was opened, and a beautiful large bunch of grapes, grown in Los Angeles, was displayed, and produced new inspiration in the tired party, which consisted of John Beutler, the well-known tenor singer, Charles Kohler and John Frohling, the latter two members of the Germania Concert Society, which used to delight our early San Francisco people with their fine concerts. Mr. Beutler took the stem, and holding it up in admiration, asserted that his native country—Baden, on the Rhine—never produced such large fine clusters, for every berry was perfectly ripe, and none blighted, as is the case in most of the vine-growing countries in Europe. All at once Mr. Beutler jumped up, saying in his jovial manner, with much enthusiasm: "Boys, now I have it; but this time I wish to make you a proposition, which will really make our fortunes, if you will accept and carry it out practically, for the country that produces such fine grapes as the specimen before us, must eventually become a great vine-growing country, and we should be the party to build an altar to Bacchus, and introduce the wine business on this coast, which in Europe makes everybody wealthy and happy that goes into this business with prudence and care."

This proposition struck the other two as very plausible and acceptable; and for some weeks they did nothing but talk this matter over, and the more they spoke of it and looked into the carrying out of their project, the more they were delighted with it, so that all three made up their minds in earnest to "hang up the fiddle and the bow," and go to Los Angeles, at that time the only place in California where the vine was known to thrive.

In 1856 these gentlemen, together with Mr. George Hansen, of Los Angeles, conceived the happy idea of starting a German wine colony in southern California, which they carried out successfully, with the participation of some forty Germans in San Francisco, in creating the now flourishing settlement of Anaheim. The success of Messrs. Kohler & Frohling, together with the laying out of the Anaheim project, created considerable enthusiasm among the people on this coast, and nearly every land-owner caught the idea that the planting of a few thousand vines would make him rich, and the consequence was that vineyards sprang up, as if by magic, all over California.

The Legislature appointed Commissioners on Grape Culture, and Col. A. Haraszthy went to Europe to select a large number of the best varieties of grape-cuttings, which, together with vines imported by other parties, soon supplied us with many of the choicest known varieties of European grapes, so that at the present time we have as fine an assortment of different varieties of grapes growing in California as most old-established vine-growing districts can boast of. It will, of course, take some time yet to find out in what peculiar kind of soil the different specimens of vines will flourish best, but as most all of our lately-started vineyards are on the hillsides and mountains, where nearly every kind of vine flourishes well in our excellent climate, and where the soil contains nearly all the ingredients that are known in Europe to produce the best wines, a few years more will give us all necessary data to compete with most of the old-established vine districts of the world.

CHARLES KOHLER.

yard, and began the cultivation of it with care and unremitting attention. By hard work and patience they produced a very fair quality of wine, which astonished even old European connoisseurs. In 1856, with another intelligent German, they started the settlement of Anaheim, in Los Angeles County, and importing fine grape-cuttings from the Rhine and the wine districts of France, they succeeded so well that many land-owners soon got the wine fever, and vineyards began to spring up as if by magic, threatening to flood the limited population of the Pacific coast with wine. But Mr. Kohler's keen foresight soon found an outlet for his surplus stock by establishing an agency in New York in 1860. Mr. Frohling, unfortunately, died in 1862, but his partner took the whole oversight of the great and growing enterprise, and in 1865, with a new partner, another fine vineyard was purchased in Sonoma. The house has gradually extended its business, until it has formed connections with every considerable country in the world. It has been common to call Mr. Kohler, the Longworth of the Pacific. But the business of the one compared with that of the other, is only as a drop resembles the full bucket. Longworth's experiments were well and wisely made, and too much credit cannot be awarded to him for his persevering and intelligent efforts in establishing on the banks of the beautiful Ohio the cultivation of the grape, since he was largely instrumental in turning the attention of the whole country to a new and important department of agriculture. But to Mr. Kohler is chiefly due the credit of directing the attention of the world to the special adaptation of the soil of California to the grape-culture, especially for commencing the business at so early a period. The new emigrants to California had been attracted by the discovery of gold; and while this fever was raging, little attention was paid to agriculture; still less had anybody dreamed that within a brief period the exports of grain would bring to this State more money than the product of the gold. Nor that the culture of the grape would have grown to such enormous proportions. In a pure economical view, the discovery of the special adaptation of the soil of California to the grape-culture, may in the future prove to have been quite as important as the discovery of gold. Gold has never permanently enriched a nation, and until the exportation of wheat began, it has been clearly demonstrated that every dollar of gold mined cost more than it was worth.

The social aspect of the case has already provoked a discussion into which we have no space to enter. We have always looked upon those philosophers as sound, who believe in accepting the best that can be had, and not casting away the half a loaf which may be attainable, in fruitless efforts to seize the whole. The ablest writers on morals and social economy have clearly shown that in wine-growing districts intemperance never becomes a vice of the people; and just so far as our native wines can be substituted for strong alcoholic drinks now so common, in the same ratio may we expect a reform in the morals of America.

The excellence of the California wines is now widely acknowledged in Europe, and the display made at Philadelphia will doubtless not only create a far greater demand for them in foreign countries, but stimulate their production in California.

INDUSTRIAL CONDITION AND PROGRESS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE IN 1875.

THE area of California, according to the latest examination, is 156,760 square miles, or 100,326,400 acres, thus divided as stated in the official report of the Federal Surveyor-General of the State, for the year ending June 30, 1875 :

Public lands surveyed.....	41,627,758
Mining claims surveyed.....	62,843
Private grants surveyed.....	8,315,696
Church property surveyed	40,707
Pueblo lands surveyed.....	201,835
Swamp lands surveyed.....	1,552,115
Indian and military reservations.....	212,715
Lakes, inland bays and navigable rivers	1,531,700
Public lands unsurveyed, estimated.....	46,681,031
Salt marsh in San Francisco Bay, estimated.....	100,000

Total area of California, in acres..... 100,326,400

The population of California in June, 1870, as reported by the last Federal Census, was 560,247, and since that time the arrivals by sea and rail have been thus reported :

Period.	Arrivals.	Departures.	Gain.
1870 (Second half of).....	23,100	20,900	2,200
1871.....	42,000	31,700	10,300
1872.....	51,700	33,000	18,700
1873.....	73,200	35,400	34,800
1874.....	85,400	38,100	47,300
1875 (10 months of).....	93,500	35,800	57,700
Total.....	368,900	194,900	171,000

We may count the increase of birth over deaths at twelve for each thousand annually, or 36,000 for the last five years. Adding together the 560,200, the 171,000, and the 36,000, we have a total of 767,200 as the present population of the State.

From the report of the State Surveyor-General for 1875, we learn that in 1874 the State had 6,213,556 acres enclosed : 3,541,900 cultivated—2,156,000 in wheat, 490,000 in barley, 65,000 in oats, 40,000 in maize, 3,600 in peas, 6,800 in beans, 25,500 in white potatoes, 1,300 in sweet potatoes, 560 in buckwheat, 155 in peanuts, 130 in castor beans, 860 in onions, 586,000 in hay, 1,730 in flax, 1,125 in hops, 967 in tobacco, and 586 in cotton. Among the products of the year were 3,463 tons of butter, 1,700 of cheese, 10,600 of wool, 448 of honey, 673 of hops, 621 of tobacco, 16,000 of beets, 752,000 of hay, and 75,000 of cotton, and 3,892,000 gallons of wine, 323,000 of brandy, 1,753,000 of other distilled liquor, and 14,633,000 of beer.—*Alta California Almanac*, 1876.



David D. Porter

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.

THE gallant sailor now at the head of the American Navy comes from an ancestry which has given more naval heroes to the country than any other. David and Samuel, two brothers, began to lay the foundations of the fame of the family on the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, when they commanded vessels commissioned to capture and destroy English transports carrying stores to the British army. Their father, Alexander, had half a century before, been a daring and successful seaman while the Colonies were still wearing the unwilling yoke of Britain. So faithfully had his sons done their work in our Revolutionary Navy, that when David's little daughter was presented to President Washington, he took the child on his knee, and laying his hand on her head, said : " God bless David Porter's child."

Too brave to count the odds, these two brothers were finally captured ; Samuel being confined in the Jersey prison-ship, where soon afterward his brother was thrust into the same loathsome floating dungeon.

Captain David Porter had two sons, David and John, both of whom served with distinction in the Navy ; the former having during a long and active life, performed so many deeds of gallantry on all oceans, especially during the second war with England, that no historian can do justice to his name except in a voluminous record. We must therefore come down to the subject of this sketch, who was born June 8, 1813, in Pennsylvania, while his father was winning brilliant victories on distant seas. Entering Columbia College, Washington, D. C., in 1824, at the age of eleven years, his father, who had been commissioned to sail to the West Indies in pursuit of pirates, took the boy along with him and gave him a baptism of salt water. It was in this cruise that young David developed his hereditary proclivities for sea-life. Accepting, in 1826, the command of the Mexican navy, Commodore Porter appointed his son David a midshipman in that service. After a year spent in the City of Mexico in learning the Spanish language, he took active service with his father, who sailed with the Mexican fleet for the coast of Cuba, making many rich prizes, and nearly destroying the Spanish commerce of the Antilles. In 1827, Commodore Porter returned with the Mexican fleet to Vera Cruz, and fitted out a fresh expedition, in which the young midshipman participated in some of the severest actions recorded in naval history ; being several times severely wounded, he was finally captured with his crew, and imprisoned in a filthy hulk at the base of Morro Castle. After a long imprisonment, he returned to the United States,

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

where he pursued his studies in school a year longer, when he was appointed midshipman in the United States Navy, and sailed with Commodore Wadsworth in the *Constellation* for the Mediterranean. In 1832 he joined the frigate *United States*, and after a cruise of three years returned to stand his examination. After this period his services were constant either at sea or at the Naval Observatory. In 1846 he was sent to the Dominican Republic to ascertain the exact condition of affairs in that country. During three months on the Island, he traveled 1,900 miles on horseback, taking the census of every town, and bringing back all the information desired. During his absence, the war between the United States and Mexico broke out, and he applied for immediate service afloat. He was ordered to New Orleans to raise men for Commodore Conner's fleet. He was with Captain Tatnall as first lieutenant of the *Spitfire*, when he attacked the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa and the town batteries. A few days later the *Spitfire* did material service to the army by withdrawing the Mexican fire from our batteries on shore. At the advance of Commodore Perry on Tampico, the Mexicans had barricaded the river, and it was determined to land the troops and sailors, 1,800, to march upon the city; but the *Spitfire*, regardless of the obstructions, made a dash through them, and pushed up the river in advance of the landing party, amidst the hearty cheers of all. Eight miles up, the *Spitfire* encountered a heavy fort on the bank, mounting eight large guns, the *Spitfire* carrying only one eight-inch, and two thirty-two pounders. The first shot from the fort cut the steamer's wheel in two; but the little vessel sped on, firing rapidly, and gaining the rear of the battery, let go her anchors, when she soon cleared the works. Lieutenant Porter, under the fire of the steamer's guns, boarded the fort with sixty-eight men and carried it. He was afterwards given command of the *Spitfire*, which he held till illness obliged him to return home in 1848.

The war being over, he was offered the command of the Pacific Mail steamship *Panama*, with which he sailed for the Pacific through the Straits of Magellan. After a successful voyage, he was placed in command of George Law's steamer, the *Georgia*, which he navigated three years, without an accident of any kind. Having thus won an enviable reputation, especially in the difficulties with the Spanish authorities in Havana, in which he bravely enforced respect for the American flag, Lieutenant Porter took command of the steamer *Golden Age*, belonging to the Australian Steamship Company. Proceeding to England, he made a successful voyage, thence to Australia in fifty-six days—thirty-six days quicker than it had been made before. On his return, he was selected by the Secretary of War to go abroad to import camels; he brought two ship-loads, containing eighty-four of those strange animals, to Texas in 1859; when he was ordered to the Navy-Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Just before the breaking out of the civil war, Porter was ordered to bring the frigate *Constitution* to Annapolis, and was about to proceed to California to take command of the Coast Survey vessels, when the Southern States seceded. While the Fort Sumter expedition was being fitted out under Mr. Fox, Lieutenant Porter was sent for by Secretary Seward, and consulted in regard to an attempt to relieve Fort Pickens. The result was that he was selected to command the *Powhatan*, which was secretly detached from Fox's squadron, and ordered to Fort Pickens. The fort was relieved, and the *Powhatan* then went in pursuit of the *Sumter* privateer. Porter showing his energy and perseverance by steaming 10,000 miles in pursuit of this vessel.

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.

With the rank of Commander, he was ordered to join the mortar flotilla, and to co-operate with Flag-Officer Farragut in the reduction of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and the capture of New Orleans. The city was reached on the 25th of April, 1862, and the two forts surrendered to Commander Porter two days after. He then accompanied Admiral Farragut's fleet to Vicksburg with the mortar flotilla, and was for several weeks bombarding that place, enabling the fleet to pass the batteries with but little loss. In the fall of 1862, Commander Porter was appointed Acting Rear-Admiral, and assigned to the Mississippi squadron. He built a large fleet of gunboats on the Western rivers, and co-operated with General Grant in the siege and capture of Vicksburg, for which services he was commissioned Rear-Admiral July 4, 1863. His fleet was constantly under fire, until after the capture of Grand Gulf—the hardest fought naval battle of the war. He also co-operated with General Banks in the unfortunate expedition up Red River, where the land forces became greatly demoralized, and the gunboats were placed in a very perilous position. In the fall of 1864, Rear-Admiral Porter was ordered to Hampton Roads to take command of the North Atlantic fleet, which captured Fort Fisher, the last great naval battle of the war. He was present at the capture of Richmond, and was on active duty throughout the war. At its close, he was appointed Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and on the promotion of Vice-Admiral Farragut, was made Vice-Admiral, and at Farragut's death he was promoted Admiral of the Navy—a record of honorable and heroic service gloriously terminating in its last representative, after a period of more than 150 years of naval achievements in one family.

THE FIRST PREDICTED ECLIPSE.

TO those who have given but little attention to the subject, even in our own day, with all the aids of modern science, the prediction of an eclipse seems sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. How, then, it was possible, thousands of years ago, to accomplish the same great object, without any just views of the structure of the system, seems utterly incredible.

Follow, in imagination, this bold interrogator of the skies to his solitary mountain summit;—withdrawn from the world, surrounded by his mysterious circles, there to watch and ponder through the long nights of many, many years. But hope cheers him on, and smooths his rugged pathway. Dark and deep as is the problem, he sternly grapples with it, and resolves never to give over till victory crowns his efforts.

Long and patiently did the astronomer watch and wait. Each eclipse is duly observed, and its attendant circumstances are recorded, when, at last, the darkness begins to give way, and a ray of light breaks in upon his mind. He finds that no eclipse of the sun ever occurs,

unless the new moon is in the act of crossing the sun's track. Here is a grand discovery. He now holds the key which will unlock the dread mystery.

Reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and announces to the startled inhabitants of the world that on the day of the occurrence of that new moon the sun shall expire in dark eclipse.

Bold prediction!—mysterious prophet!—with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense anxiety does the stern philosopher await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace! Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and at last hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone,—the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens, scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is spread out the populous city, already teeming with life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer. The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles of amusement. The sun slowly climbs the heavens, round, and bright, and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain-top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith, as the morning hours roll away.

But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disc,—onward with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights,—the gloom deepens,—the ghastly hue of death covers the universe,—the last ray is gone, and horror reigns. A wail of terror fills the murky air,—the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds,—an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground, while that lone man, erect on his rocky summit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory.

Search the records of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital! He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race,—who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron and the point of a diamond," even this one had perished from the earth,—name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion; but his proud achievement stands. The monument reared to his honor stands, and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.—*Prof. O. M. Mitchell.*



L. P. Hale

THE AMERICAN PIANO.

NEXT to pioneers and inventors, rank the men who invariably follow—those who bring to perfection ideas conceived by others, by placing within the reach of millions the appliances of civilization which were before limited to the few.

The history of the Pianoforte during the last fifty years would make one of the most curious and interesting chapters in our social life. This instrument has become the indispensable embellishment of the American *home*, and which, in our restless wanderings, we bear with us wherever we go, as the Hebrews bore the ark of the covenant.

We are, or were once, designated by Europeans as merely a practical, commercial nation; whereas we are the most imaginative of peoples. Our romantic history, which began in an Iliad of suffering, daring and adventure, went on through hard work, till we reached wealth and leisure. When we work, we realize the labors of Hercules. In coming from toil, we live in the Republic of old Plato's dream. The Pianoforte is, therefore, just as necessary to our homes as the locomotive is to our railways. No wonder we have perfected both—that we have built nearly as many iron miles, and more pianofortes than all the rest of the world.

The superiority of American pianofortes over all others is now generally conceded by the best performers; while it will not be denied that the vast number of our instruments of superior excellence, greatly exceeds that of Europe.

Without detracting in the slightest degree from the merits of the numerous manufacturers of fine instruments, it is only just to award to Mr. J. P. Hale the credit of a most beneficent act. Entering upon the business in New York city, upwards of fifteen years ago, with a ripe experience in the various departments of mechanical industry and commerce, and expert in mechanism, solid in judgment, and quick in discernment, his great success was a legitimate result. Large and generous in his feelings, caring more for the happiness of his fellow-men than the gratification of self, he believed that a great revolution could be worked in the trade, by which the piano would have a larger social destiny. Experience soon showed him that he could manufacture the finest instruments for far less than the price for which they were sold, and that a stupendous and cruel wrong had been imposed upon the public. It came to him like a revelation. When he knew that he had mastered the business, and that he could carry it on profitably by reducing the price of the best instruments one half, no longer depending upon a narrow class

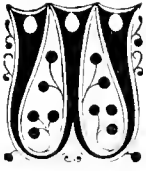
AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

of rich men, but assured of the vastly larger middle class, he began the revolution ; and before the close of 1860, his so-called one-half price pianos had demonstrated their equality with those of makers of double the cost. In mechanical construction, in form and component material, in range of compass, delicacy of touch, and beauty of tone, they fully equaled the best. The older makers believed the ruin of their new rival close at hand. But, beginning in a small factory on Canal street, capable of turning out only four instruments a week, he moved to larger quarters on Broadway, where, after four years, his sales increasing to five hundred pianos a year, he had to provide larger facilities. He erected a large building on the corner of Tenth avenue and Thirty-sixth street ; but in less than three years, its proportions were outgrown, and on the opposite side he threw up another spacious building, employing two hundred men, and producing twenty-four pianos a week. But his facilities still falling short of the unprecedented demands, he erected another eight-story building. Even now, during this long period of prostration, he is completing a mammoth addition, which is to employ one thousand skilled workmen, and produce one hundred and fifty pianos a week—a capacity three times larger than any other establishment in the world, and contributing fully one-fifth to the entire piano trade of the continent.

Mr. Hale's career shows how quick the American people are to discover excellence in art, and how willing they are to pay for it a reasonable price, and that great executive talent, boldness, perseverance, and a liberal spirit, are proof against even the most depressing times. Long before this commercial revulsion struck us, Mr. Hale was acting upon the principle, that the way to success is in furnishing a superior article at a fair profit, instead of the grasping policy, which his rivals so long tried to maintain, of selling their products as dear as they could.

The days of fancy prices in this country for anything, have gone by ; our people will no longer pay them, even if they can afford it. For a long time sewing-machines were kept at such enormous prices, as put them beyond the reach of the poor. So was it with pianos until Mr. Hale commenced the revolution. His great success has been legitimately won, and all fair-minded persons are ready to congratulate him.

THE UTILITY ADJUSTABLE TABLE.



WITHIN the last few years, a vast number of useful inventions have been brought in to relieve the drudgery of woman in her household occupations. The kitchen, and laundry, and sewing-room, are no longer scenes of such prolonged and exhausting labor as they were a generation ago. Among the most recent and admirable inventions for home occupations is the article which stands at the head of this page. In the absence of an engraving, we will endeavor to give the reader an idea of this table, and specify some of the purposes to which it is so admirably adapted. To adjust the table for use, simply unfold the legs, and by means of self-acting locks, fasten the braces that also become self-acting. As the legs are unfolded, the table instantly becomes strong and thoroughly substantial. It then stands $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, which is its lowest point. The legs are constructed of an outer and an inner section, the one sliding against the other. Between these two sections are grooves in which slide iron tongues, that, together with self-regulating friction, renders the double legs as firm as a single leg would be. The table is raised to any height desired, up to $28\frac{1}{2}$ inches, by putting the foot in the lower brace and raising the top with the hand. This can be done, either sitting or standing, with perfect ease. At the intervals of two inches, there are cleaves which spring into position, and rest on iron knobs. When thus adjusted, it will sustain as much weight as any other well-made table, or as though it were neither folding nor adjustable. To lower the table, it must first be raised to its extremest height, when the self-acting cleaves will reverse, and by pressing the table down to its lowest point, they again reverse, when the table is left in position to be again raised or folded at pleasure and laid away. The process of folding the table is just as simple. Draw the spring-bolts on the under side of the top that locks the braces, and the legs fold without obstruction. The principle of construction is so ingenious, and yet so simple, that the whole of the processes we have described are performed in a few instants. A yard-stick which is concealed when not in use, accompanies each table. The drawers are attached to the ends of the table, swinging outwardly when desired, and fastened by a patent self-acting lock when closed.

Another important appliance is the Adjustable Leaf, which may be attached at either or both ends, or to the side of the table. With the leaf attached, the table seems to be absolutely perfect for ladies' work, especially in dressmaking and millinery; while in offices, studios, libraries, and for the work of draughtsmen, architects, copyists, etc., it meets every want. With the leaf attached to the side, as an invalid's, or bedside table, nothing has ever been devised more complete. The principle is applicable to tables of any size, and the prices range from four dollars and a half to seven dollars and a half, yet they are substantially and beautifully made, increasing in size, fineness of material, and exquisite workmanship, with the price up to the octagon library or the parlor-table, with a highly finished top, elegantly inlaid with chess-board, on the border of which on each side are inlaid cribbage-counters, making it the best possible arrangement for the two, three or four hand game. The panels and borders are of the richest woods; it has four drawers, thirty-three inches in size; ornamental legs, and nickel-plated castings and trimmings. The whole combination makes it the most perfect table of its kind ever produced.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

On reading this description, and even with the first glance at any of these tables, so chaste is their construction, the reader or observer is quite likely to ask if they do not get out of order. So far from it, owing to the simplicity of the principle and the excellence of construction, the proprietors guarantee every table delivered. Again, will the tops stand? With the exceptions of the smallest and cheapest, the tops are built up of different layers of wood glued together, the grains of the several layers crossing each other, banded, moulded, and veneered on both sides, which at once indicates the greatest durability. Some idea of the strength of the legs is indicated by the fact that they are built up of twenty or more thicknesses of wood, glued together and bent into shape, rendering all splitting with the grain an impossibility, and securing great strength.

In speaking on the subject, a very careful writer says: "It has been reserved for the Utility Adjustable Table to usurp the place of all primitive and clumsy devices which have been hitherto but of feeble assistance in the laborious work of cutting, basting, etc. It is no longer necessary to sit in an uncomfortable position, balancing a cumbersome board with its weight and contents on the lap, or wearily stand at an ordinary table, or still worse, the painfully ungraceful but frequent custom of many ladies, of spreading their work on the floor, and getting down on their hands and knees to manipulate it; for, by the use of this Table, a lady can sit in any chair, adjusting it to a convenient height, and cut and baste her work with perfect ease. The implements of her industry are always at hand in the accompanying drawers, and the yard-stick may be brought into requisition at a moment's notice, and disposed of as quickly. If called temporarily away, the necessity of searching for a place of lodgment for the work, or chasing around the room for a truant spool or thimble, is obviated; or if the task be finished, after disposing of the work, the Table in a moment may be folded to dimensions that would admit of packing it away in any nook or corner that would contain a lap-board."

KNOWLEDGE GROWING.—Our national life is still young. If we have the weaknesses of youth, we have its elements of strength, and above all its *enthusiasm*, which is the only fountain of heroism in men and real glory in nations, as they go forward into manhood. Every decade marks our growth. Franklin was the seer and worker for American *science*. The fruit of his planting is now ripening for our feast. SMITHSON—that noble English child of Franklin—left us our first great gift for "the promotion of *knowledge* among men." Schools for classic learning had till then been the chief means of promoting intellectual culture. Smithson's idea began to mould American thought and institutions. The Cooper Institute was the first complete exemplification of it on a large, practical scale.



G. P. Needham

ELIAS PARKMAN NEEDHAM.

THIS name will be gratefully recognized in thousands of homes in America and abroad, and in multitudes of places of Divine worship, where the Needham "Silver-Tongue" Organ has gone on its gentle mission, blending its harmonies with innumerable songs and prayers around consecrated shrines, and in homes of taste, beauty, and love through the civilized world.

This instrument, as now sent forth in its completeness, is the culmination of efforts which have been put forth by many nations through many ages. From the ancient shepherd's pipe, through the various forms of the accordeon, it grew till the genius of Carhart developed it into the perfect melodeon. Since his time it has assumed the shape of the Reed-Organ, and chief among those whose labors and inventive talent have made it worthy of that august title stands Mr. Elias P. Needham.

He was born in Delaware County, New York, September 29, 1812. He went through the severe but necessary training of hard work on a farm, enlivened by only broken opportunities for study in the common school of his district. But making the most of his chances, and with a brave determination to make his way in the world, this humble school became to him more than a university to the favored sons of fortune, less gifted by nature. The reader of this work will observe how many instances we have recorded of a similar character—where all the gifts of fortune seem to have been doled out with reluctant hand, except the inspiration which supplied all deficiencies—for what an overruling Providence withholds in those favors which men generally esteem highest, are more than made up by intellectual endowments and inspirations which insure success in the great battle of life.

Young Needham early felt the stirrings of ambition to excel in something, which he might do so well as to secure independence. He had a strong intuitive horror of dependence of any kind, which led him to shun poverty; but which never made him repel poor men. He had too severe a taste of the restrictions of dependent life, to be forgotten; and he early determined to earn his claim to a competency. But in carrying this purpose out he has always extended his sympathies to two classes—the first being those who, with talent and ambition to excel, were struggling under difficulties; and second, the poor whom fortune seemed not to favor. We would put strong emphasis on these qualifications, because they are among the rarest that we find in human character. It is not uncommon for men to kick the ladder down after they have climbed it; and the worst aristocrats in the world are those who were helped by accident to reach high stations without having

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

fairly won the success they enjoyed. Being endowed with a genius for mechanical art—something more than mere mechanics—Needham embraced the first opportunity he had of getting into the practical business of mechanics, and, by application and natural aptitude, became an expert joiner. He has never regretted this hard apprenticeship he went through ; for it fitted him for the great work he had to do in the future, and had much to do with making the reputation for durability and finish which the Needham organs have enjoyed. Married early, as such men can afford to—being conscious of the ability to carry heavy loads—he saw that he must find a broader and more profitable field for his exertions ; and after several attempts to hurry his fortune while he was impatient for it, he at last found his element in an opportunity of combining the business of inventor and manufacturer, where he would have full scope for his best efforts. Among his fellow-workmen, he became warmly attached to Jeremiah Carhart, whose prolific brain had already given birth to a number of striking inventions which promised rich fruits, if they could only be wisely appropriated. Needham was intensely practical withal, and capable of giving to Carhart just the advice he wanted. The Melodeon had just then been introduced. It was only a poor device for instrumental music, entirely unworthy of the sonorous name it bore. But Needham saw that by their combined talent and efforts, he and his partner could crystallize something valuable in that direction, and in 1846, under Needham's counsel, all their other schemes were laid aside, and Carhart and Needham commenced in Buffalo the first successful Reed-Organ house of this country. Their success was assured from the beginning. But although Buffalo was a thriving inland city, the field was found too narrow for a new business like this, and the young firm shortly sold their first factory, and coming to New York, built an extensive establishment where, under various changes of names—Carhart, Needham & Co., Carhart & Needham, and finally E. P. Needham & Son—the “ Silver-Tongue ” Organs have been manufactured, improving in tone, capacity, harmony, and finish from year to year, until at last they seem to have reached the acme of completeness, and have become the standard instruments of the world.

Voiced reeds, held in the chambered reed-board and operated by the suction-bellows, was the original combination of Jeremiah Carhart, which made possible the manufacture of a reed-organ, and which is to-day the *sine qua non* of every instrument of that class issued by the numerous makers throughout the land. The new melodeon was a wonderfully salable production, and one but poorly protected by the imperfect phraseology of patent-right claims in those early days. The business of Mr. Needham in the younger stages of the firm was chiefly directed to the careful manufacture of the melodeon, and the supplying of reeds to the many melodeon makers who had set up in this then lucrative business. Meanwhile, Carhart devoted his time to the improvement of the tone and action of the instrument, and the perfection of machinery to produce rapidly its various parts.

The junior partner was through all this experience, the foreman and executive manager of the business. Finally the declining health and ultimate death of his friend and colleague, cast all the responsibilities of the firm upon Mr. Needham, who had conceived still further improvements to perfect what he still regarded as the imperfect resources of the instrument, and to make it fully worthy of the more dignified title of *Reed-Organ*. In 1859 he completed the

"upright action," which made it far excel the ordinary *double-reed* instrument, allowing a combination of twelve or more registers, with thirty or forty stops. Devoting his best powers to further improvements, and sparing neither expense nor labor, he succeeded at last in bringing out the "Silver-Tongue" organ, which is now regarded as the completest type of a mechanical adaptation of wind to vibrators for the production of exquisite tones.

This work seemed to have been finished, and the inventor and mechanic might have well rested from future exertions. He is still at work, however, on his favorite instrument, and every year adding to the list of his improvements. Yet not alone in this department have his thoughts been busy. He proposes to make the willful winds "useful as well as ornamental." The locomotive had already demonstrated its powers on railways, and attempts had been made to drive carriages through a tunnel, under or above ground, by the stationary engines applied to a blowing apparatus, by which air was made to act upon a piston within it, for propelling the carriages. It was readily seen that if this theory of atmospheric air, or pneumatic pressure, could be made profitable, a vast saving in the first cost of the locomotive over that of a stationary-engine of equal power, would be effected, as well as economy in the working of it, in the cost and quality of the fuel, in the number of persons required for the manipulation; and in the cost of repair and derangement by friction of the various parts of the machinery. Besides, the capacity of the locomotive to ascend steep grades carrying its own weight, had a limit, and steep grades had to be tunneled and gentle valleys bridged. The danger of explosion and running off the track from various interruptions, the inconvenience of smoke, and ashes, and dust would all be avoided. But the practical difficulties were found to be so great that the locomotive-engine was still in universal use. After other experiments which had promised so well have confessedly failed, Mr. Needham's patented inventions are commending themselves to men of science and practical engineers. The principal feature consisted in the employment of an endless tube, admitting of a continuous current of air, which by simple devices that switch the current around isolated sections of the main tube, when necessary, is placed absolutely under control of the engineer. The whole power exerted by the air-pump under Needham's system, is available in generating an endless current of air within this tube. There is no air drawn in from the outside to keep up the current, nor is any portion thrown away into the atmosphere, nor into the passenger-car to disturb the air which is breathed by the traveler; but the atmosphere taken from one end of the circuit-tube is driven into another, giving compression and exhaustion by the action of the pump, which is always under control. Another fine point is, utilizing a double line of tubes, so that travel in both directions can take place without the collision of trains. In approaching a station, a signal is given by an automatic device, so that the farther gate may be shut and the car stopped even at high speed, by gently impinging on a cushion of air, and the station opened to the outside world. In this manner several cars may move on the track in the same direction at the same time, without interfering, for each one would be attached to what we must call an endless belt of air, and thus they could all maintain their relative distances. Passengers are not annoyed by smoke or cinders, and they enjoy perfect and controllable ventilation. The tubes can be made of inexpensive material—as wood-burned clay, or Roman cement. The

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

stationary power may be steam, or water, or condensed air placed any where on the line. Mr. Needham patented this invention in 1864, and a working model which demonstrated the feasibility of the whole plan, was seen shortly afterwards at the Fair of the American Institute. How far Mr. Needham may be ahead of the world in this conception, the future only can determine. We hope he may live to see his advanced ideas fully carried out. But he has at least been spared to witness a triumph in his "Silver-Tongue" Organ, great enough to satisfy almost any man who strives for wealth or fame.

THE SILK-WORM AND THE BEAVER.

THE stately walls of the Astor House were reared forty years ago, when they towered sublimely over surrounding structures. The wasting flames have often laid buildings in ashes around it, and its old friends and companions have fallen on all sides, except the venerable temple of St. Paul's Church, where Washington and Lafayette worshipped.

When the moon left the eastern *façade* in shadow, and the gazer looked on it from the silvered elms and willows of the Park on any night, before they gave place to the walls of the new Post Office, with only here and there a window shining, it seemed like some relic of a past age, in the midst of the ephemeral and feeble architecture then standing.

Coeval with its existence as a colossal seat of hospitality, where almost every distinguished man on this continent, or from abroad, had stood during the last generation, and along whose halls still echo the voices of the great, the good, and the beautiful, who are gone forever, on the ground floor there has been one spot, by which millions of uncounted busy feet have passed. How many times have the doors and windows of the place of which we are speaking, recalled to the fancy the everlasting snows of the North, and the sweet lands of the South, blushing in purple. To this spot the beaver and the silk-worm have come to bring their rival tributes for the use and adornment of man. Leary was a name more familiarly known to the gentlemen of America than that of any other hatter on the continent. When he began business in the Astor House, the beaver was the only animal that lent his fur for the hat, and he reigned supreme in that sphere, until the gifted French brought the silk-worm with his glossy world of brightness and beauty, to drive the beaver back to his ice-home. Long was the struggle, but the silk-worm won the victory at last. Leary caught the invention and improved the process. Hunt & Dusenbury, who grew up with Leary, became the proprietors of the house, maintaining its original reputation. They were trained up thoroughly in the business, and long before the elder partners retired had the chief management.

These gentlemen may well be proud of the following certificate, which their predecessors gave them :

Retiring from business, we most cheerfully recommend to our friends and the public, MESSRS. JAMES HUNT and CHARLES K. DUSENBURY, our successors.

MESSRS. HUNT & DUSENBURY respectively, have had for a long time past the management of our manufacturing and sales departments, and, as the whole establishment is now in their hands, *their* facilities are the same as those enjoyed by us.



E. B. Davis

EDWARD BLISS FOOTE, M. D.

THIS eminent physician and medical writer, is descended from a family which has furnished a great number of distinguished men in the various departments of American life ; those referred to herein being descendants of Nathaniel Foote, who took the freeman's oath in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in 1633. Shortly afterwards, he penetrated the wilderness to the bank of the Connecticut River, settling at a spot now known as Wethersfield, where the family were, through two or three generations, subjected to the hardships incident to pioneer life, with frequent murderous Indian forays. But with courage, vigilance, and wonderful power of endurance, the family increased in numbers, many of them serving as commissioned officers in colonial defence, or as surgeons, physicians, and preachers of the Gospel—the proclivities which seem to have distinguished them at all periods. George Foote was by the side of Ethan Allen, when he demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga ; a larger number of the Footes being in active service during the French and Indian war and the Revolution, than, perhaps, of any other family. In the tenth Congress, Joseph Foote represented a district of Massachusetts. In 1824, Charles Augustus Foote became a member from the State of New York. We find the name adorning the bench, the bar, the pulpit, and the medical profession, not only in New England, but throughout the middle and western States. Very many members of this family have also become eminent in the cause of education. Lucinda Foote, of Middletown, Connecticut, was so inspired by the literary atmosphere around her, that in 1783, in her thirteenth year, she presented herself for admission to Yale College, and President Styles felt compelled to give her a certificate of the fullest qualifications for admission—the only obstacle being her sex, which excluded her. Roxanna Foote married Dr. Lyman Beecher in 1799, from whom sprang a large family of authors, five of her sons becoming noted clergymen, and her two daughters distinguished in education and authorship. In the American Navy, Rear-Admiral Andrew Hull Foote left a brilliant reputation, and afforded a theme for one of the most interesting of the biographies of our times. In civil affairs Admiral Foote's father had occupied a prominent position, being twice Speaker of the House of Representatives, Governor of Connecticut, and one of her United States Senators. It was his Resolution on the public lands in 1830 which occasioned the great debate between Webster and Hayne. Senator Solomon Foote, of Vermont, won the esteem of Congress by his ability and sterling integrity, especially as President

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

pro tem. of the Senate during three years. In the field of Letters we find William Henry Foote, D.D., of Colchester, as a distinguished clergyman and historian; he settled in Virginia.

The subject of this sketch, and whose portrait is given, was the son of Herschel Foote, a pioneer settler of the Connecticut Western Reserve in Ohio. At that early day—previous to 1830—there were but limited opportunities in that new country for an ambitious youth to obtain an education, and at the age of sixteen Edward left home to strike out and grapple with fortune. His health had always been considered too delicate to face the world's hardships, but his resolution was indomitable. He entered a newspaper office as a *printer's devil*, working 15 hours a day at the drudgery. But with eyes and ears opened to every scrap of learning that fell in his way, in a short time his marked ability as a writer and adviser became known, and he was invited to become the editor of the best weekly journal in Connecticut. At twenty-two he removed to New York, where he became associate editor of a prominent journal, which greatly enlarged the sphere of his studies and observations. Physiological subjects always had a charm for him; and as soon as he found out what he was born for, he determined to enter the medical profession, in which so many of his family had won eminence. Relying upon hard work in connection with journalism for a subsistence, he found time to become a student and assistant in the office of a noted botanical specialist, where he ultimately became so well fitted for a thorough course of study, that he entered Penn Medical University, graduating with honor in 1860.

He now devoted himself with intensity and enthusiasm to the arduous work of a practising physician. About that period the supremacy of the old School of Medicine was being shaken by assaults from all quarters. Utterly regardless of assumptions and assertions, however honored or imposing, his native independence and clear-headed judgment enabled him to mark out a career for himself, which he has followed with steadiness and success. By appealing to the average intelligence of the masses of readers, he has probably done more for their education in the laws of physiology and hygiene, than any other man of his time. His contributions to American medical and scientific literature, if collected, would comprise a series of volumes as great as those of the Swedish Seer. His printed works in bound volumes and pamphlets, have been circulated through the civilized world. They have specially commended themselves to popular readers for their *common-sense presentation of subjects*, concerning which the bulk of mankind have so long been ignorant. His writings in English, or admirable translations, on medical or scientific subjects, have had a wider circulation than those of any other writer on these themes. His first work, "Medical Common Sense," reached in a few years the enormous sale of 250,000 copies, while his more recent and more elaborate work, "Plain Home Talk"—a volume of nearly 1,000 pages, fully illustrated—in a very short time reached a sale of 100,000. Believing that the youth of our country of both sexes had never been properly instructed in relation to the functions and mechanism of the human form divine, Dr. Foote conceived the idea of writing a series of volumes which should comprise treatises of physiological research, clothed in the drapery of fiction. Thus instead of offering dry, didactic dissertations on bones, arteries, muscles, etc.—so repulsive generally to the youthful mind—he would, in the form of a story, convey in a chaste, amus-

ing, and instructive style, what boys and girls might be enticed to read ; and so successful has he been in this alliance of " science and story," that never in the future will they be divorced.

Of this character are the five volumes he has published, entitled " Science in Story ; or Sammy Tubbs, the Boy Doctor, and Sponsie, the Troublesome Monkey." He has met with unprecedented success in these charming yet learned works, which breathe the heartfelt utterances of a philanthropist seeking to benefit his kind, while presenting for serious consideration subjects too long neglected, or too technically treated ; and he has his reward in a wide fame and in the gratitude of hundreds of thousands.

Physicians seem to be more fortunate in having their names perpetuated by their descendants than almost any other class. Dr. Edward B. Foote, Jr., the eldest of three brothers, is already associated with his father in the active practice of medicine. After a thorough academic course, he entered the scientific department of Columbia College, where for three years he pursued those studies which were best calculated to lay the foundations of a thorough medical education. Then after one year's study at the New York Eclectic Medical College, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons which constitutes the medical department of Columbia College. After four years of close attendance upon the medical lectures, he was enabled to graduate from the latter institution in the class of '76, with a valuable prize for the best report of Dr. S. Seguin's medical lectures upon the diseases of the nervous system. With special genius for these studies and pursuits, and with a still fairer opportunity, through his associations with his father in medical practice, he ought to be satisfied with his chances for the future. He is also co-editor with his father of Dr. Foote's Health Monthly, an ably conducted periodical.

MOTIVES TO INTELLECTUAL ACTION IN AMERICA.

THE motives to intellectual action press upon us with peculiar force, in our country, because the connection is here so immediate between character and happiness, and because there is nothing between us and ruin, but intelligence which sees the right, and virtue which pursues it. There are such elements of hope and fear, mingled in the great experiment which is here trying, the results are so momentous to humanity, that all the voices of the past and the future seem to blend in one sound of warning and entreaty, addressing itself not only to the general, but to the individual ear.

By the wrecks of shattered states, by the quenched lights of promise that once shone upon man, by the long-deferred hopes of humanity, by all that has been done and suffered in the cause of liberty, by the martyrs that died before the sight, by the exiles whose hearts have been crushed in dumb despair, by the memory of our fathers and their blood in our veins,—it calls upon us, each and all, to be faithful to the trust which God has committed to our hands.

That fine natures should here feel their energies palsied by the cold touch of indifference,

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

that they should turn to Westminster Abbey, or the Alps, or the Vatican, to quicken their flagging pulses, is of all mental anomalies the most inexplicable. The danger would seem to be rather that the spring of a sensitive mind may be broken by the weight of obligation that rests upon it, and that the stimulant, by its very excess, may become a narcotic.

The poet must not plead his delicacy of organization as an excuse for dwelling apart in trim gardens of leisure, and looking at the world only through the loopholes of his retreat. Let him fling himself, with a gallant heart, upon the stirring life that heaves and foams around him. He must call home his imagination from those spots on which the light of other days has thrown its pensive charm, and be content to dwell among his own people. The future and the present must inspire him, and not the past. He must transfer to his pictures the glow of morning, and not the hues of sunset.

He must not go to any foreign Pharpar or Abana for the sweet influences which he may find in that familiar stream, on whose banks he has played as a child, and mused as a man. Let him dedicate his powers to the best interests of his country. Let him sow the seeds of beauty along that dusty road, where humanity toils and sweats in the sun. Let him spurn the baseness which ministers food to the passions, that blot out in man's soul the image of God. Let not his hands add one seductive charm to the unzoned form of pleasure, nor twine the roses of his genius around the reveller's wine-cup.

Let him mingle with his verse those grave and high elements befitting him around whom the air of freedom blows, and upon whom the light of heaven shines. Let him teach those stern virtues of self-control and self-renunciation, of faith and patience, of abstinence and fortitude,—which constitute the foundations alike of individual happiness and of national prosperity. Let him help to rear up this great people to the stature and symmetry of a moral manhood! Let him look abroad upon this young world in hope and not in despondency.

Let him not be repelled by the coarse surface of material life. Let him survey it with the piercing insight of genius, and in the reconciling spirit of love. Let him find inspiration wherever man is found;—in the sailor singing at the windlass; in the roaring flames of the furnace; in the dizzy spindles of the factory; in the regular beat of the thresher's flail; in the smoke of the steamship; in the whistle of the locomotive. Let the mountain wind blow courage into him. Let him pluck, from the stars of his own wintry sky, thoughts, serene as their own light, lofty as their own place. Let the purity of the majestic heavens flow into his soul. Let his genius soar upon the wings of faith, and charm with the beauty of truth.—*Geo. S. Hillard.*



Wm. Martin

DANIEL DEVLIN—CLOTHING.

READY-MADE Clothing has become so grand a factor in civilization, that it has seriously affected the fortunes of empires; more than one great modern war having been determined by the abilities of governments to suddenly clothe vast armies. This was especially true in our own case, when the exigencies of the Civil War demanded the sending of men by the hundred thousand, to the battle-field at the shortest notice. The demand for clothing never could have been supplied except by the magical power of the sewing-machine under the direction of large and responsible manufacturers of ready-made clothing.

Among the oldest and most honorably-known firms in this business is Devlin & Co., of New York. Mr. Daniel Devlin, the founder—and for nearly a quarter of a century the head of this house—after thorough business training in Ireland, determined to settle in the United States, and before he had reached his majority, entered into the service of James Henry & Co., at Louisville, manufacturers of Kentucky jeans. In 1836 he established himself in the retail clothing business in Louisville, which he managed successfully through the panic of 1837, till 1844, when he founded the house in New York, now known as Devlin & Co. Before his time, ready-made clothing was to be found for the most part in the hands of inferior persons, and their products were of corresponding quality. With the exception of a few standard old houses in New York, who have dressed one or two generations, the merchant-tailoring business has almost ceased to exist. Men are in too great a hurry on this continent to wait for their clothes to be made. Like everything else here, it must be done quick. A great want was felt by the community, and Mr. Devlin determined to meet it. He believed it possible to organize a complete system of manufacturing fine clothing on a large scale, and for less than it had ever been made; and to him this country is chiefly indebted for the fact that we are the best dressed nation in the world. In no country is there such uniformity and excellence of dress; while the vast facilities of large capital and ripe experience, insured an economy in prices, which could in no other manner be secured. Having now placed his house at the head of the business, and extended its trade to every part of the United States, under one of the most thorough organizations known to commerce; acquiring an ample fortune, and enjoying a reputation for integrity and executive talent unsurpassed by any of his fellow-citizens, and esteemed and admired for his broad and liberal spirit, he was fixed upon by the public as pre-eminently qualified for the

responsible office of City Chamberlain. January 1, 1865, he retired from active business—his brother Jeremiah purchasing the larger portion of his interest—and remained a special partner while he lived, retaining his public office, which he filled and adorned with the highest administrative ability, and a fidelity to the public interest which has been refreshing to recall during the reign of corruption which so soon followed his premature departure.

Mr. Devlin's associates in business were admirably chosen, and they aided him greatly in all his undertakings. But through several copartnerships, in which a number of others became interested, all of them able men, his was the master-mind which originated new plans of business, and extended so widely the field of its activity. Never departing from his central idea of resting all his hopes of success on superiority of style and quality in products, combined with low prices, his house has to the present day sustained its unrivaled reputation in one of the most extensive and important departments of American manufactures. The ideas on which the business was established are still adhered to, the present firm being composed of Jeremiah Devlin and Robert C. Ogden, who, with a lifetime of experience in the same trade, continue to prosecute the business with undiminished energy. And thus the great establishment moves on, unimpaired by commercial disasters, the business being still conducted in their two spacious marble buildings on the corner of Broadway and Warren, and Broadway and Grand Sts.

FEMALE COSTUME IN AMERICA.

GRADUALLY the empire of fashion is passing from the Old World to the New. Travelers, authors, editors, and correspondents seem to coincide in the judgment that the American woman in the scenes of taste, is the observed of all observers—whether on the Bois de Boulogne, or in Hyde Park, at a reception in Berlin, or a court ball in Vienna; even in Paris itself she is in figure, air, and style par excellence *la belle femme*. Even European oracles in grace and beauty of female costume, recognize this fact; and the best foreign writers visiting this country assert that the United States may safely challenge the world to show any land where there are so many elegantly-dressed women. Not only in large cities, but in thousands of country places and small villages, the same distinguishing characteristics are observed—an air of fashion modified by a general fitness which is not discernible in other countries, except among the *élite*, and not always there. Much of all this is due to the genius, the taste, and the untiring exertions of a single woman, associated with her husband, W. Jennings Demorest. It cost them more than twenty years to achieve their triumph. Mme. Demorest's spacious and superb establishment on Fourteenth Street, between Union Square and Fifth Avenue, is well entitled to be called "The Cosmopolitan Centre of Fashion," and women of taste and refinement cluster there, not only from every part of this continent, but from the civilized world. A high authority in these matters recently said: "The Paper Pattern busi-

FEMALE COSTUME IN AMERICA.

ness in its development of the useful and the beautiful, and in its magnitude as a commercial enterprise, best illustrates the progress of the age and the civilization of the nineteenth century." When one sees the grace and elegance of taste in the main *salon* of Mme. Demorest's temple, the large variety suited to every style and figure, the wonderful adaptation of costumes to all ages and classes, and learns something of the unparalleled success of the business, the assertion no longer seems extravagant. Mme. Demorest is the pioneer and representative in this business, for she not only introduced the first that were ever manufactured, but has received more diplomas, medals of honor, and other evidences of appreciation, than any other woman now living. So vast has the business grown to be, that 5,000 reams of paper and millions of envelopes are ordered at a time. The Demorest press prints seven publications, two of which have an issue of one million copies, the Magazine and Portfolio of Fashions, being final authority. Other publications with enormous facilities, and with high pretensions, have entered the field ; but none of them ever interfered with these standard publications. The agencies of this house are numbered by the thousand, and among them those which have recently been established in the great European capitals have met with the most brilliant success. The magnitude and importance of this subject as the chief index and element of civilization, furnish an abundant apology, if any were needed, for a more extended notice than this.

Associated with the house is one of the largest printing establishments in America, the firm of Lange, Little & Co., of which W. Jennings Demorest is the Co. It has the patronage of several large publishing-houses and all the printing of several railroads, including that of the Erie. The amount of printing done for the Demorest house is simply immense. *Demorest's Magazine* has the largest circulation of any magazine except *Harper's*.

THE GREAT CORLISS ENGINE.

THIS engine, the largest ever built in the world, emanates from the smallest State in the Union. It stands like an awful giant in the middle of Machinery Hall, in the Centennial Exhibition, and furnishes power to move fourteen acres of machinery. It is capable of exerting a force equal to 2,500 horse-power.

Some time in 1874, Mr. Geo. H. Corliss, of Providence, R. I., United States Centennial Commissioner from his State, offered to furnish the power necessary to run all the machinery which it was thought Machinery Hall would contain, estimating the need at 1,400 horse-power. The commission was inclined to accept the offer, but in Philadelphia, which is one of the greatest iron manufacturing cities in the country, an opposition was manifested because she naturally thought that her engine-builders should have a chance. Mr. Corliss then withdrew his offer in order to give all a chance. The commission then formally advertised for proposals for furnishing power for the whole of the eight lines of shafting in Machinery Hall, or for a single line, so as to divide the work among as many different engine-builders as there are lines of

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

shafting. When the proposals came in, it was discovered that there was not enough power offered to meet their needs; that none of the bidders could or would agree to furnish all; that none were willing to furnish the boilers or connecting-pipes, and that the total cost, according to the inadequate bids they received, was more than what Mr. Corliss had offered to do the work for. Time began to grow short, and nothing was done. At length, in June, 1875, Mr. Corliss, by a unanimous vote, was formally invited to renew his offer. The work was begun on the 14th of June, and was finished at a cost greater, it is said, than \$70,000, which the Board of Finance have paid for it. Mr. Corliss himself gave his personal attention to the work.

The engines are what is known as beam-engines of the Corliss pattern, with all the latest improvements, and nominally of 700 horse-power each, or 1,400 horse-power in both, though this can be increased to even 2,500 horse-power should occasion require. The cylinders are forty inches in diameter with ten feet stroke. The engines are provided with air-pumps and condensing apparatus, and are intended to work with from twenty-five to eighty pounds of steam, according to the requirements of the Exhibition. These engines have the fly-wheel (a gear) between them, and the cranks of both connect with the same crank-shaft, so that properly speaking, it should be called one engine, instead of two, or a double engine. Machinery Hall is 1,400 feet long by 360 feet wide, with additions, one of which is a continuation of the transept, giving a width of about 600 feet in the middle of the building. The engine is placed in the transept, in the centre of the whole hall, directly facing the main side-entrance. The building here is 70 feet from the floor to the top of the ventilator, thus giving ample height for the working of the engine. The gear fly-wheel connects underneath the floor with the main shaft, which is 252 feet long and runs crosswise of the building. At the ends of this shaft, and at two intermediate points, connected with it by nests of bevelled gear six feet in diameter, are shafts 108 feet long, running at right angles with the main shafts and parallel with the main building, to points directly under the ends of the separate lines of overhead shafting. At each end of these four connecting shafts are the main pulleys, eight in all, seven of them being eight and one nine feet in diameter, and each thirty-two inches across the face. By this arrangement each pulley is directly under the end of a distinct main shaft overhead in the hall, with which it is connected by a double belt, thirty inches wide and seventy feet long, an aggregate of twenty feet in width of double belting being required to transmit the whole power of the engine, and each is in a position to drive a straight line of shafting 650 feet in length, or what may be called a separate section of machinery, each section being the whole length and one-fourth of the width of one wing of the hall. This main shaft extends underneath the floor of the transept a hundred feet or more, to furnish power for machinery in that. Thus there are 784 feet of main shafting, four nests of bevelled gear, and the large gear connecting with the gear fly-wheel underneath the floor and completely out of sight, while the main pulleys extend above the floors less than half their diameter.

The boiler-house is a short distance from the transept and thirty-six feet from the main building. In this there are twenty of the Corliss upright boilers of seventy horse-power each, connecting with the engine by means of pipes underneath the floor, 320 feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, of wrought iron and double riveted.—*Cor. New York Herald.*



B. F. Babbitt

B. T. BABBITT.

BORN in Westmoreland, Oneida County, New York, with none of the accessories of wealth, nor the advantages of superior education, the history of his rise to commercial eminence, in connection with those admirable qualities which have commanded the respect of vast communities—encountering difficulties which other men found insurmountable, pressing forward with unfaltering steps through panics, convulsions, and disasters, and at last reaching, at a comparatively young age, the highest position of any soap manufacturer in the world—the story of his life, faithfully written, would offer a model of study for every resolute young man who would achieve fortune and fame by enterprise, judgment, and honor. After losing the first ten thousand dollars he ever made, through the treachery of a trusted agent, he determined in 1843 to begin business in the metropolis. Possessed of every quality necessary to success, his establishment on Washington Street steadily expanded with the growth of his business, until it now covers nineteen city lots, most of the buildings ranging from five to eight stories, affording him an aggregate area of space of nearly 300,000 square feet; turning out 20,000,000 pounds of soap per annum, which enjoys a reputation throughout the civilized world second to no other.

Mr. Babbitt's success, aside from all the other business qualities which he possesses, in so eminent a degree, is attributable chiefly to a complete knowledge of practical chemistry in each of his departments, and a genius for invention which has supplied him with new labor-saving devices, which have secured absolute uniformity in all his products, and insured perfect satisfaction among the vast army of his customers. His enormous establishment is conducted with absolute order; nothing goes to waste; the health of his workmen is sedulously guarded by complete heating and ventilation, in strict compliance with the best hygienic laws, while absolute temperance among his army of workmen is strictly enforced by his own precepts and example. Every facility for good living is furnished on the grounds in his vast restaurant on West Street, which is conducted on the European plan. All New York is familiar with his teams of pure Norman blood horses, which, considering their number, is probably unequaled in America. Not long since Mr. Babbitt purchased in Chicago twenty thorough-bred Normans on exhibition there, paying for them upwards of \$40,000. Their stables are models of neatness, comfort, and ventilation; while throughout the vast premises, no unpleasant odor is perceptible, so pure are the original ingredients he uses, and so completely do they

all yield to the infallible laws of chemical union. Steady employment at fair wages, the comfort and welfare of the workmen, all guarded by paternal vigilance, the vast machinery moves on almost noiselessly, presenting a scene of contentment and prosperity, that would serve as a model to show that capital and labor, well directed in a liberal spirit, need find no antagonism. Such spectacles are not often witnessed in any country; but where they do present themselves, they are worthy of the most honorable mention; for if there be any part of the world where dignity and not slavish drudgery should characterize all manly and womanly occupations, it should be found in a land which first announced the maxim of the inalienable right of all its people to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

PRINTING AND PRINTERS.

WE elsewhere speak of the Bullock Press, and the wonders it has accomplished in printing newspapers. Our readers are familiar with the history of the Printing-Press in other countries from its crudest form of which we have any knowledge in China, as early as the sixth century, down to the present time. We propose only to speak of the progress of the printing-press in America. It is believed that the first press set up on this Continent was in Mexico, in 1536, followed by one in Lima in 1586; Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1639; New London, Connecticut, 1709; Charleston, South Carolina, 1730; and in Newport, Rhode Island, 1732—the year of Washington's birth. Cincinnati was the first place beyond the Alleghanies where printing was begun—in 1793; and the first west of the Mississippi was at St. Louis, in 1808. Franklin worked in London in 1735 upon a clumsy structure almost entirely of wood, known as the *Rammage*; it is on exhibition at Philadelphia. The first important improvement made in the printing-press in this country, was invented by George Clymer in 1817. The second was by Peter Smith, which was largely superseded by the Washington press of Samuel Rust in 1829.

These presses were all hand-machines, and a good day's work could give only 2,000 impressions, and these on a sheet of not more than eight octavo pages. The great desideratum was to contrive a *power* press, and the first one produced in the United States was by Daniel Treadwell of Boston, in 1822. It was used by the American Bible and Tract Societies, either by mule or steam-power. In 1830 a vast improvement was made by Samuel Adams of Boston, which was subsequently improved by Isaac Adams, and for a long time it superseded all other platen-presses, as it was finally brought to perfection; all its work was performed automatically, except feeding the sheets. The Adams press has been the favorite one, and till recently in general use for book-printing. The next great improvement was by Hoe, whose cylinder-press for printing newspapers was adopted by the leading daily journals of

PRINTING AND PRINTERS.

this country, and in Europe by *The London Times*. Among recent inventors are Taylor, Potter, Campbell, Cotirell and Babcock, and finally Bullock.

New York has, until within the last forty years, been less distinguished for its achievements in printing than Philadelphia or Boston; although it has in this, as in most other respects, reached the foremost place, and has numbered among its printers some of the most eminent in the country; while its publishers, both of journals and of books, exceed in wealth and work those of any other American city. For many years no one has occupied a more eminent position as a printer, than John F. Trow, universally known through Trow's City Directory, which he has issued since 1852. The enviable position which he now holds has been the result of more than half a century of close application to the business. His connection with printing dates from 1824, when he entered the office of Flagg & Gould, at Andover, Massachusetts, the place of his birth, to serve his apprenticeship. That office was named from the *Codman Press*, it being the gift of the Rev. Dr. Codman, of Dorchester, of fonts of type of Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Samaritan, &c., which constituted the largest and most complete of any in the country. From these fonts the works of Professors Stewart, Gibbs, Robinson, Edwards, and all the great scholars then centred in Andover, were set up and published. It was there that the great American Tract Society was first located. The press then in use was the old Ramage, and balls were used for inking the type. The capacity of the press was to work a sheet 19 by 24 inches, and requiring two pulls for one impression. The next advance was the introduction of rollers for inking the type; the rollers being made of glue and molasses, substantially the same as at present. The mode of working was for one to *pull*, and the other to *beat* the forms with balls to ink the type, alternating each token or 250 impressions. The companionship of fellow-workmen in those days became very intimate, as much so as that of college-chums or classmates, and such attachments have been marked by the firmest friendships through long lives. Seven years of hard work, mostly on Oriental works, completed young Trow's apprenticeship, and not long afterwards, 1833, he came to New York, and commenced business with Mr. John T. West. The issues of the firm of West & Trow being the best typographic specimens of that day, they were appointed printers to the University of New York, just founded. With an occasional change of partnership, Mr. Trow continued his business, adopting every improvement in the art ahead of all his contemporaries. As early as 1840 he introduced stereotyping as a part of his business. Being an expert in type-setting in the Oriental languages, as early as 1836 he imported complete fonts of Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Coptic, Samaritan, &c., from the celebrated Tauchnitz foundry, far surpassing in quantity and variety those of any other printing-house. In this department especially he remains unrivalled in the variety, elegance, and accuracy of his work. It is none too much praise to accord to Mr. Trow the credit of having generously encouraged every improvement connected with his art which came within his knowledge. In this manner he has with lavish hand made vast expenditures, although many of them have either resulted only in slight improvements, or ended in utter failure. Among other trials, he gave a very thorough one to the type-setting machine, and worked it with such success, that the composition of the entire Bible was done in

60 days, performing the work of 416 type-setters. But owing to the difficulty of the distribution of the type, which has not yet been fully overcome, it did not answer his expectations. On the failure of the New York Printing Co. with the downfall of the Tweed *regime*, he arranged for the acquisition of the principal portion of their types and presses, which rendered his establishment the most complete in this country.

There are very few instances of such steady and enlightened devotion of an active life of fifty years to the art of printing. But beginning his apprenticeship in his boyhood, and his fine constitution carefully preserved by the best habits, he is still prosecuting his favorite pursuit, with the unimpaired vigor of his early prime.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

THE Bunker Hill Monument is finished! Here it stands! Fortunate in the natural eminence on which it is placed, higher, infinitely higher, in its objects and purpose, it rises over the land, and over the sea; and, visible at their homes to three hundred thousand citizens of Massachusetts, it stands, a memorial of the past, and a monitor to the present and all succeeding generations.

I have spoken of the loftiness of its purpose. If it had been without any other design than the creation of a work of art, the granite of which it is composed would have slept in its native bed. It has a purpose; and that purpose gives it character. That purpose enrobes it with dignity and moral grandeur. That well-known purpose it is which causes us to look up to it with a feeling of awe.

It is itself the orator of this occasion. It is not from my lips, it is not from any human lips, that that strain of eloquence is this day to flow, most competent to move and excite the vast multitudes around. The potent speaker stands motionless before them. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquarian shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun, and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noonday, and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts, to the full comprehension of every American mind, and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart.

Its silent but awful utterance, its deep pathos, as it brings to our contemplation the 17th of June, 1775, and the consequences which have resulted to us, to our country, and to the world from the events of that day, and which we know must continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time—the elevation with which it raises us high above the ordinary feelings of life—surpass all that the study of the closet, or even the inspiration of genius, can produce.

To-day it speaks to us. Its future auditories will be through successive generations of men, as they rise up before it, and gather round it. Its speech will be of patriotism and courage; of civil and religious liberty; of free government; of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind, and of the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sacrificed their lives for their country.—*Daniel Webster.*



Lewis Tappan

LEWIS TAPPAN.

Born 1786. Died 1873.



WE have introduced the name and portrait of Mr. Tappan into this work, because he is identified with a very important movement in the mercantile world, which may almost be said to have revolutionized the method of conducting business, especially as regards dispensing credits. We refer to the Mercantile Agency and the system pursued under that name. He was, during his lifetime, it is true, identified with many other very important movements, and was very actively instrumental in carrying them forward, such for instance as the anti-slavery cause, and home and foreign missions. But with these he was more of what might be termed a coadjutor; although his influence and exertions, no doubt, very greatly contributed to the effects realized. But of the Mercantile Agency system, he may fairly be called the originator or father; and as the material development of the country during the last century is one of the chief themes of this book, it seems more fitting that in what we have to say about him, we should confine ourselves to this particular phase of his career.

Mr. Tappan impressed upon the Mercantile Agency his peculiar characteristics almost as clearly as John Wesley did his upon Methodism; and although various adaptations and modifications have been necessary to meet the exigencies of business, these peculiarities are still clearly discernible. He had many enemies and many admirers during his lifetime, as men of strong will and purposes are apt to have; but whatever may have been said of his alleged idiosyncrasies, no one ever doubted his perfect honesty and fair-mindedness, and his desire to give to every man his just due. Indeed, one of his chief considerations, as connected with his purpose in the Agency, was this very idea of giving every man his particular due, by describing him on the Agency records as he had impressed himself upon his neighbors and the community where he resided.

We have said that Mr. Tappan was the originator and father of the Mercantile Agency system. We believe we are justified in using these terms. Some crude attempts had been made, it is true, at something which was intended to supply what the Agency supplies, before his time; but they had never been brought to any practical results; and, indeed, may be said to have been abandoned when Mr. Tappan entered the field. The idea suggested itself to him from a long experience of his own in business, and a knowledge of the difficulty which all dispensers of credit experienced at that time, in obtaining anything like tangible information on which to

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

operate. While in the house of Arthur Tappan & Co.—then the leading dry-goods firm in New York—and engaged in dispensing its credits, he had little to go upon except such information as could be gained from other houses to which he was referred by the parties themselves, or from open letters of introduction or recommendation which the applicants brought with them from some influential source at home, and which were supplied generally at their own request. He saw what must be evident to every one, that this was a very partial way of determining credits; for no man would refer him to those who knew any ill of him, and many of the letters of introduction were furnished by those who would probably, if left to themselves, have preferred not to give an introduction, but who *did* give it rather than expose themselves to the unpleasant necessity of explaining why they refused to do so. The fact is, that credits given under this system, very nearly resembled what Sir Astley Cooper said of surgical operations before his time, viz., that “they were a series of doubtful experiments.” We seriously question whether a system which so completely revolutionized all ideas of business usages and traditions, could have been successfully carried out under the management of any other person. At least, we are quite sure that there are very few persons who could have done it. Mr. Tappan, in the first place, was a man well known in the community. His business ability was almost universally recognized. A better illustration of this could not possibly be given than the fact that, when doubts were expressed about the late Mr. A. T. Stewart, in the early stage of his career, as to whether he was not going beyond what a prudent man should venture, considering his resources, he named Mr. Tappan as a fit and proper person, both from integrity and business shrewdness, to look into his accounts and make an impartial report of his pecuniary condition, so as to set all doubts at rest. In short, his acknowledged business shrewdness, his incorruptible integrity, and the fact that his own experience as a dispenser of credits had prompted him to attempt something that should obviate the perplexities he had himself felt, were all strong arguments in favor of a movement in the direction proposed by the Agency, and it is difficult to imagine any other person in whom all these considerations were combined in the same degree.

Notwithstanding this circumstance in its favor, the new system was received at first with a great deal of misgiving, which afterwards deepened into active hostility, prompted, no doubt, in a great measure, by those who had an interest in concealing as much as possible their own condition. At any rate, let the causes be what they may, there was undoubtedly a deep-seated, vindictive, and determined opposition to it; and when one recalls all the difficulties it has passed through, it is really surprising to see the position that it occupies to-day. Nothing but intrinsic excellence and real adaptability to its work could ever have carried it through the obloquy, misrepresentation, and active opposition that it received during the first six or eight years of its existence. Those who remember its position at that time, and contrast it with its position now, can understand the force of these remarks. The fact is, it required a sort of education before merchants could sufficiently reconcile themselves to so radical a change, as to avail themselves of its full benefits, or divest themselves of their prejudices in favor of the old and imperfect method of investigating. But what has been the result? From being regarded

LEWIS TAPPAN.

as a mere experiment of somewhat doubtful result, it has become a great power in the land; and so decided is the opinion now among its supporters as to its benefits, that, to use the language of one of our chief merchants, "if the system were blotted out, or from any cause brought to an end, business men would immediately commence to devise some means by which its place could be supplied," so indispensable has it become.

Not only has its usefulness been acknowledged in the city where it was originally started, but in numerous other cities in this country, British America, and Europe, wherever its facilities have been tried, the same results have been attained. Its wonderful success has, of course, called into operation numerous other similar institutions, under the names of commercial agencies, and others closely resembling the style adopted by Mr. Tappan, viz., "The Mercantile Agency," all presenting more or less forcibly their claims for support. This was, of course, to be expected. Any successful experiment or project will naturally call into existence others anxious to benefit by the success attained. But as Mr. Tappan during his lifetime, never had any connection with any of these, and our object in this sketch is confined to him and his doings alone, we shall not diverge sufficiently to notice them, beyond remarking that whatever of reputation they may have, is derived nearly altogether from their apparent similarity to the original plan. The prestige of his name has indeed been emphatically acknowledged by one of these associations, which has even gone the length of getting parties bearing the mere *name* of Tappan, but who really had no connection with either the inception or the subsequent conduct of the Mercantile Agency, to join them so that they might incorporate the Tappan name with their own, showing unmistakably the advantage that they considered the business derived from the character of its founder.*

In a country of such immense extent as ours, anything that tends to place at the disposal of business men prompt and reliable data in regard to the responsibility of parties in *all* sections thereof, must evidently be a very important aid in business. Fancy for a moment the Agency system abolished, and with it all the *preparation* for emergencies which its plan embraces—for it should be remembered that this preparation for *anticipated* business wants is one of its leading features—and the consequences which would ensue. Every transaction which embraced in it the responsibility of persons outside or beyond the personal knowledge of those interested in the case, would render a special investigation necessary, and involve a delay often fatal to the whole thing; whereas the Agency works in anticipation, and thus provides beforehand what they have reasonable cause to suppose will be wanted, and supplies it

* As it may interest parties to know the direct succession from Mr. Tappan down to the present proprietors of the business he established, we give it below as furnished to us by these gentlemen themselves.

The style or designation originally adopted by Mr. Tappan, and continued without variation since, was "The Mercantile Agency," and the various names under which the business has been done are as follows: Lewis Tappan, and Lewis Tappan & Co., until 1849; Tappan & Douglass, from 1849 to 1854; B. Douglass & Co. (R. G. Dun the Co.), from 1854 to 1859; R. G. Dun & Co., from 1859 to 1868; Dun, Barlow & Co., from 1868 to the present time, showing a regular and uninterrupted succession; the juniors coming to the front as the seniors retired.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

on the instant. The fact is, these wonderful facilities have been so long at the disposal of business men, that they are taken as matters of course, and without a thought as to the trouble and confusion that would ensue were they deprived of them.

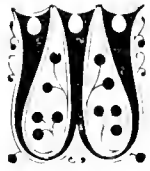
The economy of the system, too, is another important feature. The profits of commerce, as it is now conducted, would not admit of a sufficient outlay for independent investigation by each concern for itself, even if the opportunity for doing it were not wanting. The Agency spends millions of dollars in obtaining for general use what it is enabled to dispense to each single subscriber at a cost of a few hundred dollars a year. To understand this, it is only necessary to glance at the machinery by which the work is now done. No less than seventy branch and associate offices are actively co-operating in it, and they employ in these various offices, very nearly eight hundred clerks whose chief occupation is simply arranging the information obtained and dispensing it to subscribers. When it is understood that this number of men is necessary for this purpose alone, some idea may be formed of the labor expended in obtaining what it takes such an array of clerks to arrange and put in order. Fully 14,000 local correspondents are employed in furnishing this information, and the results obtained from them are further supplemented by an army of travellers who visit almost every section of the country and make separate and independent investigations in order to test the accuracy of what is furnished by local correspondents. A more thorough system it would be difficult to devise; and when to this is added the strong motive the proprietors themselves evidently must have for the greatest care and accuracy—for how could they otherwise hope to acquire or retain the support of subscribers who get nothing for their money if they do not receive effective service—we have said all that is needed in its defence.

Mr. Tappan lived long enough to see the tree that he planted grown to proportions and yielding fruit far beyond what he himself probably anticipated; and we doubt whether among all the movements and enterprises with which he was identified, he will find as lasting a memorial, or as distinct a recognition, as in the Mercantile Agency, destined, probably, to live as long as commerce or civilization, and to carry with it the name of its founder, as one of the far-seeing and original minds which have impressed themselves upon the history, development, and prosperity of their country.



Platt

BENJAMIN STUART WALCOTT.



WHITESTOWN, New York, was his birth-place. Oneida County from its first settlement became one of the brightest spots in that splendid region, which participated so actively in the tragic events of the Revolution, and made the banks of the Mohawk scenes of heroism and suffering. The founders of the civilization which has so eminently characterized Central New York, were among the best men who had grown up east of the Hudson River. They carried with them all the elements of religion, liberty, and prosperity which they had inherited from their New England fathers. Standing near any one of their settlements, a sweep of the eye was sure to be greeted by a District-School, and a Christian temple—humble though they both might have been. That county has been fruitful of great men; the whole space we can devote to the subject of this article would not be broad enough to admit a catalogue of their names. The city of Utica alone furnished three distinguished Attorney-Generals of the State in succession—Talcott, Bronson, and Beardsley; two of her citizens are at the present time in the Senate of the United States, and one on the bench of the Supreme Court; while the number of Oneida men who have gained distinction in other parts of the country where they have flourished, should be a matter of pride to all the present dwellers in that fortunate county.

After young Walcott's school education had been carried far enough to fit him in his sixteenth year to go out for a life-struggle in the business world, he came to New York in 1845, and engaged as a clerk in a dry-goods commission house, where he remained till 1850. Being the son of Benjamin S. Walcott, who, in connection with Benjamin Marshall, established the New York Mills Manufacturing Co. in 1824, whose reputation is familiar to every American merchant, he had certainly an example of business talent, integrity and success which might well excite his ambition. He was able to gratify an irrepressible desire to see the Old World, and he spent the principal portion of the two following years in Syria, the Holy Land, and Egypt, not only for the gratification of his thirst for knowledge, but the establishment of his health. Returning with restored vigor, and the valuable experience which a young man so well endowed in native gifts could acquire under such favorable auspices, he resumed mercantile pursuits for a few years longer, until in 1859 he was appointed to the Secretaryship of the Hanover Fire Insurance Co. Seven years of intelligent devotion to the interests of that institution were rewarded by his election to the Presidency of the Company in 1866, at the age of thirty-seven.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

When he became Secretary the annual income of the Hanover was \$57,108.87; when elected President, \$415,846.21; at the present time, after ten years of his Presidency, the income has reached \$1,136,327. In 1859 the Hanover stood fifty-two in the list of New York State fire-insurance companies in assets and income; it now stands fourth in income, and sixth in assets. From his first connection with the Hanover, he determined to give to it his best efforts. His ambition was to make it a great success if possible. How well he has succeeded, the facts given above can speak for themselves. To his clear judgment, untiring vigilance, and unwearied efforts, his Company is chiefly indebted for its present enviable standing.

All species of insurance have been subjected in this country to extreme hazard, owing to obvious reasons. *First*. Money was not abundant enough to invite capital for investment in fire-insurance, particularly in amounts large enough to afford sufficient guarantees against extended and hazardous risks; and the fragile character of most of our structures exposed them to conflagrations, which often became so dreadful as to desolate large portions of towns and cities. Hence only a few of the American companies, among the vast number established, have been able to pass unscathed through such terrible ordeals; while multitudes have been irretrievably ruined. But amongst those that have been managed with sufficient discretion, and in darker moments been sustained by the courage and integrity of their managers, the Hanover, of the City of New York, has occupied an enviable position. It commenced business in 1852, with a capital of \$150,000, which was increased in 1857 to \$200,000, and doubled in 1863; and in 1875 it was increased to half a million. During the first eight years it was content to limit its operations to New York and its immediate vicinity, at the end of which period its total assets were only \$241,492.42. In the next period of eight years, it extended its business somewhat, feeling its way cautiously, and building on real foundations; and at the end of the second term of eight years its assets had grown to \$606,634.79. Justified in this policy, it entered in 1868 upon its third period of eight years more vigorously, with the satisfactory exhibit at the close of the latter period, of \$1,592,787, cash assets, invested in the most unexceptionable manner; with over one thousand agents, scattered through all the principal cities and villages of the United States; with an annual income of nearly one million and a quarter dollars, having paid in losses during the twenty-four years, \$3,538,350, and in dividends to stockholders \$734,500.

The management of this Company is a happy admixture of the conservative with the progressive; its employees are adepts in the business; its losses are adjusted on principles of the strictest integrity, and are promptly paid. Its agents are selected from among the best citizens in their respective localities, and are as enthusiastic in their attachment to the Hanover, as the Company is appreciative of their efforts in its behalf. To this *esprit de corps* is due in a large degree the eminent success of the Company.

THE FUR SEAL IN HIS HOME.

IN the first cold days, when the chilling blasts hurry down upon us the frosts of the Polar winter, what more cheering than to look through the half frost-bound plate-glass windows of a palatial fur store on Fifth Avenue, where the soft, warm seal muffs and mantles greet the eye of the passer-by! We at once picture the Arctic hunter on his perilous venture for the fur seal in his ice-home. Let us glance at his dwelling, and see how he lives—as his hunters tell us *—for our space can admit of only a glance.

The seal lives only within the Arctic circle. The male reaches full growth about the sixth year, averaging seven to eight feet in length, and six to seven in girth. His fur is a dark brown, with gray overhair on neck and shoulders, and weighs from five hundred to seven hundred pounds. The female, at maturity, measures four feet in length, by two feet and a half round the body, and differs from the male in shape, having a longer head, shorter neck, and fuller body posteriorly, and weighing only eighty or a hundred pounds. In leaving the sea for the land, which is her summer home, her color is a dark, glistening steel, mixed on the back, with breast and sides as white and beautiful as a pigeon. But a few days of air and sunshine turn the back to brown, and the breast, sides and throat to a bright orange. She becomes a mother only in her third year, and is full grown in her fourth. Like the lioness, she has one pup, which hardly weighs six pounds, but in a year he grows to forty or fifty.

During April the sun has mounted high enough to melt the shore snow, and sweep the drift-ice to the South. Then the seal's summer begins. Soon a few veteran males land on the island, after two or three days' vigilant reconnoissance, and carefully smell and tread their way up to the rookeries, stealthily climbing the slopes, where they lie with their heads erect, listening for any approaching danger. This is the time for the vigilant seal hunter to extinguish his fires, and keep still.

When these veteran scout seals have made all sure, they leave; and in a few days male seals of all ages begin, in small numbers, to arrive. But the old patriarchs soon take their places on the rookeries first chosen, and keep the juniors at bay, or force them again to take to the water.

No monarch or conqueror chooses his couch more royally. Each reserves about a square rod to himself, for observation and defence. This is necessary for two reasons—their eyes being adapted to seeing better in water than on land, their vision is feeble on shore, and they have to rely mainly on hearing and smell for signals of danger; and their rear being their weakest point, they require room to turn suddenly to repel an attack. Besides, the seal is a

* The recent acquisition of Alaska has given a new impulse to the fur trade of the United States, and excited a new interest in the seal. We are indebted for the chief portion of the information conveyed on this subject to the courtesy of Messrs. C. G. Gunthers' Sons, whose long connection with the fur trade has made them familiar with this subject. This great house which has been in existence from the early part of the century has recently removed from Broadway to Fifth Avenue between 22d and 23d Streets.

THE FUR SEAL IN HIS HOME.

Sultan, and he provides quarters for his harem of ten or fifteen wives. Now the news has gone through the ocean chambers, and a whole colony comes rushing—all males—and often a fearful and bloody strife goes on, till each new comer has chosen his own place and made good his title, according to the law which seems everywhere to prevail among men and beasts—that to the victor belong the spoils. The males having now completed their summer preparations, they lie waiting for their wives and sweethearts to come. They begin to appear in small numbers, timid and cautious, like all their sex, till at last, by the middle of July, the rookeries are all full, the females often overlapping one another.

As each female comes gliding up in her matchless beauty from the sea, the nearest or boldest male goes down to meet her, with a winning noise—the language of the seal-lover—and then, getting between her and the water, either escorts or forces her to his rookery.

Again comes the strife of wife-stealing. Those perched on the higher ground watch their chances, and, when those below them are off their guard, those above glide down, and, seizing the fair ones of their choice by the nape of the neck (as cats carry off kittens), bear them up to their own quarters. Not seldom, fearful conflicts take place, and the luckless beauty is torn to pieces by her ferocious rivals.

At last the battle is over. Might, not right, has settled it. In two or three days after the female has landed, she gives birth to the (always) single child she has carried in her white bosom so long through the Peri-haunted chambers of the deep; and each fond mother knows the cry of her own young among the myriads around her.

Such is the wild but beautiful life led by these Arctic beings in their far-off homes. It seems wrong and cruel for man to break into their domain, and disturb an Eden like this. But man has been doing this from the days of Herodotus, the Father of History, who tells us that in his time, 400 years before Christ, the people on the shores of the Caspian, were clad in the rich fur of the seal.

Nor will man cease his work. There is something more than the reign of fashion which infatuates the people of the temperate zone with furs; they bear with them a magnetism (animal magnetism, if you will) which, insensibly perhaps, attracts and holds the wearer:

“E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires.”



Geo H. Fell

GEORGE H. FELT, LIEUT. & A. S. O., U. S. A.

THIS gentleman, whose investigations in archæological symbolism and construction are likely to rank him among the savans of his time, was born in Boston, Sept. 22, 1831, and educated in New York by Aaron Rand, a well-known teacher established for over fifty years in that city. His life shows a remarkable example of patient, original inquiry, conducted amidst the pressure and strain of practical affairs. His early training in a drug and chemical establishment opened to him the knowledge of chemistry, which was to prove of so much value in his exhaustive inquiries into the relations between atomic chemistry or molecular force, and the geometrico-arithmetic system by which he is believed to have unravelled the secrets of Greek and Egyptian construction. In his twenty-first year he deemed himself warranted in offering to the Russian government a method of blowing up war-vessels by igniting the powder on board by means of a combination of magneto-electric batteries. In 1861 he entered the army as a private in the 55th regiment (Garde Lafayette), N. Y. S. V., and was shortly promoted to first lieutenant and afterwards sent to the Signal Corps as an additional promotion. He was then assigned to scientific duty, where he elaborated important improvements in field telegraphy, and on being ordered West to take charge of a signal party, he perfected a new signal rocket, as well as a new code for its use. Appreciating his abilities, he was ordered to New York to perfect these new inventions, which were afterwards adopted into the service. Among these novelties was an apparatus to fire rockets on board ships, in any direction and at any desired angle. But the most important result of his processes for improved rocket service was developed in his investigations into the ultimate proportional conditions of matter as determined by electric force (a result arising directly out of his archæological work), to effect such combustion in his rocket-signals that their light could be seen for distances incomparably greater than had previously been possible.

While engaged in the scientific department of active military operations, Lieut. Felt was employed in careful study of various electric and magnetic plans submitted to the authorities, and during all that time he was occupied in his own archæological studies, which have entirely engaged his attention since the close of the war.

The nature and scope of his studies have been brought to the knowledge of many very eminent men in America and Europe, and the publication of the results of his labors is looked forward to with deep interest by scientific men.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Some brief statements of the investigations of Mr. Felt will be found worthy of the serious attention of such of the readers of this work as are looking for new developments of wonders in the scientific world, as it is believed that a new field of discovery has been entered which will lead to important results. If his data are sound, many things must hereafter be regarded from a new point of observation, and be correlated with a multitude of well-known facts which have hitherto been ranked among the *occult* forces of nature.

The initial point of his investigations was the attempt to discover the *Canon of Proportion* by which the Greeks worked in the best period of Hellenic construction. Geometric talent had early declared itself as the natural tendency of his mind, and working steadily through all his processes, it finally guided him to attempt to solve the problem of Greek proportion. In his sixteenth year he read in some book that it was believed that Greek art of the great period was conformed with something like religious strictness to a *Canon of Proportion*, derived from Egyptian sources; that various efforts had been made to discover of what this Canon—lost for two thousand years—really consisted, and that all these attempts had resulted in failure. This statement roused him to penetrate the lost secret.

It should here be observed that all Mr. Felt's labors have been conducted in America, where he had to depend upon libraries rather than galleries. He soon found that all proposed solutions of the problem, whether geometrical or arithmetical, were valueless, because arbitrary, and that the actual phenomena of Greek construction were not in any respect interpreted by them. He pursued for some time a close and careful study of these phenomena, in books of authoritative measurements, and he familiarized himself with the specific geometrical abstract philosophy of the ancient mind, and made many efforts to construct a system of geometro-arithmetic proportion which would fit the case. At last he met with perfect success. Starting from the datum of certain ancient ideas as to the relation between spherical and plane figures, he arrived at a certain specific synthesis of geometrical figure, which, in itself, furnished a powerful calculus of the proportionate relations between the circle and regular plane figures, necessarily involving geometrico-arithmetic relations. In this synthesis he found a true *Canon of Proportion* in the strictest mathematical sense, and in this specific canon he became satisfied by demonstration, that he had found the real system according to which the plastic art of Hellas was conformed and by which it was governed during the period when tradition, as recorded in the books, declares that a canon was in force. This was, however, only the first step in this course of inquiry.

After this he was led on to grapple with the larger and more complex subject of Egyptian construction. Having discovered a valuable Canon or Calculus of Geometrico-arithmetic Proportion and proved its interpretative power in Greek construction, the statements as to the Egyptian origin of this canon irresistibly suggested to him that its application to Egyptian work, would necessarily shed further light on the mysteries always supposed to be involved in Egyptian symbolism and construction.

This impression was strengthened by the extraordinary fact that the precise specific canon of proportion which he had constructed, the specific grouping of triangular, quadrangular, and pentangular geometrical elements, in relation to the circle, *had never before been*

effected, so far as the books showed, in geometrical history; that there was something of deliberate mystical secrecy and suppression connected with the canon. All this impelled him to the careful study of Egyptian construction, and here, fortunately, he had abundant material in perfect scientific mensuration, the great work of Lepsius furnishing him with an immense number of accurate Egyptian measurements. Applying his discovered canon to these figures in Lepsius and other great works of Egyptian archæology, he was able to arrive at startling and demonstrable results, which, on severe examination, will conclusively prove that the labors of the Egyptians were wholly governed by this geometrico-arithmetic canon of proportion, both as a whole and in detail: and that all the details of Egyptian edifices, coloration, symbolism, and ideography, are evolved from this canon. And further, that Egypt, as a whole, was regarded as an ideal theatre of the presence of the canon, in this sense, that it was supposed to be traced in theory, upon the surface of the country; and that their edification, all their pyramidal and other built-up systems, were placed and reared in harmony with the ideal or theoretic presence of the canon.

The proof of all this is essentially geometrical and depends upon showing that everything of Egyptian structure, was conformed to the canon. But there are other elements in the case. It is not possible, *a priori*, that the *illuminati* of Egypt, would have been swayed so utterly by a geometrical system that was merely geometrical or mathematical in its character unless it could be shown to be of closer affinity to the laws of the physical world. Mr. Felt believes that he can show that this *Canon of Proportion* is really a demonstrable geometrical generalization of the facts of physical science; that the forms of the physical world, organic and inorganic, are really governed by this *Canon of Proportion*; that it represents the condition of necessary initial groupings of molecules under force; a condition that becomes palpable when those groupings are measurable, either on the large astronomical or the small microscopic scale, showing the rules of nature in the light and the crystal. He also believes he will be able to demonstrate such relations between Egyptian symbolism and these provable facts of the operation of the canon in physical phenomena, as to suggest irresistibly that the Egyptian *illuminati* were aware of the physical force of the canon; and that this knowledge was anterior to the building of Egypt and the evolution of its symbolic system, and furnishes the motives and the clue to that evolution, which was thus intended as an elaborate exoteric commentary of a deeper and higher and *esoteric* knowledge of physical science.

How vital to the ultimate operations of force, molecularly, the canon is, Mr. Felt has proved, he thinks, by crucial experiments in electric science, in which he has detected the most palpable presence of the canon. The phenomena accompanying these experiments are of a remarkable character, and furnished the base for a new method of manipulating and combining chemical elements, as by this new method he made his signal-rocket composition, which he used in the civil war, the colors of which signal-lights could be readily distinguished at a distance of a hundred miles.

If these things should be fully established, industrial science will be armed with new weapons, but the important bearings of Mr. Felt's labors are not by any means exhausted by the statements so far made. His discoveries bear with great force on the correct interpretation

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

of very many of the symbolical statements and expressions of the Jewish Scriptures. That some of these are really Egyptian in origin and essence has long been suspected, and perhaps even more than suspected ; but there has never been anything like adequate proof of the connection ; but this American investigator shows conclusively that much of their mystical, allegorical, or symbolical utterances is simply a reflex of this Egyptian system of Geometrico-numerical System of Proportion, and that even Hebrew construction was also governed by it. His plans and details of the Temple of Solomon are demonstrably referable to the Pyramidal system and the Greek architecture and sculpture of the best period. If these things be true, we have here a body of geometrical truth which covers Egyptian, Classical, and Hebraic Archæology, and at the same time necessarily involves the cognizance of physical science in its most important aspects. Such a complex system of discovery, accepted and embodied in the culture of the time, would involve a reconciliation of the conflicting schools of science and the humanities of an entirely unexpected kind, and do much to displace the one-sidedness of view, the specialism, which is turning the Professors of Theology, Physics, and Æsthetics, into leaders of hostile forces, instead of being co-operators in the joint diffusion of Truth, as one in substance, but multiform, or rather infinite in manifestation.

Besides this, Mr. Felt shows conclusively, to the judgment of competent engineers and prominent Free Masons, that the geometrical symbolism and the ritual of Free Masonry is really to be explained by reference to this Canon of Proportion, and the work wrought in Egypt under its inspiration and suggestion was the system of operative masonry upon which modern speculative masonry was reared.

The Egyptian origin of Free Masonry so long suspected, is now placed beyond the possibility of doubt by Mr. Felt's labors, which bear with such startling force upon the obscure question of the historical and ethical significance of the Masonic body, that it is believed by those familiar with Mr. Felt's work, that a quite new lustre will be added to the world-wide Masonic fraternity, whose interests and sympathies will be specially engaged in his investigations, when submitted to the world at large. Such publication is not far off. Prior to it Mr. Felt has submitted his papers, drawings, etc., to many of the most distinguished authors and students in Archæology and specialists in the various subjects he deals with, and they have expressed the utmost delight and testify unanimously their sense of the genuinely scientific character and validity of the method and the results of his work.



Austin G. Day

AUSTIN GOODYEAR DAY.

THIS distinguished inventor was born in West Springfield, Massachusetts November 24, 1824. Sprung from the primitive stock of the early New England settlers, his education was carefully looked after; and early showing a peculiar fondness for study and investigation, he was prepared in the District School for his academic studies, with the view to enter college. But fortunately—perhaps for him and the world—his talent for invention diverted him to more practical pursuits. In 1840 his cousin, Charles Goodyear—who afterwards acquired fame and fortune in the India-rubber business—made a visit to young Day's father, and took him to Northampton, where he first saw the process of manufacturing Rubber goods. This incident determined his pursuit for life. But through his love of study he returned to Westfield Academy, with a desire to acquire a classical education. But during a vacation in his seventeenth year, his cousin prevailed on his father to allow him to take him to Woburn, near Boston, where Mr. Goodyear's factory was established. Captivated with the business, he went into Mr. Goodyear's service as correspondent, and book-keeper. But much of his time was spent in the study of India-rubber—its physical and chemical qualities, and the processes of its manufacture. He assisted in the vulcanization of the first two or three yards of sheet-rubber already being treated by Hayward for Goodyear. Soon afterwards he went into a new factory at Springfield for the special purpose of perfecting the vulcanizing process, and applying it to all different articles desired; he also attended to the making of sixty pairs of braces, which were the first of the kind produced. From this point dates the commercial success of the India-rubber business.

He continued for several years in the service of Mr. Goodyear, instructing the workmen in the various factories set up, and conducting a vast number of experiments in applying the process of vulcanizing to numerous articles. At last, in 1844, the Goodyear patents were taken out. But long exposure to turpentine, lead and sulphur, had prostrated his health, and he was laid up for several months. Resuming his labors, he devoted himself to the practical care of vulcanizing, at the Roxbury factory, all varieties of goods then known. Here he made the acquaintance of Prof. Hayes—afterwards State assayer for Massachusetts—which proved of great value to him. It was under the general directions, and often the close inspection of the Professor, that Day now prosecuted many of his experiments, with new ardor and intelligence, with the view of discovering a substitute for sulphur

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Although these objects were not attained, his long and varied course of experiments, under the suggestions of Prof. Hayes, were of the highest importance in their bearing upon his later discoveries. Again he was prostrated from the same causes, but recuperated by country air and exercise, chiefly in the exhilarating sports of angling and hunting, which have been his life passion.

Returning once more to his chosen business, visiting all the India-rubber factories, he not only rendered most important service, in improving the processes of manufacture, but he acquired a more thorough knowledge of the business than perhaps any other man then possessed.

In 1851 he entered a field of new discoveries. He began a series of rapid experiments, using all the earthy substitutes for magnesia, also gums, resins, and bituminous substances, with or without magnesia, when the fortunate application of sulphur and rubber with a high degree of long-continued steam-heat, was found to produce a hard, elastic, flexible rubber, admitting of a fine polish. He said that he "could never forget his feeling, as the idea flashed on his mind that the desired discovery was an accomplished fact, and that new results and wider fields were to be opened for the business." His former experiments had shown that sulphur is the essential chemical element in vulcanizing India-rubber; and he now sent to Charles Goodyear, at Boston, the first piece of hard sulphur-and-rubber formed like a strip of whalebone. As the invention of soft and elastic rubber, cut into threads for shirred braces, made the first success of this branch of the business, so this strip of whalebone rubber made the second.*

Nathaniel Hayward discovered the use of sulphur in combination with rubber, in 1838, and patented it. Charles Goodyear discovered the application of heat to the vulcanization of rubber, sulphur, and white lead, in 1838 and 1839, securing his patent in 1844. Mr. E. M. Chaffee, of Roxbury, invented the machinery for working rubber by means of steam-heated rollers, which dispensed with the expensive use of solvents, and thereby doubled the facility and cheapened the cost for practical manufacture. These are the three principal improvements in the business of India-rubber till now, in this country and Europe. Nelson Goodyear, a brother of Charles, made from 1849 to 1851, the hard, inflexible, brittle product, composed of sulphur, rubber, and magnesia, subjecting it to the heating process of Charles Goodyear. This product did not become of sufficient practical value to manufacture. In 1851, Austin G. Day took up the subject, and discovered what is called the hard, flexible, whalebone product, by a new process, requiring a high degree of heat, commencing where Goodyear ended—at 275°—and carrying the heat to 300° or 320°, and continued from six to ten hours. This was patented in 1858. In 1853, he had discovered a process for cleaning India-rubber, and perfected and patented it in 1856. The cleaning and purifying of all kinds of commercial India-rubber was preparatory to perfecting the hard-rubber process. At this time, only one quality of rubber was used—Para rubber from Brazil—the qualities from all other parts of the world being filled with too many impurities to be of practical value at the time. The supply of Para rubber was

* During his experiments under Prof. Hayes at Roxbury in 1845, while vulcanizing rubber in melted sulphur, he made many pieces of rubber of a hardness like horn—a point afterwards claimed to have been done by others, as showing a priority of experiments and inventions in producing hard elastic rubber.

too small for the market, and the price was too high ; but the demand called for the using of these impure qualities. Mr. Day's cleaning process gave confidence to the importers that these impure qualities could be used, and this fact being established, more than double the quantity was imported, which reduced the cost of rubber upwards of one-half. The result was the bringing into use of rubber from other parts of the world—Africa, the East Indies, and Central America. The importance of the improvement was apparent ; it more than doubled the supply.

In 1854, Mr. Day bought a factory at Seymour, Connecticut, for developing the cleaning process, and to perfect his hard-rubber patent, with space for carrying out future inventions.

In 1855, he sold one cleaning right to the Boston Belting Co., for \$10,000, which gave him credit and capital to increase his business, which soon became large and profitable. He had already, while in New Haven, begun to manufacture hard-rubber pencils and penholders, and he continued it at Seymour, with the distinct object of making it a business, while making his improvements. The perfecting of the cleaning process and other reasons delayed him from taking out his patent, as he wished to apply the hard-rubber patent to all kinds of commercial India-rubber. Without the cleaning process, hard-rubber could be manufactured only from Para rubber. East India and Africa rubber sold from 12 to 15 cents a pound in 1853, while Para rubber brought from 30 to 40. Before the cleaning process had gone into general use, Para rubber had advanced from 75 cents to \$1.00, and would have risen to \$1.50. This made it a necessity to use the cheaper qualities, and from 1855 to 1864 these qualities had advanced from 12 to 70 cents. In 1853, Mr. Day cleaned 55,000 pounds, and in 1859, 500,000.

Manufacturers had long tried to combine other materials with rubber to cheapen and improve it ; and vegetable and mineral oils and coal-tar had been used separately to some extent. In using these materials in their natural state, combined with rubber, the compound became too adhesive, and the ingredients had to be worked separately. Carrying his investigations into this field also, he conducted a long series of experiments with the sole object of overcoming this obstacle and producing a compound of these materials that could be combined with rubber, resulting in the discovery and invention of the valuable substance known as crude Kerite, as a substitute for caoutchouc, and making a product that could be worked on machinery. Returning to Seymour, he prosecuted his experiments with still greater assiduity and success. He made his first application of Kerite to the insulation of telegraph wire, this giving it the severest tests by exposure to air, earth, and water, and has continued it to the present time, applying it to all kinds of insulated wire and cables, and his insulation is largely used by the Government for telegraph purposes in the army and navy, particularly for exploding torpedoes. During 1867, 1868, and 1869, he was making from 2,000 to 3,000 experiments a year, and had tabulated 350 formulas for making crude Kerite. These experiments involved the whole range of the use of vegetable and mineral oils, bitumens, gums, and resins, in combination with sulphur, acids, alkalies, earths, and mineral oxides. By constant exposure to the gases of these combinations and unwearied experiments for five years, he became physically exhausted, which resulted in a severe illness, that confined him to his room for six months. After his recovery, he went to Europe, where he remained two years. There he observed the

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

condition of the art of manipulating India-rubber, and particularly the insulation of telegraph wires and cables, with their manufacture. He returned home in April, 1872, with restored health, and a better knowledge of the imperfections and wants of insulated wires and cables, as well as the needed improvements in his crude Kerite and its combination with rubber. He now commenced a new period of activity and development.

The crude Kerite is composed of many different substances. It may be combined with India-rubber, sulphur, and oxides of metals, in the usual way known to manufacturers. It is then prepared for coating telegraph wire, or as applied to the manufacture of all other articles of India-rubber goods. This crude Kerite is a new, raw material; giving new, more durable, and many more valuable qualities to India-rubber manufacture, as well as reducing its cost, and is capable of application to the whole rubber business.* Its combination, application, and perfection have been the result of immense labor and experience, commencing with 1841, and has been the definite object of his labor since 1865; and he has devoted to it more of time and thought than to all his other improvements, his investigations occupying a field quite outside of the knowledge taught in the schools, in text-books, or former discoveries.

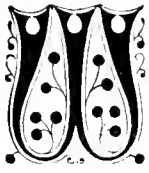
The improvements of machinery in connection with telegraph wire and cables, have been mostly developed by Mr. A. G. DeWolfe, who has been Mr. Day's able assistant for many years. To him is due the perfecting of very valuable machinery for insulating all kinds of telegraph wire and ocean cables. This machinery was commenced in 1858, and has been in constant stages of improvement, until it has at last been brought to perfection. To his steady and untiring industry, for all these developments, chemical and mechanical, Mr. Day acknowledges himself more indebted than to any one person, as well as for sustaining his courage and perseverance under difficulties and perplexities which seemed almost insurmountable.

In 1870 Mr. Day took out a patent for durable concrete pavements for roads and walks, which have been partially tested by some 20,000 square yards in the city of New York—it is known as Day's Vulcanized Concrete Pavement. The chemical principles of its manufacture were developed from experience gained in producing crude Kerite. It is believed to be susceptible of being made the most durable and perfect pavement in the world; as it can stand the extremest heat and cold of our climate.

At New Haven in 1851-3, he attended the lectures of Prof. Benjamin Silliman, Sr., enjoying his intimacy, familiarly discussing the experiments of these years and reaping the benefit of his valuable suggestions. Prof. Benjamin Silliman, Jr., and Prof. Charles F. Chandler have also rendered him great assistance, spending much time in his factory. Mr. Day is still actively engaged in extending his inventions and discoveries into new fields, where his vast experience and vigorous health promise new triumphs.

* One of its valuable characteristics is its practical indestructibility, under exposure to the air and the action of the rays of the sun—in this respect possessing many times the vitality of India-rubber, and probably destined largely to take the place of this gum in many of the uses to which it is now applied.

BULLOCK AND HIS PRESS.



ILLIAM BULLOCK, who was to advance the printing-press to apparently the last stage of perfection, was born in Greene County, New York, in 1813. He came from a gifted family, whose members had won honorable distinction in various spheres of life. With a rare capacity for learning, his genius lay chiefly in the direction of mechanics. One of the first attempts in the Art of Printing, was an automatic sheet-feeder to be applied to ordinary hand-feed presses. This was quite a mechanical success. Others followed on the same line ; and although fifteen years have since elapsed, no one has improved on Bullock's machine.

His first printing-machine was also an original idea. It was a flat-bed press, with a series of impression cylinders connected by an endless chain, which carried the cylinders over the forms—down under—up over the bed again, and so continuously. This he called his *Chain Lightning Press*. It was used by Frank Leslie to print an edition of his paper containing the first account of the great fight between Heenan and Sayers, with illustrations. But not having in it the element of high speed, it was abandoned. Going from New York to Pittsburgh, where he had promise of assistance from old friends, Bullock gave for the first time attention to his idea of a Rotary Self-feed, or Web-perfecting press. This was in the beginning directed to a machine which, feeding from rolls from both ends of the press, and by an arrangement in the centre, allowed the paper to pass in both directions, without interfering while printing. Each end had its own delivery. This device went no further than a large working model, which still exists ; but it was abandoned for a simpler and more practical form in a machine made for the *Cincinnati Times*, which was put in operation at that office about 1861, working fast, and printing well. The fault of this machine and of several of its successors, was the lack of metal to make it solid and strong. But it demonstrated he was “a born inventor,” with a mind so fruitful, and a power for reducing machines—his own or the inventions of others—to their greatest simplicity : that for him to look at a machine was to improve and correct radical defects. His comprehension embraced the whole range of the mechanic arts. His inventions and improvements were many and various in other branches than those connected with the printing-press, to which he gave so much attention, and by which his originality secured a success equal to his wishes, and a name history will preserve with pride. His first effort in this direction was accidental, or rather unexpected. Being editor and publisher of a weekly paper in Catskill, N. Y., his pecuniary embarrassment seemed likely to deprive the establishment of its printing-press. In this emergency his mechanical and inventive ability was called on for aid, and with such materials as a blacksmith's and carpenter's shop could furnish, he improvised a press within a week, which enabled him to put his paper in the hands of his subscribers on the accustomed day of issue. This—his first press—was made almost entirely of wood, and principally by his own hands. The bed, however, was a stone or marble slab. The impression was made by a wooden roller. This machine worked well, and was ever after the only press in the office.

Abandoning editorial cares, and the trials which follow inadequate means, he came to New

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

York, and began as an inventor of machinery connected with printing. He had overcome, in self-feed machines, the difficulties which had arrested the labors of all who preceded him, viz., in cutting and separating the paper from the roll or web into sheets as they were printed, and their successful delivery in well-regulated order on the receiving-board. The first instance of this being done successfully, was at the office of the *Cincinnati Times*, by Mr. Bullock, on his press in 1861, and it deserves to be recorded in the Centennial year of American progress and life, as one of its achievements. Bullock made many improvements of a minor nature on printing-machines, very ingenious and original. He was not a man to tread in others' footsteps.

The trials and troubles of the great inventor now seemed to be over. In 1865 a Company was formed for the manufacture of the presses. Soon after—1867—on an exhibition of a perfected press built for a Philadelphia newspaper, while the inventor was adjusting the driving-belt, his foot slipped, his ankle was crushed, and he died from his injuries April 15, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. It seemed a strange, and certainly was a painful providence, that after he had completed his invention, and was moving calmly in the sunshine of the afternoon of a noble life, he should be cut off from all future enjoyment of fortune and fame. But he had formed a Company of gentlemen of capital, energy, and integrity. His presses were being made in one of the most perfect machine-shops of the world, and he knew that he was leaving behind him an imperishable monument. He was fortunate in those he left to represent him; their wisdom being displayed in patiently waiting for any possible improvements which experience might suggest, being satisfied that time would secure a complete and universal triumph. One by one, the leading Journals of the United States were induced to adopt them. The great Dailies of Cincinnati, Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New York, Brooklyn, and Boston, have found immense saving of time and money in their use. Their achievements seem incredible. The *New York Herald*, which stands so high in all its mechanical arrangements, says, February 10, 1875: "Some years ago we adopted the Hoe printing-press, which excited wonder and admiration by the rapidity and accuracy by which it turned out printed sheets by the hour. But the performance of even so modern an invention, is surpassed by that of an improved Bullock Self-Feeding Press, which promises to do double the work of the Hoe. It prints a quadruple sheet of the *Herald* at one impression, and needs the attendance of three men only, while the Hoe press needs fifteen men to work it effectively. The Bullock press is fed from a web—an endless roll—the sheet is printed on both sides, cut off, and deposited in the receiver a perfect *Herald*. This wonderful machine is remarkably compact, occupying about one-fourth the space of the Hoe press. Every portion of the machinery is under the eye of the pressman, who can easily detect and correct any irregularity. In addition to its other good qualities it is solid and simple in construction. There are only nineteen gear-wheels, so that the danger of its getting out of order is very small. The process of saturating the paper is very simple, and the delivery of the printed sheets is effected with a precision not attained in any other system. Single or quadruple sheets of the *Herald* can be printed at pleasure, and every paper deposited on the receiver is counted by a register. It will effect a considerable reduction in the cost of printing—the *Herald* will save \$80,000 yearly, by substituting it for older presses."

BULLOCK AND HIS PRESS.

Says the New York *Sun*: "When our seven Bullock printing-presses are working we can turn off without extravagant exertion 120,000 copies in an hour." Similar testimony is given wherever these presses are in use. In this age of wonders the Bullock press will doubtless be regarded by many as the most astonishing invention that will be exhibited in the bewildering labyrinths of the Centennial.

In reply to an inquiry made to one of the best informed men on this subject, we received the following response:—"The greatness and completeness of this improvement in the Printing Art, are due to William Bullock. For many years others had made attempts to produce such a machine, and had failed; as the archives of the Patent Offices of England and the United States will amply testify. Mr. Bullock's success may date from about 1860. His first patent was recorded in England early in 1862, and he described his press fully at the time in his drawings and specifications in all its operations, substantially as it now stands. It was not till the certainty of success had at last been reached, that any attempts by other parties were projected—and none of these were published earlier than 1869.

Mr. Bullock was a great inventor—full of original ideas and new methods of a common-sense character. An examination of his machine will prove this, as nothing equal to it has since been produced. These facts have been fully recognized by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, in a report of its committee, by the grant of its Silver Medal of merit, and the award of the Elliott Cresson Gold Medal, which is of the very highest character, granted only on extraordinary occasions to new and useful inventions or discoveries—and then only after reported to its highest "Committee on Science and Art" for investigation and judgment, when, that being favorable, publication is made of the intention of the Institute to award the medal; and inviting information from all quarters why it should not be granted. Only one medal of this class had previously been bestowed by the Franklin Institute.

The Bullock belongs to that class of printing machines known as the rotary self-feed perfecting, or web-press. It is composed entirely of cylinders, and having no reciprocating motion, can be run at the highest possible speed within the bounds of safety. To feed itself, rolls of paper containing thousands of sheets are supplied, resting either on the press, or placed so near it as to be drawn by small tension into it, where the paper, passing between a type-cylinder and a form-cylinder, is printed on one side; and immediately the white side of the sheet is presented to another pair of cylinders, type and impression, and printed almost simultaneously on the other, thus finishing and completing the sheet, which, being separated by cutting-cylinders, is laid on the fly-board. Each cylinder has a complete apparatus for inking the forms, such as ink-fountains and distributing-cylinders.

Presses of this class are the simplest of all printing machines, are easily kept in working condition—and for the hard work demanded are very durable. Some Bullocks have already seen twelve years' service—1876. The Bullock was the forerunner of its class, and the model for all that have since appeared. And it will continue to be so, until other methods are found out more economical and speedy—a thing not likely to happen, except when some radical change in the whole system of printing is discovered.

William Bullock's invention has revolutionized the printing art. Only a few years ago a

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

rotary self-feed press was unknown, and all work was done by large cumbrous presses, printing only one side of the sheet, and supplied by men feeding them in singly, and repeating the operation for the other side. To show the vast difference in labor, time, quantity and cost, it is necessary only to say that a rotary press of the style driven out, of the largest size, required thirteen men to supply paper and attend it, producing in one hour 15,000 sheets printed on one side only; while a Bullock press with three men will produce more than double that quantity. The difference in the expense of the two machines is so great as to compel the abandonment of the old rotary for the new-comer. The difference in the quantity of printed matter, is no greater than the difference in size and appearance of the presses—the Bullock occupying about one-fourth of the room. In the city of New York there is one establishment which saves the large sum of \$80,000 a year; and another a nearly equal sum, simply and entirely in the way of labor, while further savings are made in every direction, such as the advantage of printing no larger quantity than the day's demand.

Over fifty Bullock presses are now in use in all the large cities of the country: *The New York Herald*, *New York Sun*, *Boston Herald*, *Chicago Times*, *Tribune*, *Staats Zeitung*, and *Inter-Ocean*, *Philadelphia Democrat—Star*, and *Item*—*Cincinnati Star*, *Enquirer*, and *Volksblatt*—*St. Louis Republican*—*Louisville Courier-Journal*, and many others.

THE PROSPECTS OF LEARNING IN AMERICA.—We have had an age of chivalry and adventure, which made us colonies; one of revolution, which gave us national independence; one of pioneers, which opened our forests to the sun, and gave us Agriculture; one of conquest, which gave us empire; one of invention, which gave us electricity and steam, to annihilate space and time; one of exploration, which opened our mines and gave us wealth; one of commerce, which gave us civilization; another of schoolmasters, that taught our people; and now is coming the age of libraries, which will give us learning.

The intellectual life of this continent is only just dawning. We have been building a republic, and we have had but one century for the work. It took Rome seven centuries to consolidate hers, and the Ptolemies a longer period, to amass the Alexandrian library.

The *London Athenæum* says, that the increasing American demand for rare and valuable works has quadrupled their prices in twenty years. There is an uninterrupted stream of intellectual wealth flowing from the ancient fountains of learning in the old world to the universities of the new. One by one, from those old seats of power and opulence are being transmitted to us the lights of ancient learning. Our poorest mechanic now has access to libraries beyond the reach of the scholars of the last generation, and from them he derives plans of architecture, designs in mechanism, and emblems for ornamental art, which he could gain in no other way.

These fountains of light are being continually opened, on a greater or smaller scale, all through this land, and in the newest States foundations are being laid for the dissemination of knowledge among men. The eclipse of the Sun of Light is moving off from the great multitude who have made so long a journey through the dark wilderness.

CHARLES SUMNER.



WITH him, departed the last of the long line of statesmen who shed glory over the Second Age of the Republic. He was born in Boston, Jan. 6th, 1811, and died in Washington, March 11th, 1874.

He was, in a special sense, the founder and prophet of the Free Soil party; and during his long career in the Senate, sometimes with scarcely a single coadjutor, he steadily pursued the course he had marked out in the beginning, unawed by intimidation or violence, and which ended in a brutal attempt in the Senate House at assassination*—until he saw the last vestige of Slavery swept away; and a long-oppressed and despised race clothed with the rights of citizenship. He was often regarded, even by his friends, and the friends of liberty, as fanatical. He was only paying the penalty which is always exacted of reformers whose crime is in being beyond their age. But his sublime faith in the early emancipation of the colored Race was never shaken; in the darkest hours, when the courage of other men gave way, his heroism only blazed out the brighter; he knew no such word as compromise with wrong; he never bartered justice or right; he was the incorrigible foe of all corruption in public life; he never was tainted with partisanship; not one impure motive was ever known to sway his public acts; no man ever approached him with a bribe; radical and sweeping as were the measures he proposed, he sooner or later brought his own State, the Senate, and the Nation to their adoption; nor after they had gone into effect, was their wisdom called in question; and finally before he died, he enjoyed that rarest of all satisfactions which solaces the departing statesman—he lived to see his great measures triumph. Without derogating credit from any of the great and true men who had begun the battle for freedom, and who continued the struggle to the last, we may with historic accuracy say, that no one had so mighty an agency in bringing about the freedom of the American slave.

All his acts bear the clearest impress of illuminated statesmanship; and they were all crowned with success. When death struck him his fame was complete; his work, as he him-

* It would seem that, after all, there were something fitting in this second immolation of a civilian on the crumbling altar of Slavery. This Juggernaut had already rolled over the bodies of half a million victims, in hospitals, and on battle-fields; but in reeling to its fall it still demanded blood. Two of the most servile attendants at the altar of the foul divinity, were destined to do the work. BOOTH, a more desperate, but not half so brutal a wretch as BROOKS, had assassinated the Chief of the Republic: the South Carolina murderer had chosen the chiefest of the Senators. And, although the matchless skill of science, and the assiduity of the most vigilant care, had postponed the climax for many years, death came at last to execute its commission.

Senator SUMNER had never fully recovered from the effects of the assault. As late, even, as the year 1872, through unwearied devotion to business, it had compelled him to leave his post, and once more, by absence and travel, seek restoration. Again he yielded to the pressing solicitation of Dr. Brown-Sequard, and spent the summer in Europe. It was, however, but a temporary relief he gained, and giving himself up once more, in the only way he could do his public duty—with absolute devotion—he overworked himself, chiefly in his exertions and solicitude in behalf of the Civil Rights Bill which he was so anxious to see passed, as the capstone to crown the arch of all the Acts of Freedom of the redeemed Congress.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

self said, was done. The greatest social revolution of our times had been achieved. Even the bells of South Carolina, which at the bidding of slavery had rung out their merry peals on the return of Sumner's assassin, were among the first to toll the departure of the great statesman, while the civilized world went into mourning for one of the greatest benefactors of humanity.

I know of no funeral eulogy which the occasion of his death called forth, more worthy to be preserved in this Record, than the sublime tribute paid to him by John G. Whittier, "The Quaker Poet."

SUMNER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"I am not one who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave ; but, by the grace of God, I have kept my life unsullied."—[*Milton's Defence of the People of England.*]

O mother State ! the winds of March
Blew chill o'er Auburn's Field of God,
Where, slow, beneath a leaden arch
Of sky, thy mourning children trod.

And now, with all thy woods in leaf,
Thy fields in flower, beside thy dead
Thou sittest in thy robes of grief,
A Rachel yet uncomforted !

And once again the organ swells,
Once more the flag is half-way hung,
And yet again the mournful bells
In all thy steeple towers are rung.

And I, obedient to thy will,
Have come a simple wreath to lay,
Superfluous, on a grave that still
Is sweet with all the flowers of May.

I take, with awe, the task assigned ;
It may be that my friend might miss,
In his new sphere of heart and mind,
Some token from my hand in this.

By many a tender memory moved,
Along the past my thought I send :
The record of the cause he loved
Is the best record of its friend.

What hath been said, I can but say ;
All know the work that brave man did,
For he was open as the day,
And nothing of himself he hid.

No trumpet sounded in his ear,
He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame,
But never yet to Hebrew seer
A clearer voice of duty came.

God said : " Break thou these yokes ; undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered : " Here am I !"

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew, at last,
Its own exceeding great reward.

The fixed star of his faith, through all
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same,
As, through a night of storm, some tall,
Strong light-house lifts its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw
The sheaves of freedom's large increase,
The holy fanes of equal law,
The New Jerusalem of peace.

No wail was in his voice,—none heard
When treason's storm-cloud blackest grew,—
The weakness of a doubtful word,
His duty, and the end, he knew.

CHARLES SUMNER.

The first to smite, the first to spare ;
When once the hostile ensigns fell,
He stretched out hands of generous care
To lift the foe he fought so well.

For there was nothing base or small
Or craven in his soul's broad plan :
Forgiving all things personal,
He hated only wrong to man.

The old traditions of his State,
The memories of her great and good,
Took from his life a fresher date,
And in himself embodied stood.

How felt the greed of gold and place,
The venal crew that schemed and planned,
The fine scorn of that haughty face,
The spurning of that bribeless hand !

If than Rome's tribunes statelier
He wore his senatorial robe,
His lofty port was all for her,
The one dear spot on all the globe.

If to the master's plea he gave
The vast contempt his manhood felt,
He saw a brother in the slave,—
With man as equal man he dealt.

Proud was he ? If his presence kept
Its grandeur wheresoe'er he trod,
As if from Plutarch's gallery stepped
The hero and the demi-god,

None failed, at least, to reach his ear,
Nor want nor woe appealed in vain :
The homesick soldier knew his cheer,
And blessed him from his ward of pain.

Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defects he never hid,
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart ;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

What if he felt the natural pride
Of power in noble use, too true
With thin humilities to hide
The work he did, the lore he knew ?

Was he not just ? Was any wronged
By that assured self-estimate ?
He took but what to him belonged,
Unenvious of another's state.

Well might he heed the words he spake,
And scan with care the written page
Through which he still shall warm and wake
The hearts of men from age to age.

Ah ! who shall blame him now because
He solaced thus his hours of pain !
Should not the o'erworn thresher pause,
And hold to light his golden grain ?

No sense of humor dropped its oil
On the hard ways his purpose went ;
Small play of fancy lightened toil ;
He spake alone the thing he meant.

He loved his books, the Art that hints
A beauty veiled behind its own,
The graver's line, the pencil's tints,
The chisel's shape evoked from stone.

He cherished, void of selfish ends,
The social courtesies that bless
And sweeten life, and loved his friends
With most unworldly tenderness.

But still his tired eyes rarely learned
The glad relief by Nature brought ;
Her mountain ranges never turned
His current of persistent thought.

The sea rolled chorus to his speech,
The pine-grove whispered of his theme ;
Where'er he wandered, rock and beach
Were forum and the Academe.

The sensuous joy from all things fair
His strenuous bent of soul repressed,
And left from youth to silvered hair
Few hours for pleasure, none for rest.

For all his life was poor without,
O Nature, make the last amends ;
Train all thy flowers his grave about,
And make thy singing-birds his friends !

Revive again, thou Summer rain,
The broken turf upon his bed !
Breathe, Summer wind, thy tenderest strain
Of low, sweet music overhead.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

Nor cant, nor poor solicitudes
Made weak his life's great argument ;
Small leisure his for frames and moods
Who followed duty where she went.

The broad, fair fields of God he saw
Beyond the bigot's narrow bound ;
The truths he moulded into law,
In Christ's beatitudes he found.

His State-craft was the Golden Rule,
His right of vote a sacred trust ;
Clear, over threat and ridicule,
All heard his challenge : " Is it just ? "

And when the hour supreme had come,
Not for himself a thought he gave ;
In that last pang of martyrdom,
His care was for the half-freed slave.

Not vainly dusky hands upbore,
In prayer, the passing soul to heaven
Whose mercy to the suffering poor
Was service to the Master given.

Long shall the good State's annals tell,
Her children's children long be taught,
How, praised or blamed, he guarded well
The trust he neither shunned nor sought.

If for one moment turned thy face,
O Mother, from thy son, not long
He waited calmly in his place
The sure remorse which follows wrong.

Forgiven be the State he loved,
The one brief lapse, the single blot ;
Forgotten be the stain removed—
Her righted record shows it not.

The lifted sword above her shield
With jealous care shall guard his fame ;
The pine-tree on her ancient field
To all the winds shall speak his name.

The marble image of her son
Her loving hands shall yearly crown,
And from her pictured Pantheon
His grand, majestic face look down.

O State, so passing rich before,
Who now shall doubt thy highest claim?
The world that counts thy jewels o'er
Shall longest pause at Sumner's name

MILTON SAYS: "A nation ought to be but as one huge Christian personage—one mighty growth, or stature of an honest man ; as big and compact in virtue, as in body ; for look, what the ground and causes are of single happiness to one man ; the same ye shall find them to a whole state."—*Milton's Reformation in England, Preface.*

REFORM IN LIFE ASSURANCE.

THE origin and progress of Life Assurance in America constitute one of the most phenomenal aspects of modern society ; and it has so woven itself into our economic life, that the wisdom and integrity of its management concern not only the well-being of many millions of our people as a direct personal interest, but it involves the social and commercial prosperity of the whole nation.

It had small beginnings, like great rivers—like the dawning of every morning. But, like the mountain rivulet, it has swollen into a broad stream, and the gray streaks of dawn that fritted the east have brightened into noon-day splendor. The facts as last reported, can alone give any idea of the magnitude of the interests involved. On the first of January, 1875, the whole number of life policies in force was 575,781, insuring \$1,550,455,549 : endowment policies 155,158, covering \$307,161,451 : joint life and survivorship, 7,933, insuring \$13,261,286 : short term and irregular policies 24,370 : making the total policies in force 779,534, covering an insurance within a fraction of two thousand millions of dollars ; a guarantee almost as great as now stands against the National Government for what we call the National debt. These figures are so stupendous, that they completely elude the comprehension of the common mind. It is a sum twenty times greater than all the gold and silver in the United States. If so colossal a system should collapse through fraud or incapacity, it would bring about a financial ruin, compared with which, the late crisis and the present depression, would be less than a drop in the bucket ; while if it shall be kept sound, and this trust, greater by far than has ever been committed to any association of private men, shall be held inviolate, it will not only prove one of the strongest guarantees of American prosperity, but perhaps the sheet-anchor of our whole system of life.

Impetuous as Americans, like all adventurers in a new land, have been, they generally felt that even in their most hazardous leaps, they had, somehow or other, solid ground to strike on ; and in the main, they have been right. Nothing venture, nothing gained. This time-worn maxim has become time-honored here ; in fact, it is the only password to our history. It required no courage to live in Europe, and rust : but it demanded heroism to set out for a new home in a savage wilderness, and achieve something or die ; and the establishment of what we may call the bow-anchor institutions to hold the ship of state in storms—as Savings Banks, for cities of refuge in days of trouble ; Insurance against fire and wreck ; the

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

immediate resort to bills of rights and constitutions when men enough clustered together to need a palladium for the protection of all : the building of a hundred thousand temples for the worship of God, and the construction of a common School System of Education in all the States and Territories—surely these are no small, or insignificant indices of the great fact that at the substratum of the American character lies a broad bed-rock of conservatism. And yet there is one radical defect in the American character which has already worked vast mischief, and which, if not materially remedied, will be impotent for our future security.

For instance, of the thousand Savings Banks in the United States, and their four million depositors, it is not likely that ten thousand of them have ever taken the trouble to ascertain if their money was safe. Of the million life-policy holders, not one in a thousand has spent an hour in looking into the affairs of his Company. Of the six hundred railways in the United States, and the thousands of other joint-stock-companies, how few stockholders have ever troubled themselves to find out what was being done with their money ! The legitimate fruit of such sowing, must sooner or later be reached. In the vast majority of cases, business left to other people is never well done. Where there is not fraud, there is neglect ; and where there is not neglect, there is incompetency. Hence it is, that only in periods of financial revulsions, is the attention of men drawn to the management of their trusts. The first explosion opens their eyes. A Life Insurance Company goes by the board, and others soon follow : down goes a trusted Savings Bank, followed by the failure of others : Railway dividends are postponed under one pretext or another, and the first crisis drives them to insolvency, wiping out scores of millions of the money of honest people. A whole crowd of Fire Insurance Companies go down with the first large conflagration.

Now if Life Institutions, conducted on a large scale, are no more secure than other companies—for we are speaking only of trust companies—then our financial system, upon which the very existence of the prosperity of the nation is based, will melt into thin air ; and from convulsions that will follow in every department of labor and enterprise, the nation will not recover during the time of the living generation. So far as Life Insurance companies go, there is ground for serious apprehensions ; not chiefly because during the last few years some of the new and feeble ones have had to wind up their affairs, but because there is a difficulty which lies deeper. Grand, and otherwise encouraging as the growth of Life Assurance has been, it is by no means certain that the thorough investigations which an aroused public will make into their management, will not reveal the most colossal system of wrong that has ever existed in this country. It need not follow that in every case, painful revelations will be made of direct fraud, robbery and defalcation ; but nothing is surer than that an incalculable amount of evil and suffering has been brought about, because of the inherent defects of the system, as it has hitherto been carried on. Of those who have investigated this matter during the last few years, and especially since the late crisis, policy-holders have made discoveries of evils which they little dreamed of, which have filled them with amazement and alarm.

1st.—Superficial observations showed that the officers of the principal Life Insurance companies were seldom changed ; that they were allowed to re-elect themselves, either by retaining their hold upon the majority of the small sum required by law—one hundred thou-

REFORM IN LIFE ASSURANCE.

sand dollars deposited with the Comptroller at Albany, and by virtue of which they retain their power, or by obtaining the proxies of policy-holders to secure the same result ; and every attempt made by honest men to break up the system, or even to investigate it, was defeated at Albany by the foulest lobby-influence and corruption. Thus they continued close corporations, managing the affairs of their companies as they pleased, and securing their perpetuity in office.

2d.—The founders and first managers of these institutions frequently bargained for certain conditions which were of perpetual obligation. They not only filled all the profitable offices themselves or with their friends, but appointed favorites as agents, who were to receive not only unwarrantably large commissions on every policy obtained, but allowed to retain a considerable portion of the money the policy-holder paid on every renewal until it expired. But this was not all ; it being known that in a vast number of instances the founders and officers being either well-known bankrupts, or poor men who had generally failed at everything else, in a few years were known to have become millionaires, some of them ostensibly receiving salaries scarcely sufficient to maintain their families. The secret was solved, and with its solution the mystery of the problem ceased. The principal officers, chiefly the presidents, having secured by permanent contract a commission on all policies issued, their incomes at once became large, and ultimately swelled into such proportions, that great wealth followed. All this may have been legally honest—but the money was nevertheless robbed from the stockholders.

3d.—Another mighty wrong was being continually perpetrated under the friendly covert of the insurance laws which were made by these very same people. We refer to the heartless forfeitures of policies ; for if any payment was delayed any portion—no matter what portion of an hour—the dilatory or unfortunate holder lost at a stroke every dollar that his economy and forethought had saved. Perhaps there may be no possibility of ascertaining the amount of money thus legally stolen ; certainly the amount of suffering brought upon innocent and helpless families, can never be known till the Judgment-day. This last wrong brought so much scandal, that some of the companies were compelled to abate the ferocity of the practice ; but not until scores of millions had thus been robbed from the poor, while the papers were made to ring with ostentatious reports from month to month, and year to year, of the stupendous amounts that had been paid to survivors of dead policy-holders, who, knowing the men they had to deal with, were vigilant not to let their policies expire.

But how innocent or culpable any one, or many, of the founders and managers of this whole class of institutions may be, will doubtless ere long be determined, by such legislative and judicial measures as will reach the case, not only to restrict the evil in the future, but to exact retribution for the past.

4th. Another evil connected with the system is, allowing such vast sums to remain in the hands of men who, in the very nature of the case, could give no security for the safety of the trust. Experience has proved, especially in this country of hazard, that it is not wise or safe, to trust any individual, or any body of men, with the keeping of such enormous amounts of money. Good men do not desire it ; bad men are unworthy of it. These trust funds have all

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT

to be invested, and this must be done by the judgment of the directors, who are self-elected in perpetuity, to have the disposal of hundreds of millions of dollars—a financial power with which no other body of men in the nation—except both Houses of Congress and the President—are clothed. The passage of a single resolution around the Director's table could, in one day, glut the market, or produce a panic. The disposal of the funds of a single Life Company in this city, gives its president more power in the financial world, than all the banks in the city.

But the final consideration, and the most practical one of all is, that the system has rendered Life Assurance too expensive. There is no luxury or necessity in this country which has been so dear as a life-policy. The system was from the beginning made too expensive. There was a justification for this on the start, for no vital statistics could be relied upon in our case, except those of the old English tables which Life Assurance had in operation more than half a century. But it was found that the people seized hold of it as a grand and fascinating idea, and in our average times of prosperity, cared little for the cost. But when it was discovered that the expenses of Life Insurance could be greatly reduced, no such reduction was made; and when proposed, it was resisted. The temptation was too great to those who handled the money, and became rich by the process; and in this way all sorts of extravagance were indulged in, for lavish expenditures, and in legalized robbery for these monopolists.

A new company, called the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society of New York, has lately been organized, whose managers seem to have felt the necessity for a reform. Among the new and improved features of the *Provident Savings* are the following:

1st. The Society will issue the ordinary forms of equal annual payment policies, payable either at death, or on the attainment of a stated age, upon which is guaranteed the full surrender value in cash, at the end of each year. The amount of this guarantee in each case, is as good as a certificate of deposit in a bank; and the policy-holder can always control that portion of his own payments left after deducting his share of the current death-claims and expenses—the reserve being the property of the policy-holder.

2d. The Society grants insurance upon what is called the yearly renewable plan, by which the payments required are only sufficient, each year, to provide for the death-claims and expenses of management—leaving the reserve, *which is a fund for accumulation merely*, in the hands of the policy-holder. Thus the payments required for a series of years will be far less than by uniform annual payments. This plan is especially adapted to the case of persons wishing the protection of life insurance for an indefinite time, at the lowest outlay.

3d. Any person effecting insurance in The Provident Savings, may elect to deposit his premium each year in a Savings Bank to be selected by himself, on condition that the Society shall have the right to draw each year for that portion of the premium charged for death-claims and expenses of management, leaving the remaining portion, *or the reserve*, to be accumulated for the benefit of the assured, who may ascertain the exact amount of his own money at any time; and in case he wishes to discontinue the insurance, he may draw out the same, like an ordinary depositor. The Society guarantees that the amount remaining in the Bank, at the end of each year, at four per cent., shall not be less than the full reserve after the first year. *This System, well carried out, will save Life Assurance in America.*

THE SHORT ROUTE TO ASIA.

IT would seem strange indeed, if with our boasted advance in civilization, we should fall behind Rome in the policy which not only laid the foundation of that great Republic, but held it together ten centuries. Let the imagination go back eighteen hundred years, when that colossal structure overshadowed the world, and picture the bands of couriers standing by the fleetest Arabian horses in the court-yard of the Campidolio, waiting for the edicts of the Roman Senate, and the command of the Emperor, ready at the first signal to leap into their saddles, to carry the laws of Rome to the farthest part of her Empire. We see those glistening helmets passing the archway, and we catch the last sight of them leaving a wake of fire from their horses' hoofs as they fly along the Appian Way, and the other great roads that led from Rome to the then three-quarters of the globe which owned its sway. Over those roads civilization took its course. A few days later, under the shadow of the all-conquering eagle, and a forest of lances, those edicts were read to the Roman legions, on the banks of the Indus and the Guadalquiver, the Danube, the Thames, and the Nile. Those roads were built for the people of Rome, and they were the only cordons which bound the Empire together.

The founders of States were, in ancient times, called road and bridge builders; and no fact stands out more prominently in the history of nations, than that the strongest material element of civilization has been the roads and channels which opened between each capital and its dependencies, and between separate nations. When Benjamin Franklin was appointed the first Postmaster-General of the United States, he asked for facilities to carry the mails from the capital of the government to all the colonies, "Since," said he, "the closer our connections, the stronger will be our Union"; and this policy being adopted, has been kept up to this day. The farther our Republic was extended, the greater has the necessity appeared for facilitating communication between the different States; and we are all satisfied now, that the wider we have spread our territory, the stronger we have grown—and for the simple reason that we have followed out the policy of Rome, and of Great Britain, and of Napoleon; of uniting all our people by the most rapid and economic means of communication. Very little was done in opening the way for emigration to the West, until the Erie Canal, and the Cumberland Road were built. Before that time, the progress of our population westward was slow and toilsome: even to reach Oregon, we were dependent chiefly upon a voyage around Cape Horn.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

The acquisition of California rendered it imperative to have the most direct intercourse possible with our Pacific possessions—Providence having decreed that our boundaries should be determined by oceans. There were no motives strong enough to induce private capital to build that railway, for there seemed no likelihood that as a private enterprise it could ever reward its builders. But the People, in their organized capacity as a National Government, being the proprietor of the vast domain through which this road must pass, not only had the right to improve their property, as any other corporation, individual or public, may, but it saw a sufficient motive in the increased value that would be given to the whole territories penetrated. However fertile the soil might be for agriculture, the farmers could have no motive for going to it. However vast the mineral wealth, no miner could be induced to start; in fact, geographically, it was a *terra incognita*. Moreover, for purposes of national protection, a shorter route to our Western possessions was necessary in the event of international troubles; while it was believed, as it has since been proved, that far more than the cost of the first Pacific Railroad would be saved to the Government, either in reducing the cost of Indian wars, or rendering them impossible. There were two hundred thousand Indians spread over that territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific. There could be little effectual progress, and least of all, rapid progress made in the opening of those regions, unless by quick and effective movements of ponderable forces, by which population could be accelerated, and the homes of the settlers made secure.

It may be alleged that the first Pacific Railroad cost the Government too much, and that individuals made too large profits. The same thing can be alleged against almost every other novel or great enterprise, whether undertaken by nations or individuals. But it is certain that in the increase of population; the augmentation of private wealth; the bringing of great areas of soil under cultivation; the discovery and development of the vast mineral wealth which has given to the country over fifteen hundred millions of gold and silver; in the establishment of new Territories and States; in the diffusion of the blessings of Christian civilization, and the grand impulse given to the peaceful conquest of the continent, the cost of the Pacific Railroad sinks into utter insignificance. Such was the wisdom of the policy, and such in part have been the immense results that have come from the construction of the first road to the Pacific. Events have proved that no measure has been adopted by the National Government, or by any or all the States, so beneficent, since the completion of the Erie Canal.

The Pacific Railroad had not been in operation many years, before thinking men saw that another railroad must be built; and if the emergency were not so great, the motives for its construction were strong enough to justify it, and its ultimate advantages were likely to prove still greater. Away to the North, lay a tract of country of far greater fertility, and containing perhaps still greater mineral treasures. Explorers demonstrated that within certain limits, following the isothermal belt, this route for a railway lay through regions better adapted to the construction of a road; while the geographical fact was patent to all reflecting men, that since the route lay where the parallels of longitude are narrower, the distance from Chicago to Puget Sound, was shorter by several hundred miles, than across the continent over broader

THE SHORT ROUTE TO ASIA.

degrees of longitude to San Francisco. A child could see this, by drawing a thread on a globe from New York to China and Japan, the East Indies and St. Petersburg,—that the saving in distance would be several thousand miles. The charter for the Northern Pacific Railroad was readily granted, because the Government was not asked to loan its credit, but only to grant such alternate sections of land, as when occupied, would bring the rest out of the wilderness into the market; although few of those who voted for the measure had any adequate conception of the great motives which moved the brave men who undertook the enterprise, nor much less of the high influence the building of that road would have upon the civilization of the world. The incorporators at once prosecuted their surveys, and pushed the work forward with the utmost vigor; and to-day the mighty enterprise would have been far on the way to completion, had not the country been suddenly overwhelmed with a great financial crisis which ruined the principal bankers who had negotiated the corporation's bonds, and paralyzed all the great interests of the country in common. But it should not be forgotten that the actual loss which individuals have suffered from the arrest of the Northern Pacific Railroad, have been far less than has been sacrificed in many other railroad enterprises, while they have not amounted to a tithe of the loss, in consequence of that commercial revulsion, to the holders of real estate in the city of New York. But in the short period of thirty-six months after the incorporators of the Northern Pacific Railroad began their work, and before the crisis came, they had actually constructed 553 miles, beginning at Duluth, the eastern terminus on the west shore of Lake Superior, and extending from Puget Sound 105 miles to the Columbia River,—overcoming, thus early, two of the greatest difficulties they had to encounter. And so judiciously had the routes been selected, and so economically had the work been carried on, that the road on both of its divisions already pays a profit.

Undismayed by the sufferings entailed upon them by the National calamity, the bondholders of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company determined to go on and push their enterprise with such means as the exigencies of the times could provide. And if there were on the part of Congress, any adequate conception of the importance of the early completion of the road as a National necessity, there would be no hesitation, even in this period of depression, to render it the necessary aid.

One of the strongest reasons for the early completion of this road, is in the important fact that it is the direct route to Asia, and will give us the control of the commerce of that old continent. The principal nations of Europe have for centuries been striving for the control of that trade. England, Portugal, Spain, and Holland, were long in rivalry, which should win the prize by doubling the Cape of Good Hope; while before that, the Italian Republics, then the greatest commercial nations on the globe, had from the time of the Crusades, controlled it by overland caravan routes. Later, we see England building thousands of miles of railway through India towards China, and the Czar of Russia is pushing railways and armies across his own Siberia, and further south, towards the gates of India and China. The latest stroke of statesmanship has been in the purchase of a controlling interest in the Suez Canal by Great Britain, a measure which has agitated every court in Europe. But if we are wise, we shall seize that prize ourselves; and it can be done only by bringing New York nearer to Asia.

AMERICA'S ADVANCEMENT.

We sometimes forget that the narrow distance of the straits dividing us from Russia, is not so great as from New York City to New Haven. We know too, that the Emperor, the capitalists, and the people of Russia, look with the utmost sympathy upon our progress ; and that from Puget Sound,—with its vast forests and its solid mines of iron and coal to furnish the best facilities for ship-building on the globe,—a line of steamers to the Amoor River, would be one of the most profitable enterprises ever projected.

It will not be many years before this matter will be understood. Every year shows how the importance of our commerce with Europe is dwindling. We are now absolutely independent of her, since we can produce every article of necessity, luxury, and taste which we need at home. But her dependence upon us is increasing every hour, since she is not likely soon to be able to dispense with our cotton or tobacco, and nothing but our breadstuffs and provisions stand between her and famine,—Russia being absolutely the only European nation which raises bread enough for her own people. We should therefore look for the direct trade with Asia, where the barriers which have separated two-thirds of the whole human race from intercourse with the civilized world, are fast melting away. This continent is much nearer to Asia than Europe can ever be ; and as the direct, and by far the shortest line from New York to those eight hundred million people, is by the Northern Pacific Railroad, it is inevitable that this road must be completed as a necessity of commerce, and the sooner it is done, the better.

The same arguments which enforce the wisdom and the necessity of opening the Northern route to the Pacific, apply with no little force to the construction of a National road from the borders of Texas, to the Gulf of California. Their simple rehearsal would carry their vindication.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.—WHITTIER

Our fathers' God ! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call,

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun ;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will ;
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues, strong to save ;
The honor, proof to place or gold ;
The manhood, never bought nor sold !

Oh ! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old !

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